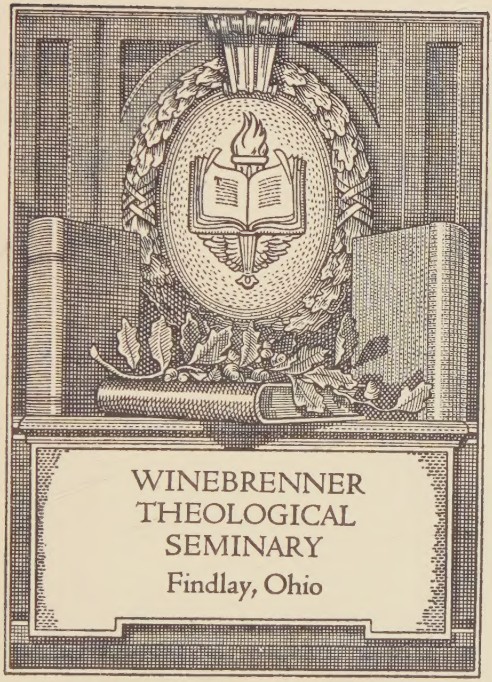
TRUTH & SONG

Louis Trautman 525 Mrk.

REV. DWIGHT R. McCURDY



TRUTH IN SONG.

FOR

General Gospel Work.

LIBRARY
WINEBRENNER THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

EDITED BY

B. E. WARREN, A. L. BYERS, C. E. HUNTER,
D. O. TEASLEY.

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PREFATORY.

TRUTH IN SONG appears after a lapse of six years since the publication of *Salvation Echoes.*

Having in view an early preparation of a permanent collection containing all the practical and useful songs that have originated among us, it was thought best to omit such from this book, especially since the manuscripts on hand were quite sufficient for a collection entirely new.

With the exception, principally, of a few pages of standard old church hymns, the pieces in this book are, therefore, such as appear for the first time.

It contains sixty-four pages more than any song-book we have used heretofore—an immense collection to be practically all new.

Care has been taken to represent a great variety of subjects, which are mixed throughout the book regardless of classification. The topic names appearing under the titles in this case are perhaps an innovation, and are intended as a useful guide in the right selection of songs in religious service. A Topical Index gives an extensive classification of the various subjects.

It has been our aim also to represent as many contributors as possible. Many excellent compositions, some of words and some of music, have been furnished by others.

The greatest pains have been taken with the preparation of the manuscript copy. We are thankful for the advantage, had with this book, of the competent assistance of Sister Clara McAlister and Brother C. W. Naylor, whose earnest and patient efforts in the way of criticism and revision have brought the words of these hymns to a degree of superior excellence.

After weeks of incessant toil in its preparation, in which we have had the prayers of the saints and the blessings and help of the Lord, we submit TRUTH IN SONG, believing it sufficiently complete to fill all the requirements of a song-book. May the TRUTH it sings stand as a mighty rock amidst the crumbling creeds of error and carry salvation and victory to thousands of waiting hearts. This is our prayer.

THE EDITORS.

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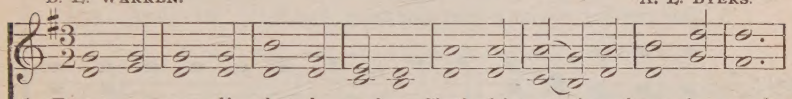
TRUTH IN SONG.

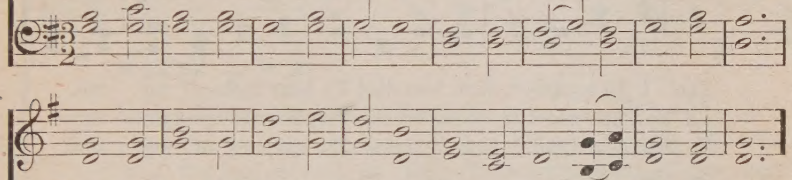
No. 1. Truth in Song.

TRUTH.

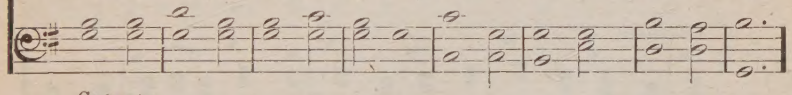
B. E. WARREN. A. L. BYERS.



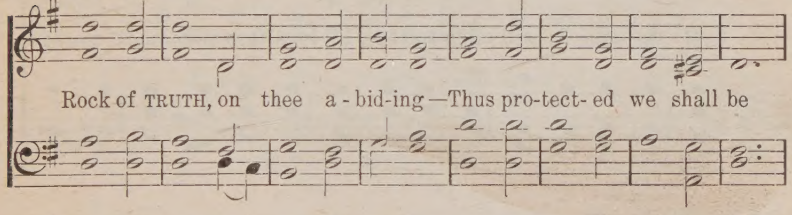
1. TRUTH IN SONG, di - vine - ly spo-ken, Clothed in strains of mu-sic grand;
2. TRUTH IN SONG, we own thy Author, Ma - ker of e - ter - nal things,
3. We thy counsel, Lord, have taken, Creeds are crumbling 'neath our feet:
4. Law of love, we meek-ly pray thee, Light and life to us im-part:



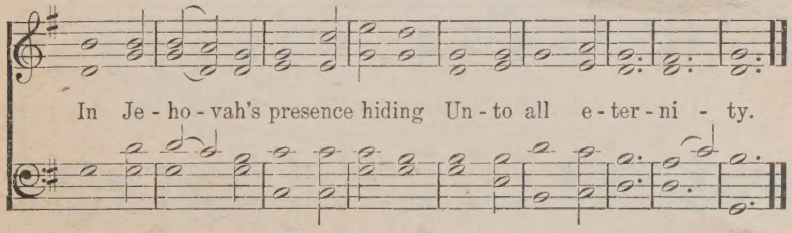
Like a chain with links un-bro-ken, Like a rock on which we stand.
Praise to him we glad - ly of - fer For the hope and grace it brings.
Here we stand, by sin un-sha-ken, Here we reign in grace com-plete.
Un-con-demned, we will o - bey thee, Dwell thou ev - er in our heart.



CHORUS.



Rock of TRUTH, on thee a - bid-ing—Thus pro-tect- ed we shall be



In Je - ho - vah's presence hiding Un - to all e - ter - ni - ty.

87-1772

No. 2. One Thing I Can Do.

TRUST.

O. T. ORA TEASLEY

Movement medium.

1. I thank thee, Lord, that I can cast My bur-dens all on thee;
2. Tho' tried and pressed, yet I will trust,—This one thing I can do;
3. Tho' rag-ing storms a-bout me sweep, And fier-y bil - lows roll,

Tho' I be tempt-ed, thou hast died To bear them all for me.
I'll lean up - on thy loving breast, Thou'lt guide me safely thro'.
To thee, dear Lord, I hum-bly trust The keeping of my soul.

CHORUS.

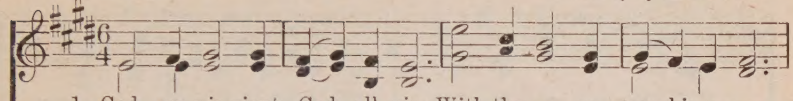
O Je - sus, I will cling to thee, I'll love thee more and more;

I'll place my trembling hand in thine, Un - til the bat - tle's o'er.

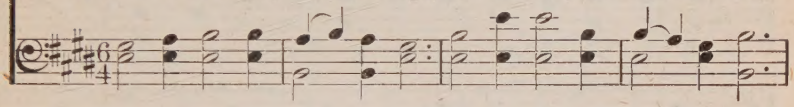
No. 3. God Omniscient.

WORSHIP.

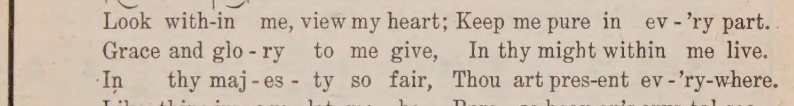
D. O. TEASLEY. NELLIE LE GALLEY MILLER.
Harmony by A. L. B.



1. God om-nis-cient, God all-wise, With thy ev - er - searching eyes,
2. God al-might-y, God of pow'r, Be thou near me ev - 'ry hour;
3. God unchanging, God so dear, God a - far and yet so near,
4. God of ho - li - ness di - vine, Let thy glo - ry in me shine;
5. God e - ter - nal, God most high, God of truth, who can-not lie,



Look with-in me, view my heart; Keep me pure in ev - 'ry part.
Grace and glo - ry to me give, In thy might within me live.
In thy maj - es - ty so fair, Thou art pres-ent ev - 'ry-where.
Like thine im - age let me be, Pure as heav-en's crys-tal sea.
Round a - bout me cast thy charms, Un-der-neath me be thine arms.



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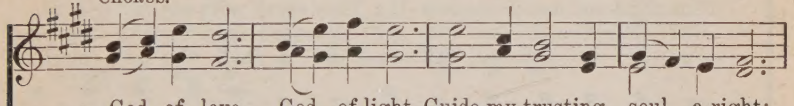
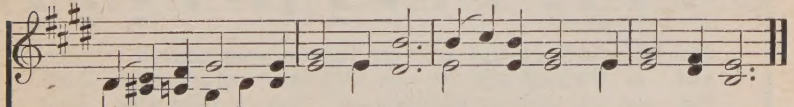
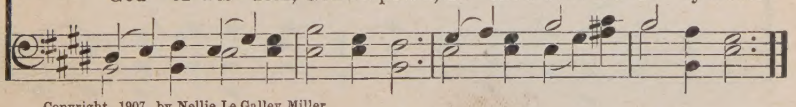


God of love, God of light, Guide my trusting soul a-right;



God of wis - dom, God of pow'r, Be thou with me ev - 'ry hour.



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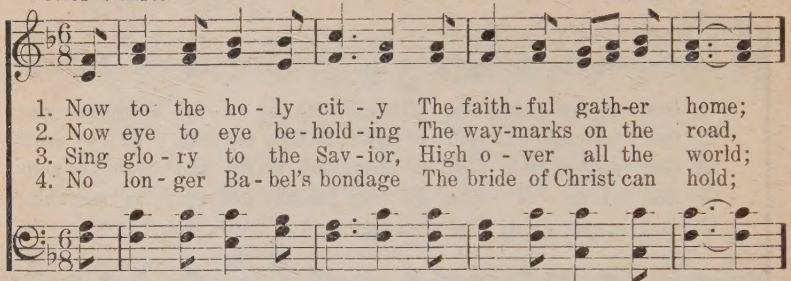
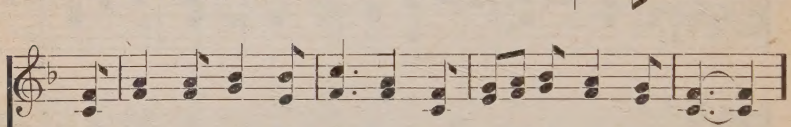
No. 4. From Babel to Zion.

GATHERING.

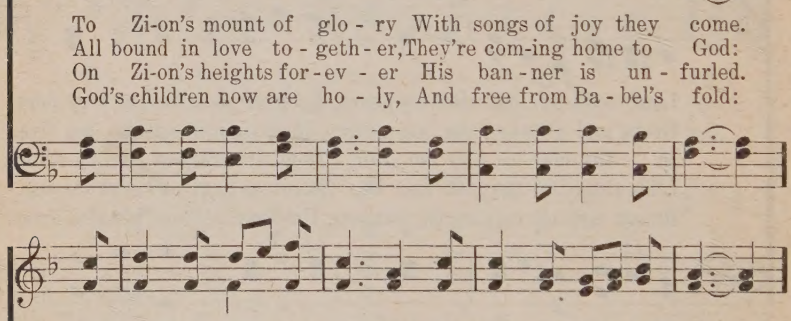
THOS. NELSON. D. O. TEASLEY.



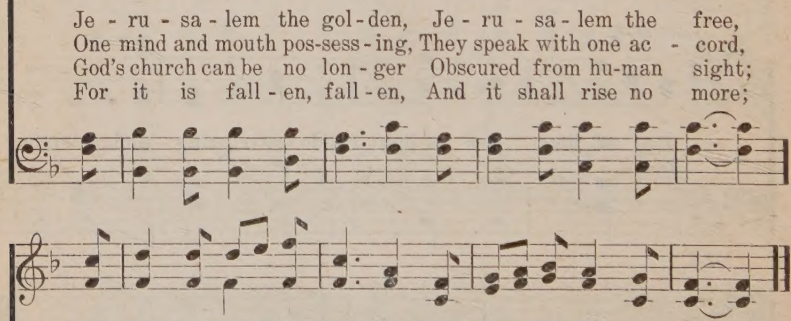
1. Now to the ho - ly cit - y The faith - ful gath-er home;
2. Now eye to eye be - hold - ing The way-marks on the road,
3. Sing glo - ry to the Sav - ior, High o - ver all the world;
4. No lon - ger Ba - bel's bondage The bride of Christ can hold;



To Zi-on's mount of glo - ry With songs of joy they come.
All bound in love to - geth - er, They're com-ing home to God:
On Zi-on's heights for - ev - er His ban - ner is un - furled.
God's children now are ho - ly, And free from Ba - bel's fold:



Je - ru - sa - lem the gol - den, Je - ru - sa - lem the free,
One mind and mouth pos-sess - ing, They speak with one ac - cord,
God's church can be no lon - ger Obscured from hu-man sight;
For it is fall - en, fall - en, And it shall rise no more;

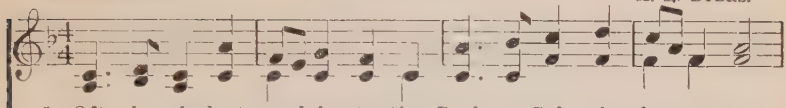


With joy - ful hearts and voi - ces The ransomed come to thee.
And in the heights of Zi - on They shout and praise the Lord.
For see on yon-der mountain, A cit - y filled with light.
We cling a - lone to Je - sus, As did the saints of yore.

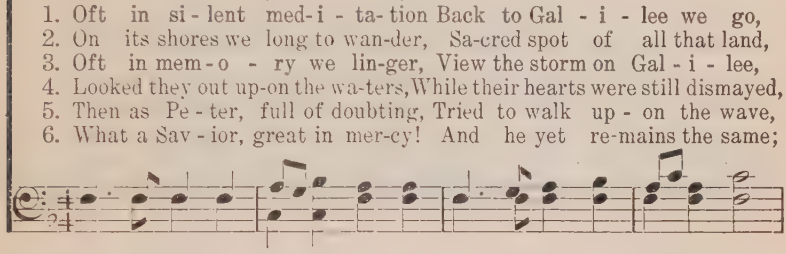
No. 5. Memories of Galilee.

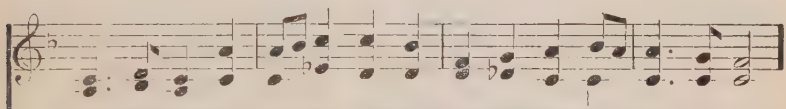
MEDITATION.

N. H. BYRUM. A. L. BYERS.

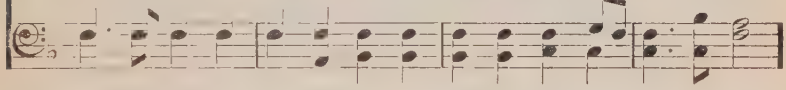


1. Oft in si - lent med-i - ta- tion Back to Gal - i - lee we go,
2. On its shores we long to wan-der, Sa-cred spot of all that land,
3. Oft in mem - o - ry we lin-ger, View the storm on Gal - i - lee,
4. Looked they out up-on the wa-ters, While their hearts were still dismayed,
5. Then as Pe - ter, full of doubting, Tried to walk up - on the wave,
6. What a Sav - ior, great in mer-cy! And he yet re-mains the same;

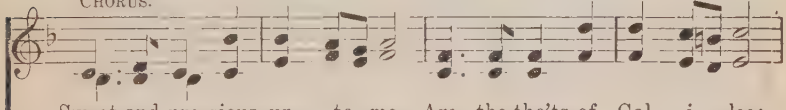




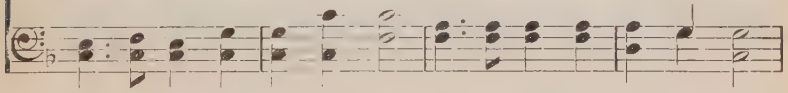
With our fan-cy's brightest vi-sion View the scenes of long a - go.
Where of old our lov-ing Sav-ior Left his foot-prints in the sand.
When by night the lone dis - ci - ples Tried to brave the troub-led sea.
Heard the Sav - ior gen-tly say - ing, "It is I; be not a-fraid."
Je - sus, in his great compassion, Gave his prof-fered hand to save.
Yes - ter-day, to - day, for - ev - er, Still there's vir- tue in his name.



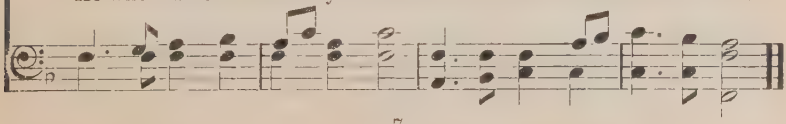
CHORUS.



Sweet and pre cious un - to me Are the tho'ts of Gal - i - lee;



He who walked the stormy wave Still extends his hand to save.



No. 6. Where Art Thou?

WARNING.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. O sin - ner, where art thou? Thy soul, designed for light,
2. Ne-glect - er, where art thou? O do not be too late!
3. Back-slid - er, where art thou? Since thou hast gone a - stray,
4. O Chris - tian, where art thou? Thy hap - py soul is blest,

Is like the rag - ing o - cean, Or storms of sul - len night.
This call may leave you hope-less, To - mor - row seal your fate.
No peace at-tends thy spir - it—Thou'rt wear-y all the day.
While wait-ing by the riv - er For thy e - ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

Where art thou, where art thou, Broth - er, on life's way?

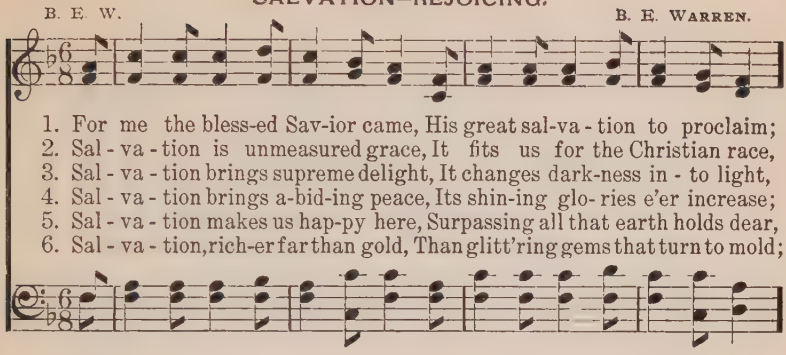
rall.

Where art thou, where art thou? Where go - est thou to - day?

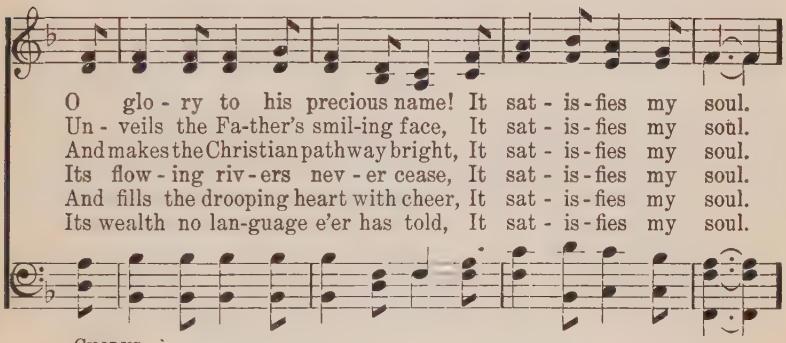
No. 7. It Satisfies My Soul.

SALVATION—REJOICING.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

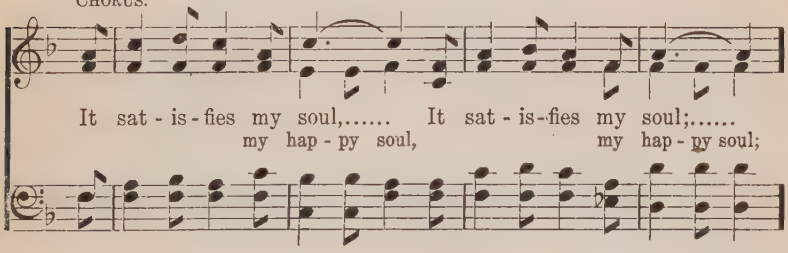


1. For me the bless-ed Sav-ior came, His great sal-va - tion to proclaim;
2. Sal - va - tion is unmeasured grace, It fits us for the Christian race,
3. Sal - va - tion brings supreme delight, It changes dark-ness in - to light,
4. Sal - va - tion brings a-bid-ing peace, Its shin-ing glo- ries e'er increase;
5. Sal - va - tion makes us hap-py here, Surpassing all that earth holds dear,
6. Sal - va - tion, rich-er far than gold, Than glitt'ring gems that turn to mold;

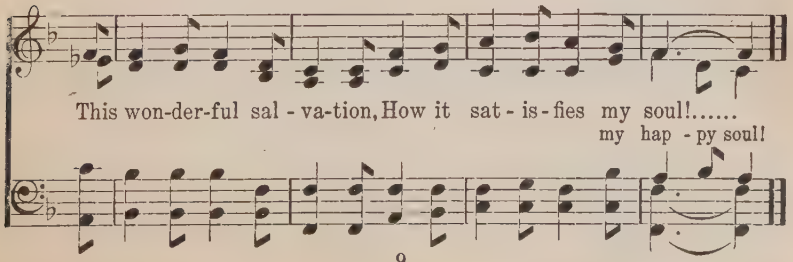


O glo - ry to his precious name! It sat - is - fies my soul.
Un - veils the Fa-ther's smil-ing face, It sat - is - fies my soul.
And makes the Christian pathway bright, It sat - is - fies my soul.
Its flow - ing riv - ers nev - er cease, It sat - is - fies my soul.
And fills the drooping heart with cheer, It sat - is - fies my soul.
Its wealth no lan-guage e'er has told, It sat - is - fies my soul.

CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my soul,..... It sat - is - fies my soul;.....
my hap - py soul, my hap - py soul;

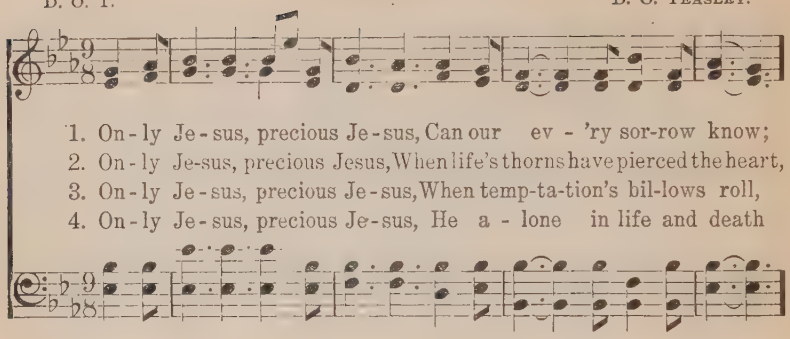


This won-der-ful sal - va-tion, How it sat - is - fies my soul!.....
my hap - py soul!

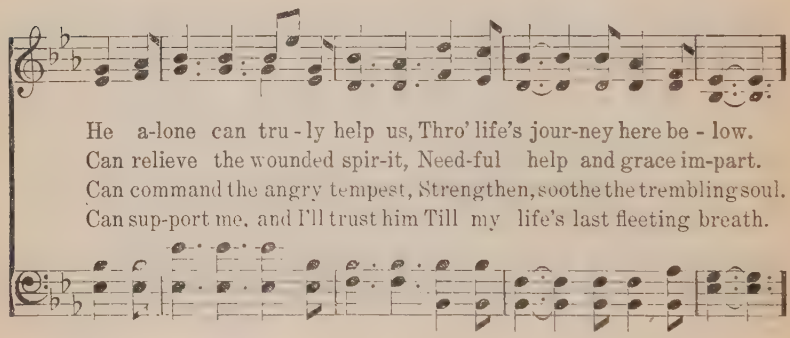
No. 8. Only Jesus.

COMFORT.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

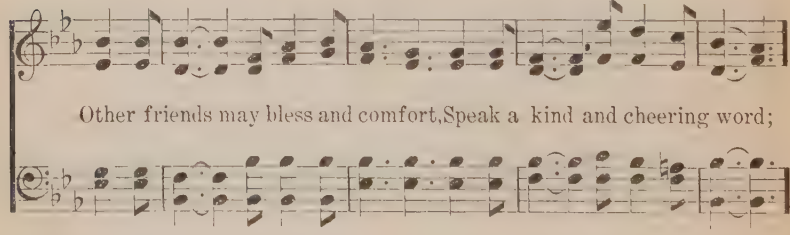


1. On-ly Je-sus, precious Je-sus, Can our ev-'ry sor-row know;
2. On-ly Je-sus, precious Jesus, When life's thorns have pierced the heart,
3. On-ly Je-sus, precious Je-sus, When temp-ta-tion's bil-lows roll,
4. On-ly Je-sus, precious Je-sus, He a-lone in life and death

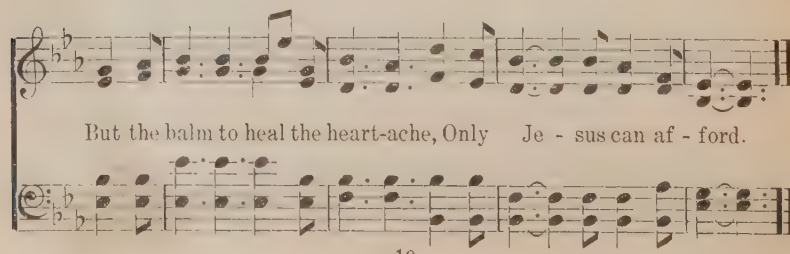


He a-lone can tru-ly help us, Thro' life's jour-ney here be-low.
Can relieve the wounded spir-it, Need-ful help and grace im-part.
Can command the angry tempest, Strengthen, soothe the trembling soul.
Can sup-port me, and I'll trust him Till my life's last fleeting breath.

CHORUS.



Other friends may bless and comfort, Speak a kind and cheering word;



But the balm to heal the heart-ache, Only Je-sus can af-ford.

No. 9. Eternally Lost.

LOST.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Nothing but leaves, no gold-en sheaves, I've gathered on life's way,
2. Nothing but leaves; my spir-it cleaves To life's last hopeless ray;
3. Nothing but dross; the reeking cross, It sheds no light on me;
4. Sow-ing the tares 'mid earth's sad cares, Ne-glect-ing my dear Lord;

Now I am bro't--how sad the tho't— To judgment's aw-ful day.
On the dark shore that lies be-fore, I see no light of day.
Spending my life 'mid sin and strife, Re-fused I to be free.
Tak-ing my flight to dark-est night, I meet my just re-ward.

CHORUS.

Lost! lost! e-ter-nal-ly lost! Heav-en, can it be!.....

Oh, can it be!

rall.

Lost! lost! e-ter-nal-ly lost! Mer-cy no lon-ger I see.

No. 10. Oh, Write Thy Law.

SUPPLICATION.

C. W. NAYLOR. A. L. BYERS.

1. Oh, write thy wondrous law divine Up - on the ta - bles of my heart,
2. Oh, write thy law of ho - li-ness In liv - ing char - ac-ters of flame,
3. Oh, write thy law of tenderness And of com - pas - sion in my breast,
4. Oh, write thy law, thy law of love, With-in me till my soul shall be,

That I may keep thy statutes, Lord, And nev-er from thy way de-part.
That by a life of pu - ri - ty I may be wor-thy of thy name.
Till heart and voice and hand reach out To help the wear-y and distressed.
By bonds no storm can ev-er break, U - nit - ed to thy flock and thee.

CHORUS.

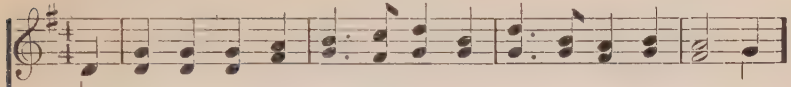
Oh, may thy per-fect law of truth Thro' seasons' change, by day and night,

Be light and life and strength to me, My med - i - ta - tion, my de - light.

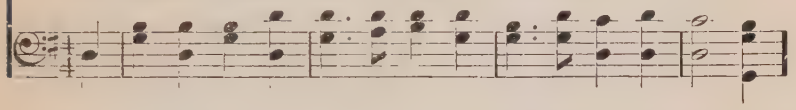
No. 11. The Fight of Faith.

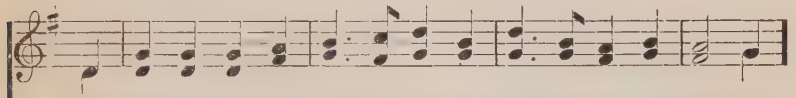
WARFARE.

THOS. NELSON. D. O. TEASLEY.

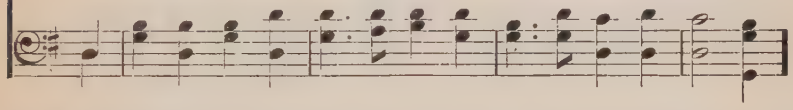


1. A - wake! a-wake! ye saints of light! Put on your shield and ar - mor,
2. Go forth, go forth, ye might-y host, Against the pow'rs of dark-ness;
3. Hold fast, hold fast, ye val-iant ones, The day will soon be break-ing;

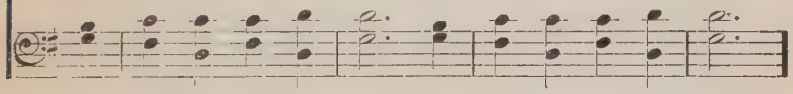


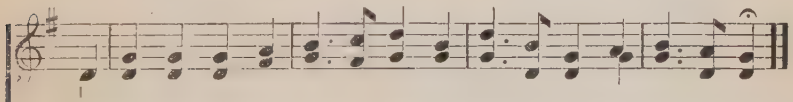


De - fend the cit - y of the Lord From all who seek to harm her.
The sword of truth, the shield of faith, Shall conquer all a - gainst us.
Lift now your roy - al stand-ard high, The foe with fear is quak - ing.

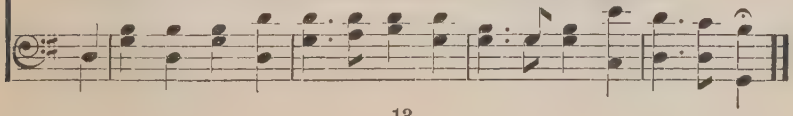


The foe is on the field, He comes with sword and shield;
O'er ev - 'ry foe we'll ride, For God is on our side;
Soon to our gladdened sight, On flam - ing steeds of white,





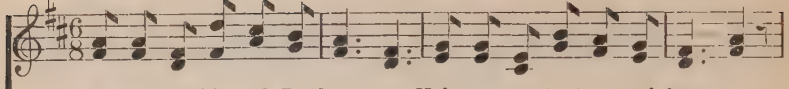
Go forth, the hosts in - fer-nal meet, Go fight the blessed fight of faith!
Re-mem-ber Gideon's lit - tle band; Go fight the blessed fight of faith!
The saint-ed le-gions shall descend, And end the glorious fight of faith.



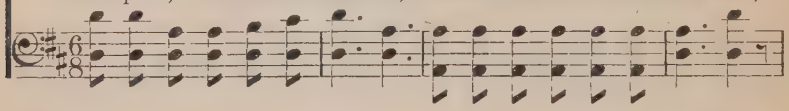
No. 12. Jesus, My Helper.

SUPPLICATION.

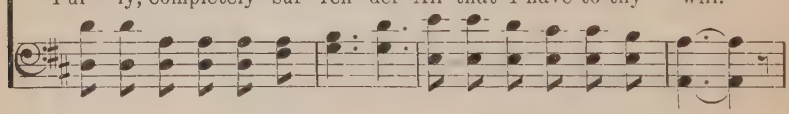
C. W. NAYLOR. D. O. TEASLEY.



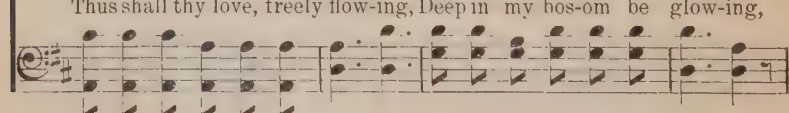
1. Je-sus, my blessed Re-deem - er, Help-er, pro-tect-or and keep-er,
2. I can do nothing without thee, But with thy loving arms round me
3. While in my soul I am sing-ing, Tight-ly to thee I am cling-ing,
4. Help me, O Sav-ior most ten-der, Faithful heart-service to ren - der,



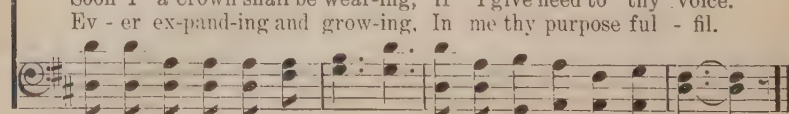
Shield me from ev-'ry de - ceiv - er, Help me to walk in thy way,
Sa - tan can nev-er con-found me, Vic-t'ry shall ev-er be mine.
Faith man-y blessings is bring-ing, Causing me now to re - joice.
Ful - ly, completely sur - ren - der All that I have to thy will.



Walk with thy light shining o'er me, Blameless and perfect before thee;
O I will trust thee for - ev - er, And not forsake thee, no, nev - er,
Thou all my burdens art bear - ing, All of my troubles art shar - ing,
Thus shall thy love, freely flow-ing, Deep in my bos-om be glow-ing,



Help me to love and a - dore thee, Serving thee tru-ly each day.
But I shall al-ways en - deav - or Ful - ly my all to re - sign.
Soon I a crown shall be wear-ing, If I give heed to thy voice.
Ev - er ex-pand-ing and grow-ing, In me thy purpose ful - fil.



No. 13. I Shall Never Forget Him.

Words and air by W. J. Henry. **LOYALTY.** Harmony by A. L. B.

1. For all the Sav-ior has done for me, I shall nev-er for-get him:
2. He took my bur-den of sin a-way, I shall nev-er for-get him:
3. His hand is lead-ing me all the way, I shall nev-er for-get him:
4. Tho' all forsake him and go a-stray, I shall nev-er for-get him:
5. Then what-so-ev-er be-fall-eth me, I shall nev-er for-get him:

For all his mercies so full and free, I shall nev-er for-get him.
And turned my darkness to perfect day, I shall nev-er for-get him.
He hears and answers me when I pray, I shall nev-er for-get him.
And all his bid-ding I will o-bey, I shall nev-er for-get him.
And thro' an end-less e-ter-ni-ty, I shall nev-er for-get him.

Chorus.

He has par-doned all my sin, He has made me pure with-in,

He my help-er has ev-er been, I shall nev-er for-get him.

No. 14. 'Tis Well With Me.

ASSURANCE—COMFORT.

W. J. HENRY. A. L. BYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Where'er my Sav-ior's hand may lead, Whate'er my lot may be,
2. Since Je-sus shed his precious blood, That I might ransomed be,
3. Tho' friends forsake, and I a-lone The nar-row way pur-sue,
4. Should earthly treasures fade a-way, His prom-ise still I'll plead,
5. Since I am ful-ly saved from sin, My joy no tongue can tell;

I will not mur-mur or re-pine, I'll know 'tis well with me.
I know he'll safe-ly keep my soul, Whate'er be-fall-eth me.
Thy grace, dear Lord, I on-ly ask, My cour-age to re-new.
And trust him, for I know he will Sup-ply my ev-'ry need.
And all a-long the way I'll sing, 'Tis well with me, 'tis well.

CHORUS.

Tho' storms sweep o'er my trembling bark, And waves around me swell,.. 'tis well,

Still this my ransomed soul shall sing, 'Tis well with me, 'tis well.

No. 15. You Will Find It in Jesus.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

W. J. HENRY — C. E. HUNTER.

1. Full sal-va-tion would you know? You will find it in Je - sus;
2. Are you seeking peace and rest? You will find it in Je - sus;
3. Would you have the vic - to - ry? You will find it in Je - sus;
4. Would you have a friend in-deed? You will find it in Je - sus;
5. When you need a faith-ful guide, You will find it in Je - sus;

To the fount of cleans-ing go— You will find it in Je - sus.
Where thy soul is ev - er blest—You will find it in Je - sus.
From the world and self be free—You will find it in Je - sus.
He can fill your ev - 'ry need—You will find it in Je - sus.
Pi - lot o'er death's stormy tide—You will find it in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

His mer - cy he of - fers thee, Sav-ior, keep-er, he will be,

Friend of friends e - ter - nal - ly,— You will find in Je - sus.

No. 16. A Better Way.

EXHORTATION.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Are you sin-ning day by day, More or less up - on your way,
2. Do you leave un-done the good, Do those things no Christian should?
3. Does a foe with-in your breast Bring you sor - row and un - rest,
4. Do you trust and feel se-cure, Soon to doubt and not be sure?

Wrong in word, in tho't and deed? Still the name of Christ you plead.
For for-give-ness must you pray At the close of ev - 'ry day?
Hin - der, troub-le, and an - noy, Blight your peace and mar your joy?
Now a vic - tor, now oppressed, Now re - joic - ing, now distressed?

CHORUS.

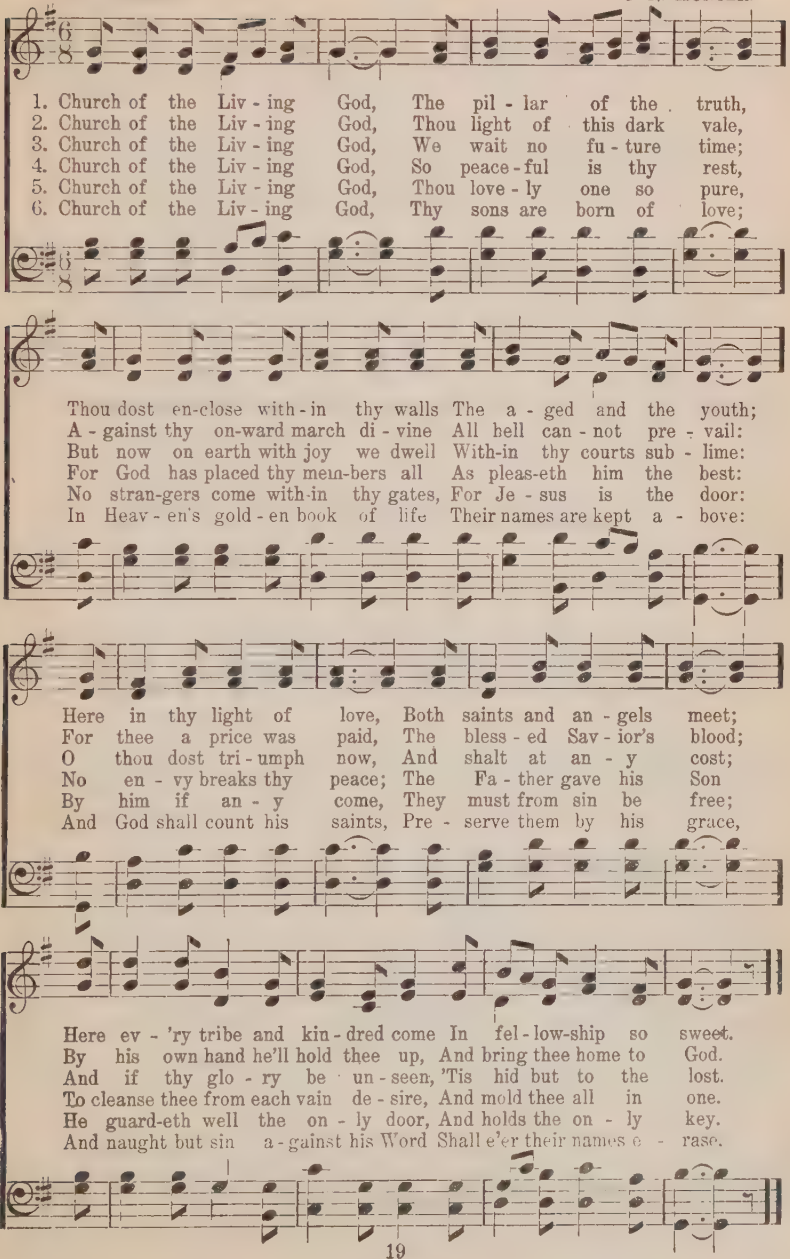
There is a better way you should live; Christ his abundant grace will give,

Make you ho - ly and keep you so, Help you con-quer ev - 'ry foe.

No. 17. Church of the Living God.

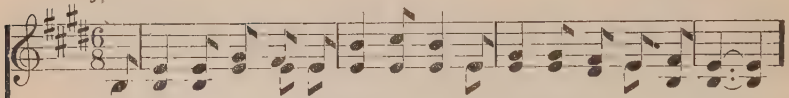
CHURCH.

D. O. Teasley. C. E. Hunter.

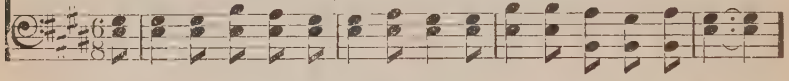


No. 18. I'm Glad I Counted the Cost.

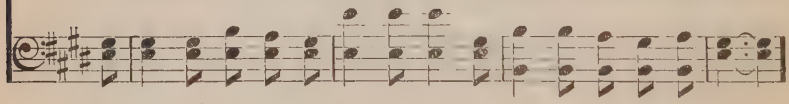
Words and air by W. J. Henry. | REJOICING. | Harmony by A. L. B.



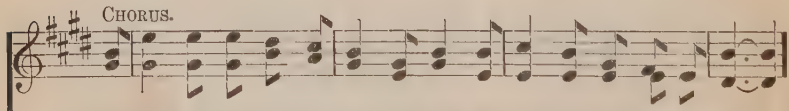
1. When first I start-ed to seek the Lord, I'm glad I counted the cost;
2. I laid my sorrows at Je-sus' feet, I'm glad I counted the cost;
3. I've bid farewell to this world of sin, I'm glad I counted the cost;
4. Although the trials seem hard to bear, I'm glad I counted the cost;
5. 'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come, I'm glad I counted the cost;



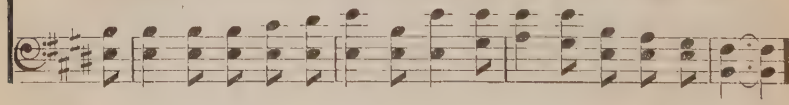
I ful - ly measured to Je-sus' Word, I'm glad I counted the cost.
And now I've pleasures so pure and sweet, I'm glad I counted the cost.
And now my Je - sus a-bides with-in, I'm glad I counted the cost.
I now my burdens with Jesus share, I'm glad I counted the cost.
And bear my soul to that heav'nly home, I'm glad I counted the cost.



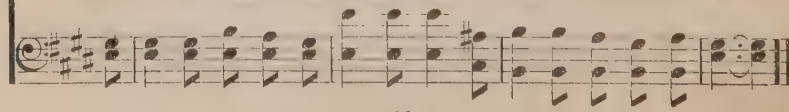
Chorus.



I've paid the price and obtained the prize, He saved my soul that was lost;



And now my treasures are in the skies; I'm glad I counted the cost.

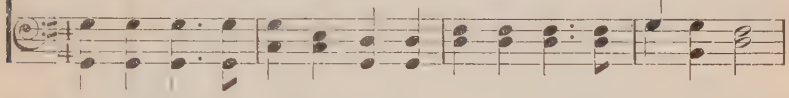


No. 19. One in Christ.

UNITY.

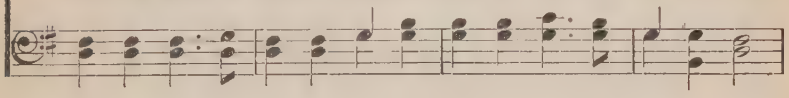
CLARA MCALISTER. DELLA F. BYERS. Harmony by A. L. B.

1. As sweet strains of heav'nly mu - sic Blend in one har-mo-nious sound,
2. Not like waves up - on the o-cean, Toss-ing wild - ly, roll - ing high;
3. Blood-washed pilgrims on the highway Chant the sweet, melodious strain
4. Love, the theme of all their prais-es, Doth in ho - ly bond u - nite

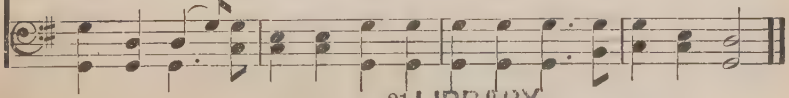


So the mem-bers of Christ's body In blest u - ni - ty are found:
Or the tem-pest's great commotion, As it sweeps a-cross the sky;
Of their free-dom from con - fu - sion, An-gels join the glad re-frain:
All their hearts, in him made perfect, Turned from darkness unto light.

One in mind and one in spir - it, One in doctrine, faith and love;
But like twi-light, gen-tly stealing O'er the ver - dant, sha - dy lea,
One with all the hosts of heav-en, There their names are written down;
Thus the saved in Christ to-geth-er Dwell in sa - cred u - ni - ty



One in name—O pre-cious un - ion, Like the an - gel-hosts a - bove.
So the ho - ly saints in Zi - on Rest—from all their sins set free.
Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus ev - er, In their hearts as King they crown.
In the se - cret of his pres-ence—Hid a- way, dear Lord, in thee.



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No. 20. Humility of Heart.

D. S. WARNER. **HUMILITY.** C. E. HUNTER.

1. There is a grace few mor - tals find, A star all heav - en
2. O God, hath e'er thy bal - ance weighed A jew - el of such
3. With - in my hid - den man, dear Lord, That glo - rious or - na-
4. All earth - ly crowns shall turn to mold, All glit-t'ring pride and

loves to see; It is a meek and low - ly mind, The gem of
priceless worth As that pure life all hum - bly laid Be - fore the
ment be - stow, The sweetest gift in all thy Word— O Fa - ther,
van - i - ty; But meek-ness decks the soul with gold That shines thro'

CHORUS.

pure hu - mil - i - ty.
bless - ed Lord of earth?
keep me meek and low.
all e - ter - ni - ty.

No or - na - ment on earth so

rare, No jew - el in all heav-en's mart, Can beau - ti-

fy a soul so fair, As deep hu - mil - i - ty of heart.

No. 21. Come Over Into Canaan.

SANCTIFICATION.

J. W. BYERS. A. L. BYERS.

1. I came to Jor-dan's sul-len stream; With trusting heart I there had been
2. My man-y sins were all for-giv'n, My heart was clear with light from heav'n;
3. I saw the death I had to die, A death in which my soul did cry;
4. O sec-ond grace! I find it sweet! God's ho-ly will is now complete:

Di-rect-ed by my Sav-ior's hand, Tow'rd Canaan's bright and blessed land.
And yet I longed for deep-er grace, In Ca-naan's bless-ed rest-ing-place.
The fright'ning waves my heart did chill, But I must yield, 'twas Heaven's will.
The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it reign; All in-ward foes are sure-ly slain.

CHORUS.

Come o-ver in-to the Ca-naan land, Come o-ver in-to the Ca-naan land, Where figs and grapes so plen-teous grow, Where milk and hon-ey free-ly flow, Come o-ver in-to the Ca-naan land.

No. 22. Over the Sea.

JENNIE MAST. LONGING-HEAVEN. Chorus and Music by B. E. WARREN.

1. From a - far in that cit - y of light Comes a heav - en - ly
2. In that land with its vest-ure of green There are treasures and
3. I can catch from that ev - er-green shore An im - mor - tal strain
4. Thro' the foun - tain that flowed on the tree, I shall join them, tri-
5. When we see him de - scend-ing the sky, Let me fly from this

mes - sage to me, Re - mind - ing me thro' the dark night,
rich - es un-known, And beau - ti - ful man sions un - seen,
borne on the tide; Sung by mil - lions who en-tered the door,
um-phant at last; Clothed a - new, will love's mys-ter - y be,
tem - ple of clay To that rest in the sweet by and by,

rall.

CHORUS.

Of a wel - come far o - ver the sea.
Pre - pared by the Lord for his own.
Thro' the foun tain that flowed fr m his side. O - ver the sea I
Of all an thems the sweetest and best.
Pre-cious rest at the end of the way.

long to be, O - ver death's chil - ly tide; A man - sion so

bright, so full of de - light, Is wait - ing on yon - der side.

No. 23. It is Truly Wonderful.

EXPERIENCE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. He par-doned my transgressions, He sanc - ti - fied my soul;
2. He keeps me ev - 'ry mo-ment By trust - ing in his grace;
3. He brings me thro' af - flic - tion, He leaves me not a - lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro-tects me, His bless-ings ev - er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful; His love I do en - joy;

He hon - ors my con - fes -sions, Since by his blood I'm whole.
'Tis thro' his blest a - tone-ment That I may see his face.
He's with me in temp - ta - tion, He keeps me for his own.
He fills me with his glo - ry, He makes me white as snow.
For this I shall be grate-ful, And live in his em - ploy.

CHORUS.

It is tru - ly won - der-ful what the Lord has done, It is tru - ly won-der - ful, It is tru - ly won - der - ful; It is tru - ly won-der-ful what the Lord has done. Glo - ry to his name!

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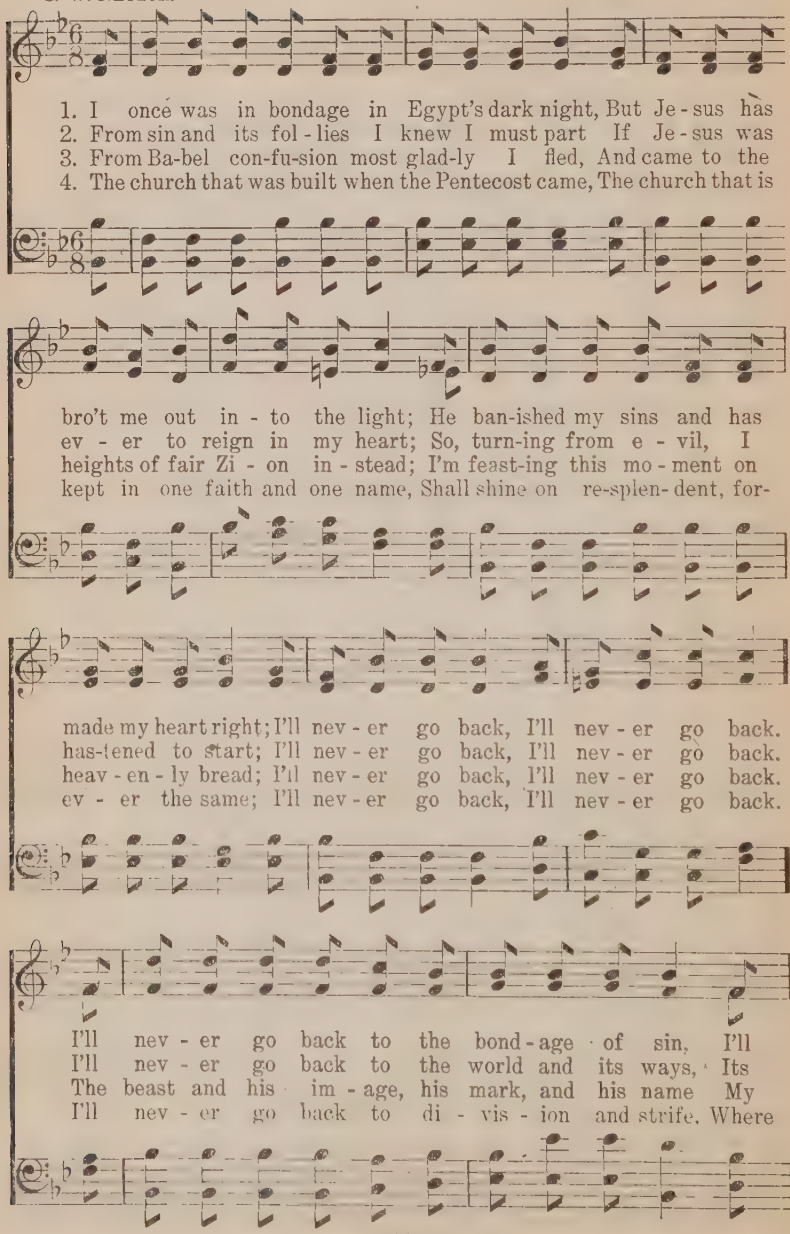
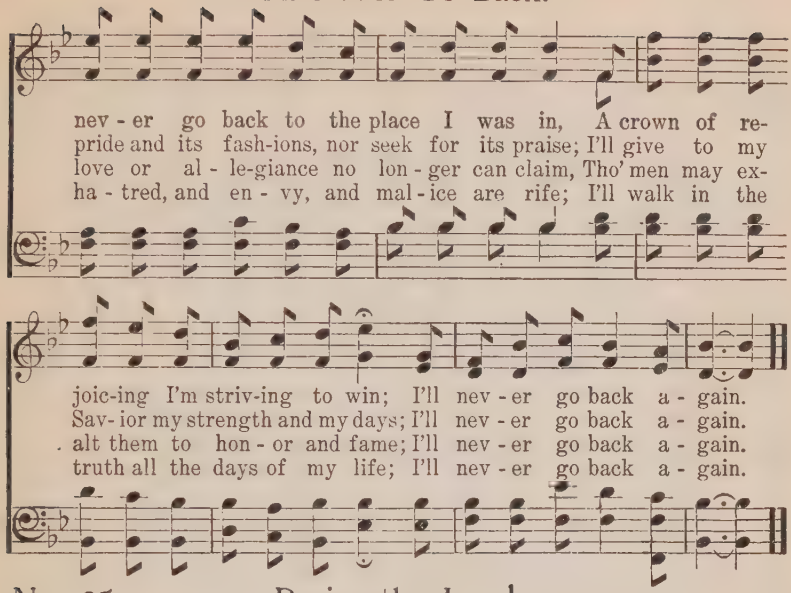
No. 24. I'll Never Go Back.

LOYALTY.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.



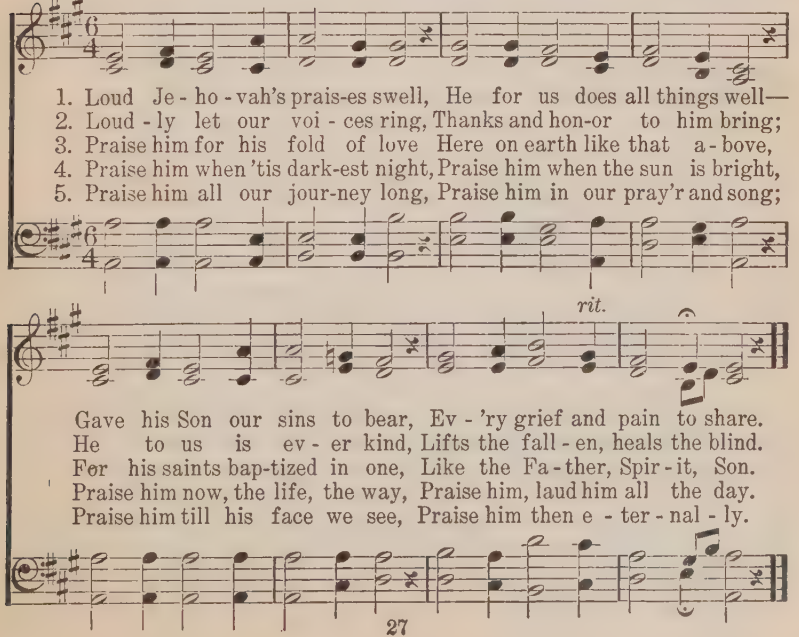
I'll Never Go Back.



No. 25. Praise the Lord.

PRAISE.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 26. Weighed--Found Wanting.

WARNING.

A. S. K. ADDISON S. KRIEBEL.

1. Sin - ner, a - wake from thy sleep of sin; God's fi - nal judg-ment is
2. God will then o - pen the books to see How you have lived and what
3. Hap - py and blest then the pure in heart: God they shall see in his
4. Then come the vir - gins whose light went out, Knock-ing and cry - ing, "O
5. Then all the dog - mas and creeds of men, Proph-ets and priests who con-
6. Sin - ner, pre-pare now to meet thy God, Cease from thy sins, walk the

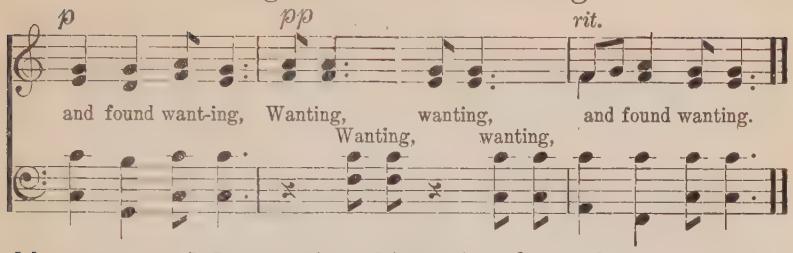
nigh at hand, When all the na - tions be - fore his throne, Judged by his
you have said; Then he will search in the book of life Wheth - er your
glo-rious light; But all the wick - ed will wail their doom: "From me de-
let us in!" "Closed is the door," will the Mas - ter say: "From me de-
tend for sin, Meas - ured and weighed by the word of God, Will be un-
ho - ly way; Then thou shalt stand on the right of God: Bless - ed you'll

CHORUS.

word there will fall or stand.
soul is a - live or dead.
part in - to end-less night." Weighed in the bal - an - ces, ...
part, ye who slept in sin."
a - ble to en - ter in.
be on that last great day. And found want-ing,

Weighed in the bal - an - ces, ... Judged by the word of God,
And found wanting,

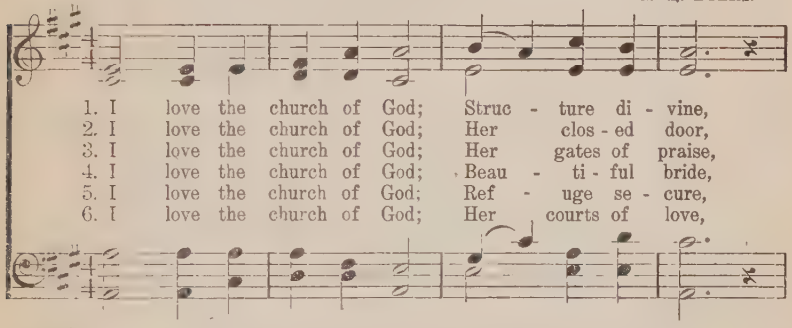
Weighed—Found Wanting.

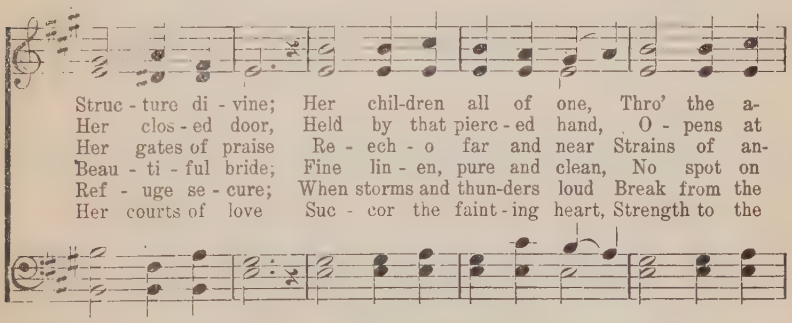


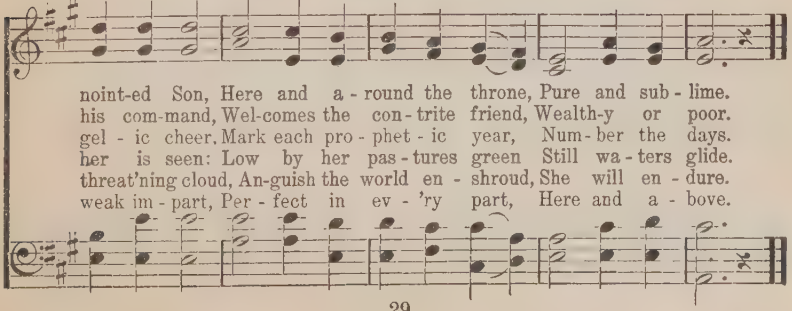
No. 27. I Love the Church of God.

CHURCH.

JENNIE MAST. A. L. BYERS.





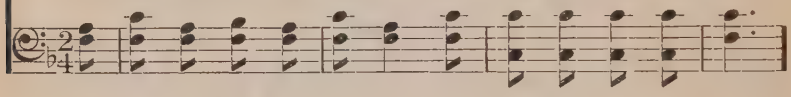


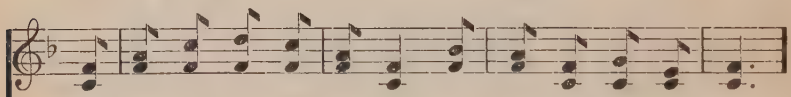
No. 28. What Jesus is to Me.

REJOICING.

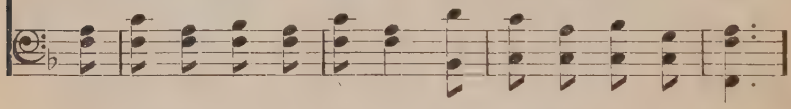
C. E. ORR. B. E. WARREN.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, What Je - sus is to me;
2. My life is full of sweetness, My heart is full of rest;
3. My life is bliss - ful sun-shine, No clouds o'er-hang my way;
4. I live in bliss - ful E - den, Where flow - ers ev - er bloom;
5. Some say there must be shad-ows, Each one dark days must see;

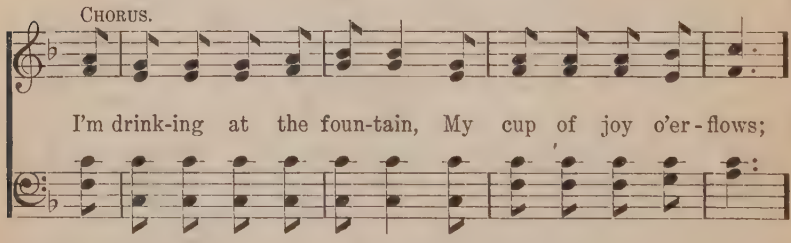




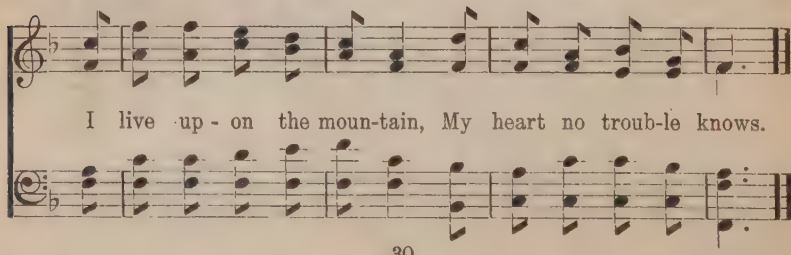
My heart is filled with glo - ry Since thro' his grace I'm free.
I feel a blest com-plete-ness While lean - ing on his breast.
All is a joy - ous springtime, A bright and sun - ny day.
In pas-tures green I'm feed - ing, My life is free from gloom.
But since I found the Sav - ior, No days are dark to me.



CHORUS.



I'm drink-ing at the foun-tain, My cup of joy o'er - flows;



I live up - on the moun-tain, My heart no troub-le knows.

No. 29. Flee to the Refuge.

JUDGMENT.

D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. There's an aw-ful day that's com-ing, Soon we'll feel the judgment shock,
2. Stop, poor sin-ner, mad-ly heap-ing Wrath against the day of wrath;
3. Come, poor sin-ner, get sal- va - tion Ere all hope has fled a - way;

Then, poor sinner, seek a ref - uge In the Ev - er-last-ing Rock.
At thy hor-ror and thy weep-ing Frowning judgment will but laugh.
Heed the warning, flee for ref-uge, Come to Je-sus, come to-day.

O'er thy head thy sins are form-ing In the clouds of threat'ning storm;
Soon thy heart will stop its beat-ing, Death, a sul-len, aw-ful flood,
Sin - ner, in this ver - y mo-ment, Ere the bil-lows sweep a -way

Hear the an-gry thunders roll-ing, Soon the woeful blast will come.
End thy day, so short and fleeting: Quickly, sinner, come to God.
Grieved and slighted hopes of heaven, Flee for refuge while you may.

No. 30. Christ, the Great Physician.

HEALING.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. The bless-ed Christ of God I see, In that fair land of Gal - i - lee,
2. With all my heart I do be-lieve, I dare not doubt, his Spirit grieve;
3. With great compassion Christ was stirred While he the plea of suff'ring heard,
4. He saved the soul from sin and shame, He healed the sick, the blind, the lame;

He speaks in lov-ing words to me, "I am the Great Phy-si-cian."
Each suff'ring one he will re-lieve—Christ is the Great Phy-si-cian.
He spoke the great life-giving word, "I am the Great Phy-si-cian."
I know his pow'r is just the same—Christ is the Great Phy-si-cian.

CHORUS.

Healed by the Great Phy-si - cian, Healed by the Great Phy-si - cian,

Glo-ry to God! he saves the soul, Maketh the suff'ring bod - y whole;

Thus at his feet my bur-dens roll, Healed by the Great Phy-si - cian.

No. 31. God is My Strength.

TRUST.

U. E. H. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. God is my strength, O'er hill - top and moun - tain, By
2. God is my strength When bat - tle is wag - ing And
3. God is my strength In fier - y temp - ta - tion And
4. God is my strength In ev - 'ry af - flic - tion, My
5. God is my strength While de - mons sur - round me, And

streamlet and foun-tain; Wher - ev - er I wan-der (Wher-
dev - ils are rag - ing: Tho' wa - ters rise o'er me (Tho'
sore trib - u - la - tion: By faith and as - sur-ance (By
Lord's cru - ci - fix - ion Re - minds me that Je - sus (Re-
seek to con - found me; His right hand up - holds me (His

ev - er I wan - der), My soul loves to pon - der (My
wa - ters rise o'er me), Tho' mounts stand be - fore me (Tho'
faith and as - sur-ance), And grace for en - dur-ance (And
minds me that Je - sus) Has died to re - lease us (Has
right hand up - holds me), His strong arm en - folds me (His

soul loves to pon - der) On Je - sus, my hope and my trust.
mounts stand before me), In Je - sus, my Lord, I will trust.
grace for en - dur- ance), My all in his hands I will trust.
died to re - lease us) From suff'ring: yes, him I will trust.
strong arm en- folds me); In Je - sus I ev - er will trust.

No. 32. He is With Me Still.

COMFORT.

C. W. NAYLOR. C. W. N. and D. O. T.

1. Tho' I walk in ways un-known, I am nev - er left a - lone,
2. When the raging storm-winds blow, And the clouds are hanging low,
3. 'Mid the bus - y cares of life, In the bat - tle's rag-ing strife,

For the Lord will not for - sake me while I do his will;
When the waves are beat-ing on me and the night is chill,
When a - round my soul are gath-ered all the hosts of ill,

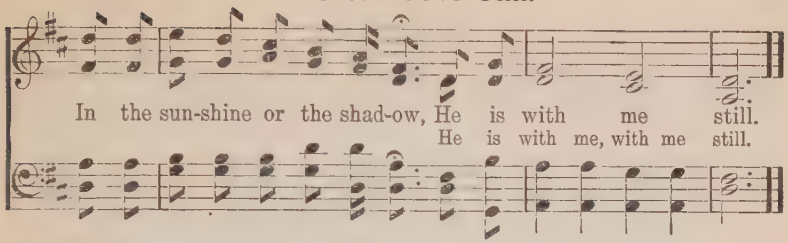
But what-ev - er may be - tide, He is walk - ing by my side,
Then a touch up - on my arm Qui - ets all my soul's a - larm,
Then a voice so sweet and clear Whispers words of love and cheer,

REFRAIN.

And by this I know he loves me still. He..... is with me
And I know that he is with me still.
And I know that he is with me still. He is with me,

still, He..... is with me still;
he is with me still, He is with me, he is with me still;

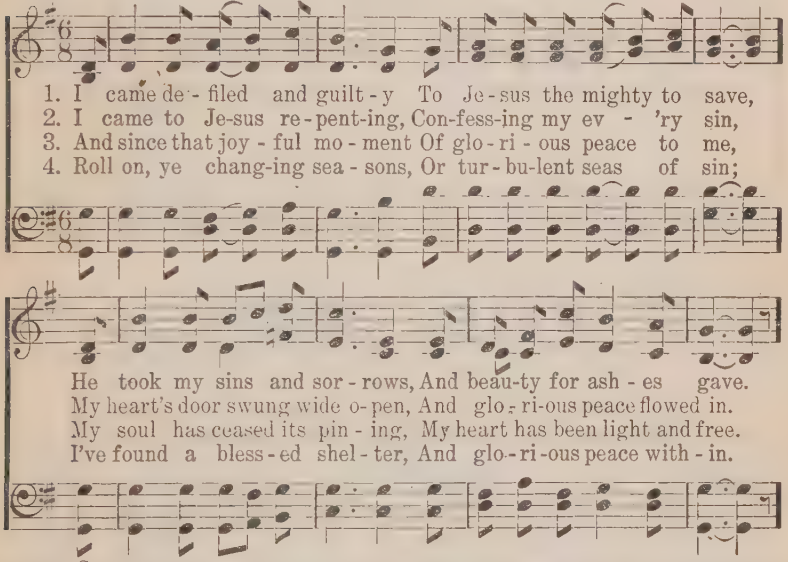
He is With Me Still.



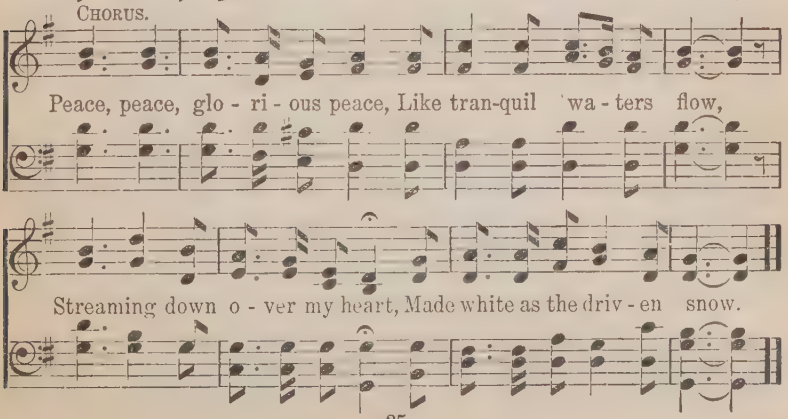
No. 33. Glorious Peace.

PEACE.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.



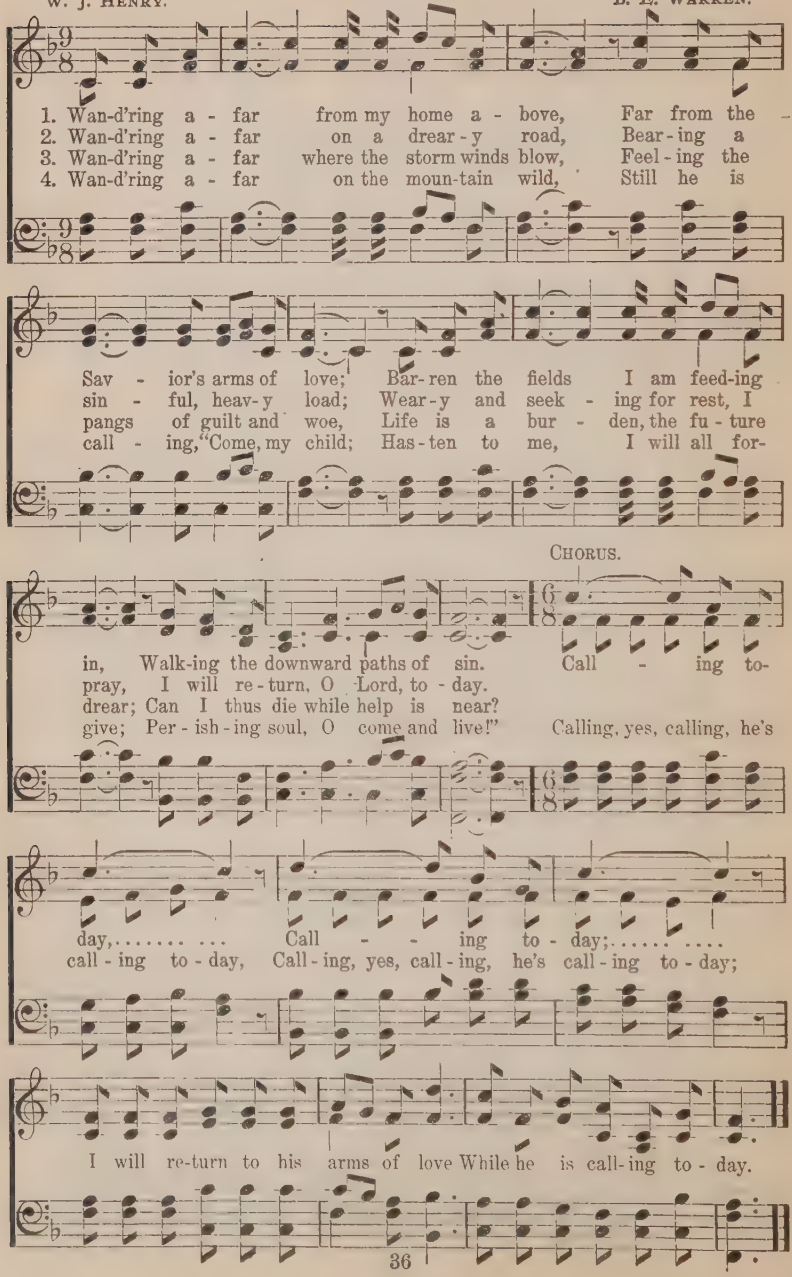
CHORUS.



No. 34. Wandering Afar.

REPENTANCE.

W. J. HENRY. B. E. WARREN.



No. 35. The Fountain of Cleansing.

INVITATION.

O. A. PRATT. NELLIE LE GALLEY MILLER. Harmonized.

1. O come to the foun-tain of cleans-ing: Dear sin - ner, why lon - ger de-
2. Thy sins tho' like scar-let or crim-son, His love as a riv - er doth
3. A voice from the cross—"It is fin-ished! The work of re-demp-tion is
4. Then come, sin - ner, come to the foun - tain, And plunge in its soul-cleans-ing

lay? The Sav - ior stands ear - nest - ly plead - ing, The foun - tain is
flow; Oh, plunge in this foun - tain of cleans - ing, And thou shalt be
done; The pur-chase of life and sal - va - tion Thro' Je - sus, the
wave, Launch out on the in - fin - ite mer - cy Of Je - sus, the

CHORUS.

o - pen to - day. Then come, sin - ner, come.....
whit - er than snow.
Cru - ci - fied One."
Might-y to save. Then come, sin - ner, come, Come, sin - ner, come

To the foun - tain so full and so free; Be cleansed from your sin,

Be made pure with-in, The foun - tain is o - pen for thee.

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No. 36. I Cannot Be Idle.

Words and Air by W. J. Henry.

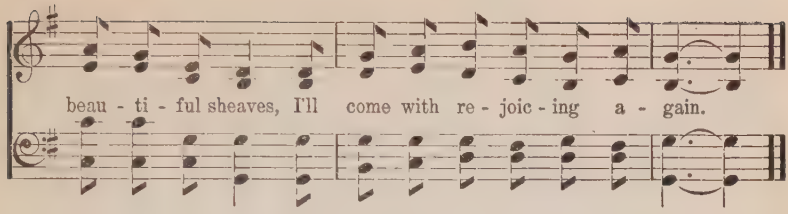
WORK.

Harmony by A. L. B.

1. I can - not be i - dle, for Je - sus says, "Go And work in my har - vest to - day; And then at the eve-ning, when la - bor is done, What - ev - er is right I will pay."...
2. I can - not be i - dle, the fields are so white, And num-ber-less sheaves will be lost; They per - ish for want of more reap - ers to save, How aw - ful to think of the cost!...
3. I can - not be i - dle, soon time will be o'er, And reap - ing be end - ed for aye; I'll gath - er the lost from the by - ways of sin To walk in the beau - ti - ful way....
4. I can - not be i - dle, no time for re - pose, My rest - ing shall be o - ver there, Where all of the faith - ful in heav - en a - bove A crown of bright glo - ry shall wear...

Chorus.

Then a - way to the work I will go (I'll go), And join in the reap - ing of grain (I'll go), And back from the har-vest with



No. 37. Bless His Name.

COMFORT PRAISE.

ISABEL C. BYRUM. C. E. HUNTER.

1. When my heart a bur - den bears, This I know,—my Je - sus cares,
2. When I'm tried on ev - 'ry hand, Je - sus gives me grace to stand;
3. All my hopes for gain are gone, Earth - ly pros-pects I have none,
4. Je - sus loves me, I re - peat, In his love I'm all com-plete,

CHORUS.

And the greater weight he shares, Bless his name! Bless his name!....
For by him my way is planned, Bless his name!
But I know I'm not a - lone, Bless his name!
While I keep low at his feet, Bless his name! Bless his precious name!

Bless his name!... For the love he bore to me, Je - sus died on
Bless his precious name!

rit.

Cal - va - ry, Bless... his name! Bless his name!....
Bless his pre-cious name! Bless his pre-cious name!

No. 38. Stand by the Cross.

STEADFASTNESS—WARFARE.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Stand by the cross when the morn - ing sun Beams on your way so
2. Stand by the cross till the day is done; Firm to the end and
3. Stand by the cross like a sol - dier strong; Fear - less - ly face the
4. Stand by the cross till the Lord re - turns, Faith - ful thro' life's last

bright;(so bright; oh,) Stand by the cross when the shad - ows fall,
true; (and true; oh,) Trust when the bat - tle is rag - ing wild,
foe; (the foe; oh,) Soon shall the ar - my of night re - cede,
test; (last test; oh,) Soon we shall hear from his bless - ed lips,

CHORUS.

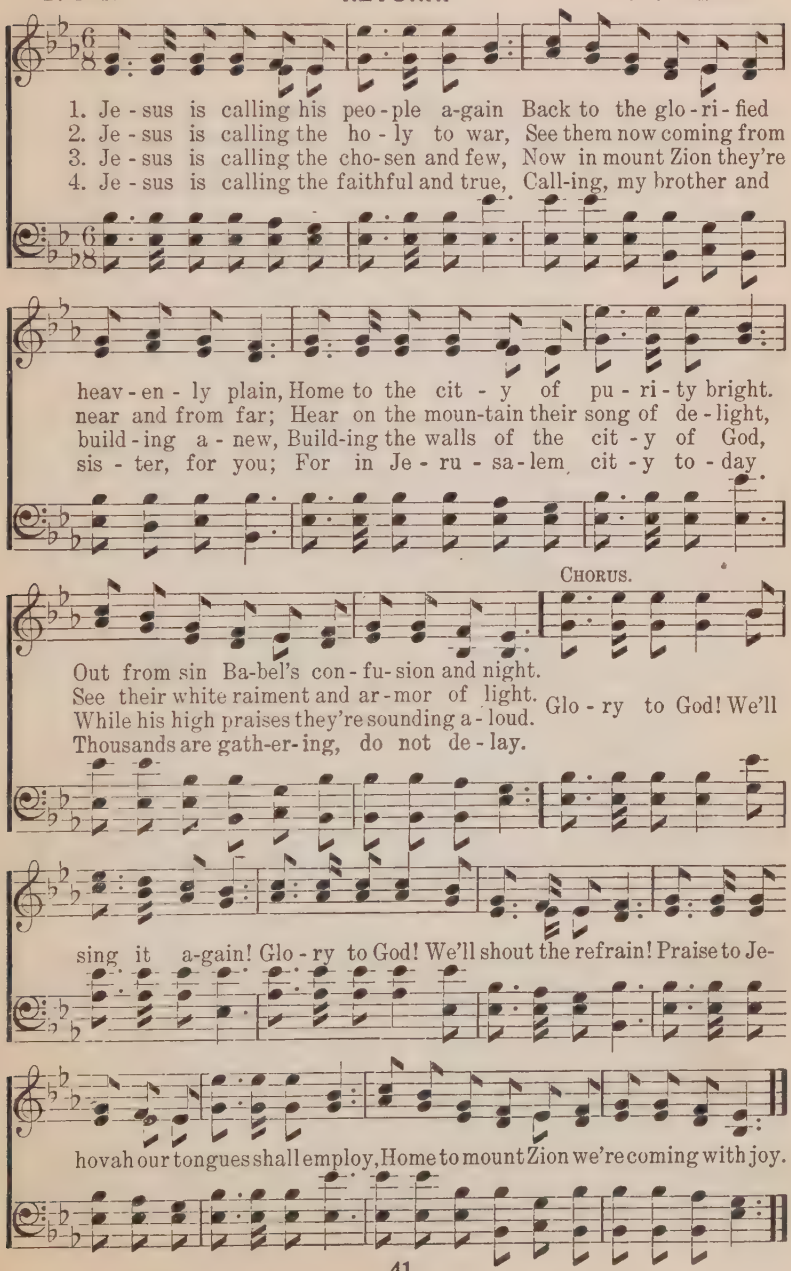
Soon we shall triumph for God and right. Stand by the cross, sol-dier,
For there is wait-ing a crown for you.
Back from the morning's tri - um-phant glow.
"Lay down thy ar-mor and be at rest." Stand,

stand, Vic - t'ry will come by and by;
stand by the cross, sol-dier, stand, stand by the cross;

Stand by the cross, soldier, stand, And we'll conquer tho' we die.
Stand, stand by the cross,

No. 39. Jesus is Calling His People.

D. O. T. RETURN. D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 40. An Appeal to the Sinner.

WARNING.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Swift-ly the shades of eve-ning gath-er a-round thy way;
2. Swift-ly the mo-ments fly-ing has-ten thy com-ing doom;
3. Swift-ly thy steps now bear thee far from the ho-ly way;
4. Swift-ly thy death is near-ing, clos-er it comes each day,

Fast is the sun de-clin-ing, end-ing thy earthly day; Dark, dark,
Spectres of woe and tor-ment upward before thee loom; Down, down,
Tho' tless, from God and heav-en thou dost each moment stray; Near, near,
Soon will its i-cy fin-gers ban-ish thy life a-way; Turn, turn,

ev-er de-scend-ing has thy path-way been; Sad, sad, sad is the
deep-er and deep-er, sink-ing in-to night, Far, far, left in the
swiftly approaching, is the day of wrath; Sure, sure, straight to de-
mer-cy is wait-ing, call-ing ear-nest-ly; Come, come, Je-sus is

REFRAIN.

end-ing of thy life of sin. Dark thy fu-ture doth ap-pear.
distance, is thy guiding light.
struction leads thy sinful path. (*For last verse.*)
pleading, he is seeking thee. Christ, thy Sav-ior, now is near.

No. 41. Wonderful Salvation.

SALVATION.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Oh, won - der-ful sal - va - tion, That mor-tals here be - low
2. Oh, won - der-ful sal - va - tion For ev - 'ry mor-tal lost!
3. Oh, won - der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin it sets me free:
4. Oh, won - der-ful sal - va - tion For sin-ners tem-pest - tossed!

From sin may be de - liv - ered, And heav-en's mer - cy know!
The pur-chase of our par - don The blood of Je - sus cost.
How sweet to know that Je - sus Would deign my friend to be!
The joy of saints and an - gels, The hope of all the lost.

How won - der-ful that heav - en Would own a fall - en man,
Oh, glo - rious in - vi - ta - tion! That "who-so-ev - er will"
I gaze in si - lent won - der At him on Cal - va - ry,
When time shall be no lon - ger, And earth in flames shall glow,

Or that for his re - demp-tion Our God would form a plan!
Has gladdened man - y mil-lions, And holds out mer - cy still.
And mar - vel that he suf-fered To par - don e - ven me.
Oh, then shall ev - 'ry crea-ture Sal - va-tion's greatness know.

No. 42. Lord Jesus, Help Me.

SUPPLICATION.

W. J. HENRY. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Lord Je - sus, my bless - ed Re - deem - er, I hum - ble my-
2. Lord Je - sus, help me to do some-thing To save some poor
3. Lord Je - sus, help me to be pa - tient, And gen - tle and
4. Lord Je - sus, help me to be faith - ful, And nev - er to

self at thy cross; I die to the world and its pleasures, And
sin - ner to - day; Oh, may I live so I can win them, And
kind would I be, And teach me to do to my broth - er As
yield to the foe; And when to thy courts I am summoned, Oh,

CHORUS.

count all its rich-es but dross.
nev - er to turn them a - way.
I would have him do to me.
may I be read - y to go.

Oh, make of me what thou wilt

have me to be, As clay is so I am to thee; Just fash-ion me

to thine own pleas-ure, Till thou shalt thine own im - age see.

No. 43. My Heart says Amen.*

OBEDIENCE.

C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.

1. I have yield-ed my-self to thy serv - ice, And thy pres-ence my
2. All the heart-ties of earth may be sun - dered, So that I may thy
3. Tho' my plans and my hopes may seem blighted, I will love thee and
4. When I pass to that heav- en - ly coun-try, And my soul with its

bos-om doth fill; O my Sav - ior, I haste to o - bey thee, And my
pur-pose ful-fil; Help me glad - ly sub-mit and not mur - mur, Ev - er
trust in thee still; For I know all is well that thou do - est, And my
glory doth thrill. This for - ev - er shall be my re - joic - ing, That my

CHORUS.

heart says a - men to thy will.
say - ing a - men to thy will.
heart says a - men to thy will.
heart said a - men to thy will.

Yes, my heart says a - men to thy

will, Lord, And I know that thou lovest me still, While I bow low in

hum- ble sub - mis - sion, And my heart says a - men to thy will.

*Pronounce this ämen, not āmen, in singing.

No. 44. Christ is Reigning Now.

KINGDOM.

C. W. NAYLOR.

Music and Chorus by D. O. TEASLEY.

1. On the throne of Da - vid Christ is reign - ing now, King of kings and
2. In no fu - ture age will he re - turn to earth, To es - tab - lish
3. Hail, all hail the might - y Mon - arch! let his praise Ech - o till it
4. Let the world be - hold his glo - ry, bow the knee, Give him hon - or

Lord of lords is he; At his feet in full sub - mis - sion let us bow,
here a king-dom vast; He will come to gath - er all of heav'n-ly birth,
reach - es ev - 'ry land; With in - creas-ing vol - ume fill the pass - ing days,
for his works of love; Ren - der cease-less hom - age, let all voi - ces be

CHORUS.

And his loy - al sub-jects ev - er be.
Take them to their hap - py h me at last.
Till a-round his shin-ing throne we stand.
Joined to laud him with the hosts a - bove.

Heav-en's ring-ing now with joy - ful

song, Ho - ly an - gels loud the strain pro-long; Glo - ry to our

Sav - ior, let his prais - es roll, He is reign-ing now from pole to pole.

No. 45. I'm Happy All the Day.

Words and Air by W. J. Henry.

REJOICING.

Harmony by A. L. B.

1. Since Je - sus made my heart his home, I'm hap-py all the day,
2. His pre-cious serv- ice is so sweet, I'm hap-py all the day,
3. Tho' loved ones turn from me a - way, I'm hap-py all the day,
4. Tho' storm - y clouds o'er-cast the sky, I'm hap-py all the day,

hap-py all the day; Wher-e'er it is my lot to roam, I'm
hap-py all the day; The joy he gives is so com-plete, I'm
hap-py all the day; There's One my friend will be for aye, I'm
hap-py all the day; Up - on his prom-ise I ré - ly, I'm

Chorus.

hap-py all the day, hap-py all the day. I'm happy all the day since the

Lord has come And made my heart his a - bid - ing home; And now I can

sing all a - long the way, I'm happy all the day, happy all the day.

No. 46. The Lost Sheep.

LOST.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

DUET. *Not too fast.*

1. The nine - ty-nine are safe - ly ly - ing In the fold, in the fold;
2. That sheep is lost up - on the mountain, Far a - way, far a - way;
3. That sheep is lost, oh, who will find it? Search to - day, search to - day;
4. That wand'ring sheep the Lord doth cherish, Gone a-stray, gone a-stray;

rit.

Go search the sheep that's lost and dy-ing, In the cold, in the cold.
Has wandered from the crystal foun-tain, Far a-way, far a-way.
Oh, sound the voice of bride and Spir - it, Search to-day, search to-day.
With cold and hun-ger soon 'twill per-ish, Far a-way, far a-way.

CHORUS.

Far a-way, far a - way, Has wandered far a - way; That

rit.

sheep is lost up - on the mountain, Far a-way, far a-way.

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No. 47. My Greatest Friend is Jesus.

Words and Melody by N. E. Setser. **COMFORT.** Harmony by B. E. W.

1. My greatest friend is Je - sus; He left the throne of God,
2. My greatest friend is Je - sus, He leads in pastures green,
3. My greatest friend is Je - sus, He lov - eth e - ven me;
4. My greatest friend is Je - sus, I cast on him my care;
5. He'll be my friend for - ev - er; When here I cease to be,

This world of sor - row en - tered, To save me by his blood.
Where calm and plac - id wa - ters Flow on in peace se - rene.
I walk be - side him dai - ly In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.
He bears it all so free - ly In an - swer to my prayer.
I'll go and live with Je - sus Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

My greatest friend is Je - sus; He saves me thro' and thro',

And by his grace I'll prove it, For what he says, I'll do.

No. 48. For Me All is Well.

COMFORT—ASSURANCE.

Mrs. T. Wheeler. A. L. Byers.

1. No sigh nor a tear since Je - sus is here, In his pres - ence se-
2. I sit at his feet and my joy is com-plete, He gives me this
3. Oh, yield to him now and in low - li - ness bow, And drink from this
4. And when by and by he de-scends from on high, He will take us to

cure - ly I dwell; I hear his sweet voice and it makes me re - joice, I
mes - sage to tell: Oh, lean on his arm, he will save from all harm. And
life - giv - ing well; The taste is so sweet and the joy so com-plete, Its
heav - en to dwell; We'll sing this glad song as we jour - ney a - long, "I

Chorus.

know that for me all is well.
fit you in heav - en to dwell.
pleas-ure we nev - er can tell.
know that for me all is well."

'Tis well with my soul since the Lord made me whole,

And his smiles all my sor - rows dis - pel; On his bos - om I rest,

in his love I am blest; I know that for me all is well (all is well).

No. 49. Now Forward.

WARFARE.

MRS. H. A. HENDRICKS. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Now for - ward with cour - age, on to vic - to - ry, Je - sus is our cap - tain, he our guide will be; On - ward to the con - flict, sword and shield in hand, Brave - ly for the truth to stand.
2. Now for - ward to bat - tle, tho' we be but few, God is al - ways with us, he will lead us thro'; Nev - er be dis - cour - aged, we are in the right, On - ward then with all your might.
3. Now on - ward and up - ward, shout - ing all the way, Christ is in the van - guard, he will be our stay; On with shield and buck - ler, fa - ces to the foe, On - ward then to vic - t'ry go.

CHORUS.

Now for - ward, now for - ward, Be courageous and strong;
Now forward, now forward, and strong;

Now for - ward, now for - ward, Till we shout the victor's song.
Now forward, now forward,

No. 50. Sweet Humility.

HUMILITY.

C. E. ORR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Hu - mil - i - ty, O grace so sweet! Come dwell within my heart;
2. Hu - mil - i - ty, in Christ complete, I seek thy pleasant ways;
3. Hu - mil - i - ty, the sweet-est cup Of which my heart e'er drank!
4. Hu - mil - i - ty, O gift di-vine, Thine o - dors fill the air;
5. Oh, sink my heart to noth-ing-ness, Down, down to low - ly planes;
6. O heav-en's grace—hu-mil - i - ty! Thy cherished charm I'll wear;

Oh, press me to my Savior's feet; There low-li-ness im - part.
For low-ly place at Je - sus' feet My heart with longing prays.
I've ta-ken but one lit - tle sup, But deep with-in it sank.
And while our hearts to thee in-cline, Oh, shed thy fragrance there.
Then up, far up in joy-ful-ness, My soul in glo - ry reigns.
I must be humble, Lord, like thee, Thy ho - ly im - age bear.

CHORUS.

Come soft - ly from thy throne a - bove, O grace so sweet and fair;

Come touch my heart in gen-tle love, And scatter meekness there.

No. 51. Oh, Let Us Sound the Praise.

WORSHIP—PRAISE.

ISABEL C. BYRUM. A. L. BYERS.

1. Oh, let us sound the praise Which un - to God be - longs;
2. The sun, the moon, the stars, Tho' si - lent in the sky,
3. E'en in the storm - y wind An ech - o sweet and clear
4. Oh, praise our bless - ed Lord! All saints of earth, sing praise!

Our voi - ces high we'll raise In prayer and grate-ful songs.
Are join-ing in our praise With an - gel - hosts on high.
Is say - ing, "Praise the Lord! Oh, praise him far and near!"
Oh, praise him for his love, His won-drous works and ways!

Oh, praise the Lord in u - ni - ty, For none hath done such works as he!
Oh, let the heav'nly chorus ring Sweet anthems to our Lord and King!
Come, people, come, both old and young, And make our song the sweetest sung.
Thro' all the earth the sound is sent, His name a-lone is ex-cel - lent.

Oh, praise the Lord in u - ni - ty, For none hath done such works as he!
Oh, let the heav'nly chorus ring Sweet anthems to our Lord and King!
Come, people, come, both old and young, And make our song the sweetest sung.
Thro' all the earth the sound is sent, His name a-lone is ex-cel - lent.

No. 52. A Song from Solomon.

D. O. T. CHURCH. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Who is this that com-eth from the wil-der-ness, Lean-ing on her well-be-lov-ed's arm, Sweet-er than the fragrant rose of Sha-ron,
2. Who is she that look-eth as the morn-ing, Clear-er than the moon's ce-les-tial light, Brighter than the sun's ef-ful-gent glo-ry,
3. Who is she that standeth on the moun-tain, Sing-ing to our hearts a song of joy, Fair-er than the lil-ies of the val-ley,
4. Who is she, the fair-est of ten thou-sand, Shin-ing with the brightness of the sun, Queen of love, and choice one of her moth-er?

CHORUS.

Winning all our hearts by her charm?
Ban-ish-ing the dark-ness of night?
Pure as gold re-fined from al-loy?
She, my un-de-filed, is but one.

Blessed bride of Christ, we now a-dore thee; Treasure of our hearts, we hymn thy praise; Church of God, we love thee and no oth-er; In thy courts we'll worship all our days.

rit.

No. 53. Hold Fast.

EXHORTATION.

B. F. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Hold fast to the Sav - ior, he loves you still, Hold fast to the
2. Hold fast to your cov - e - nant made with God, And trust for the
3. Hold fast, nev - er doubting, with-stand the foe; Put on the whole
4. Hold fast for that beau - ti - ful land in view, Hold fast for the

prom-ise he will ful - fil; Hold fast, ev - er trust - ing you
cleansing in Je - sus' blood; Hold fast for the strength you shall
ar - mor and on - ward go, De - ter - mined to con - quer in
crown that's a-wait - ing you; Hold fast for the meet - ing of

shall re-ceive, Hold fast, do not wa - ver, his Word be - lieve.
need in life, He sure - ly will help you a - mid the strife.
Je - sus' might: Ne'er run from a bat - tle, but face the fight.
loved ones there, Hold fast for the bliss they have gone to share.

CHORUS.

Hold fast, hold fast, Hold to the Sav-ior, he's all in all;
Hold fast, hold fast,

Hold fast, hold fast, Hold fast to the promise, you'll never fall.
Hold fast, hold fast,

No. 54. We'll Crown Him Lord of All.

D. O. T. WORSHIP. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. We'll shout and sing our Redeemer's praise, Contending for the truth and right;
2. Tho' the hosts of sin should about us camp, We'll shout and sing the victor's song;
3. To Christ all pow - er on earth is giv'n, See now his mighty scep-tre sway;
4. Soon Christ shall come with the trumpet sound, To raise the dead from land and sea;
5. Then in that heav - en and earth anew, Where love's e-ter-nal blessings fall;

We'll crown him King in ev - 'ry heart, And conquer in Je-ho-vah's might.
For Christ, our Savior, with-in us dwells, To save and keep us from the wrong.
While oth - ers dream of an age to come, He's reigning in our hearts to-day.
Then we shall meet him in the air And reign with him e-ter - nal - ly.
We'll sing his praise while the a ges roll, And crown Je-ho-vah Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Crown him, we'll crown him, Crown the bless - ed
Crown him Lord of all, Crown him Lord of all,

Sav - ior Lord of all;.... We'll crown him, yes,
Crown him Lord of all,

crown him, Crown the bless-ed Sav- ior Lord of all.
Crown him Lord of all, Lord of all.

No. 55. When the Bridegroom Comes.

COMING OF CHRIST.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Pre-cious soul, pre-pare for the mid-night call, "Be read - y when the
2. Like the vir-gins wise fill your lamps with oil, Be read - y when the
3. Then a-vail your-self of a full sup - ply, Be read - y when the
4. Then awake, dear soul, you're in sin's dark night, Be read - y when the
5. Do not sleep, poor soul, till your lamp goes out—Be read - y when the

Bridegroom comes;" For the sol-emn change is a - wait - ing all, Be
Bridegroom comes; Let not sin your faith - ful ef - forts foil, Be
Bridegroom comes; Nev - er i - dle sit till your lamp burns dry, Be
Bridegroom comes; Let your lamp burn bright with a clear good light, Be
Bridegroom comes,—Till the Lord re-turns with a might - y shout, Be

CHORUS.

ready when the Bridegroom comes. Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes! Will your lamp be burning

At the Lord's re - turn-ing? Be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

No. 56. What Hath the Lord Done for Thee?

EXPERIENCE.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

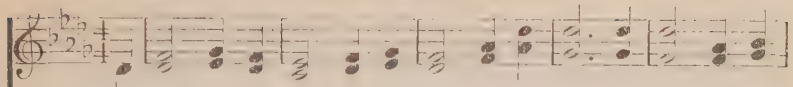
1. What hath the Lord done for thee? I was la - den with sin when I came un - to him, But he harkened to my ear-nest plea; He had promised to save, and he free-ly forgave - All this hath the Lord done for me.
2. What hath the Lord done for thee? When I found that with-in was in- her - it - ed sin, Un - to him for re - lief did I flee; By the blood from his side he my soul sanctified - All this hath the Lord done for me.
3. What hath the Lord done for thee? He hath banished my night with his glo - ri - ous light, For my bond-age he gives lib - er - ty; All my sorrow of heart he hath caused to de part - All this hath the Lord done for me.
4. What hath the Lord done for thee? He doth give me each day grace to walk in his way, Makes me hap - py each mo - ment I see; And with joy he fills up and o'erflow-eth my cup - All this hath the Lord done for me.

CHORUS.

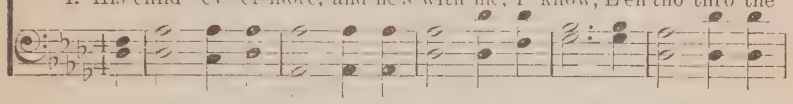
All this hath the Lord done for me; He hath banished my night, He hath made my heart white; All this hath the Lord done for me.

No. 57. I am His Child.

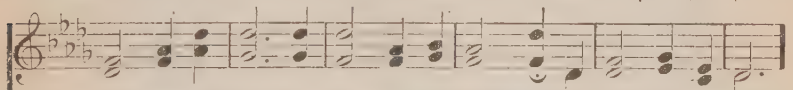
CLARA MCALISTER. COMFORT ASSURANCE. B. E. WARREN.



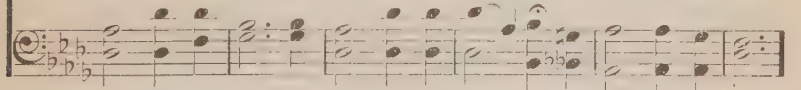
1. My heav - en - ly Fa - ther is car - ing for me, My bark he is
2. And when in the fur - nace of tri - al I stand, My Sav - ior be-
3. When clouds thickly gather, and hide from my view The face of my
4. His child ev - er-more, and he's with me, I know, E'en tho' thro' the



guid - ing o'er life's rag-ing sea; Tho' storms o - ver - shad - ow and
side me doth hold to my hand; "Be faith-ful," he whis-pers, in
Sav - ior, his eye pierces thro'; He keeps me from be - ing by
val - ley of death I should go; He keep - eth my spir - it by

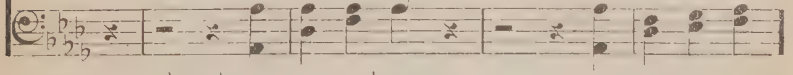


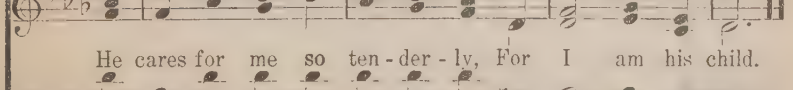
bil - lows are wild, They can-not o'erwhelm me, for I am his child.
ac-cents so mild; The flames cannot harm me, for I am his child.
Sa - tan beguiled; Se-cure - ly I'm rest - ing, for I am his child.
sin un - de - filed, He'll take me to heav - en, for I am his child.



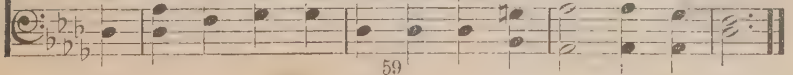
CHORUS.

Oh, I am his child, His dear lov-ing child;
I am his child, His lov - ing child;





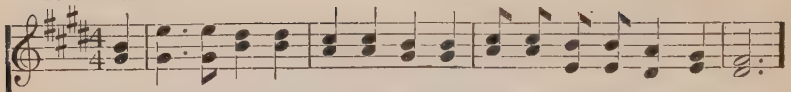
He cares for me so ten - der - ly, For I am his child.



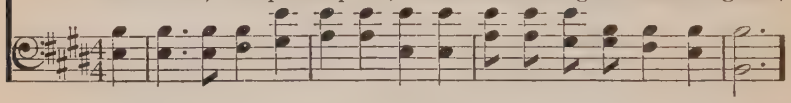
No. 58. House of God.

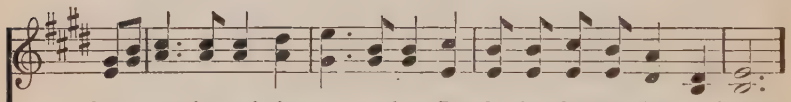
CHURCH.

D. O. TEASLEY. C. E. HUNTER.

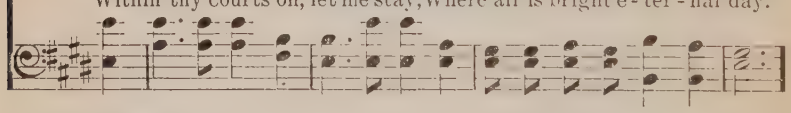


1. The house of God, built by his hands, Triumphant thro' the a - ges stands
2. Salvation forms its massive wall, 'Twill stand while creeds and schisms fall;
3. The Lamb of God, him-self the door, Excludes all sin for- ev - er-more;
4. In heav - en's gold-en book of life, Inscribed above all sin and strife,
5. The Fa - ther, Son, and Holy Ghost Are one with all the ransomed host,
6. O house of God, thou spotless place, Where beams the light of heaven's grace;

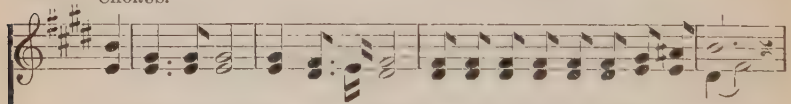




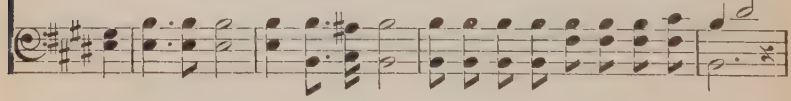
Up - on the rock for - ev - er fast, De - fy - ing Satan's fier - y blast.
And all within its portals bright Are robed in heaven's golden light.
His life to build this house he gave, And ev-'ry soul he wills to save.
There human hands can ne'er erase The names of those redeemed by grace.
Who dwell in touch with heav'n above, In Father's house, where all is love.
Within thy courts oh, let me stay, Where all is bright e - ter - nal day.

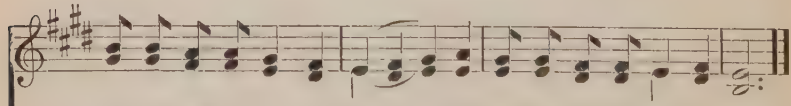


CHORUS.

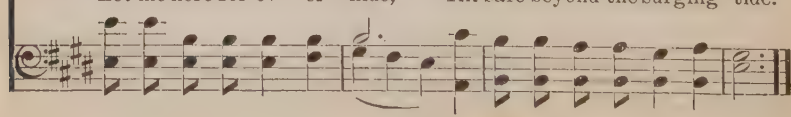


O house of God, home of my soul, Blessed shelter while the ages roll;





Let me here for-ev - er hide, Till safe beyond the surging tide.



No. 59. The Bride of Christ.

CHURCH.

CLARA MCALISTER. A. L. BYERS.

1. O church of God, thou spotless bride, On Je - sus' breast se-cure;
2. Thou love - ly vir - gin, thou art fair, Thy mother's on - ly child;
3. She stood attired in spotless dress The ear - ly morn-ing thro',
4. She leans up-on an arm of love, No sin her garments taints;

No stains of sin in thee a - bide, Thy garments all are pure.
Thy heav'n-ly mu - sic let me hear, Thy voice is sweet and mild.
And then in - to the wil - der-ness On ea-gle's wings she flew.
They're made of lin - en wov'n a-bove—The righteousness of saints.

Of u - ni - ty and ho - li - ness Thy gen-tle voice doth sing;
Thy cheeks adorned with jew-els bright, Thy neck with chains of gold;
And nourished there from heav'nly clime. She lived for man-y years;
The mar-riage of the Lamb is come, His wife all read - y stands;

Of pu - ri - ty and low - li - ness Thy songs in tri-umph ring.
Un - furl thy ban-ners in thy might, Thy gra - ces rich un - fold.
Now in this blessed eve-ning time Her glo - ry re - ap-pears.
The Bridegroom soon will take her home To dwell in heav'n-ly lands.

No. 60. Glorious Zion.

ZION.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Glo - ri - ous things are spo - ken of thee, Thou cit - y of God, thou
2. Glo - ri - ous things I can - not de - clare Are found in thy courts so
3. Glo - ri - ous things shine forth in thy light, Thou cit - y so fair, no
4. Glo - ri - ous things di - vine - ly com - plete With - in thee are found—thy

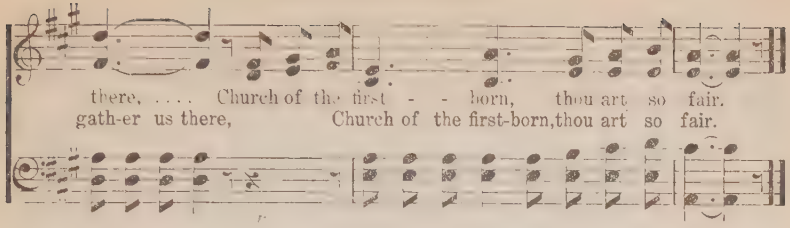
home of the free; Fair as the morning, clear as the sun, Great ar-my with
wondrously fair; Those who remain with-in thee shall rest, O Zi - on of
sor- row can blight; Blessings so rich, unnumbered, un - told, More precious are
love is re - plete; Down thro' the a-ges, spotless and pure, Thy God hath pre-

CHORUS.

ban - ners, conquering one. Zi - on of God,.. .... thou home of the
God, thou home of the blest.
they than diamonds and gold.
served thee, thou art se cure. Zi-on of God, thou blest home of the

free,... .... Washed in the blood, ... I'm dwel-ling in
hap - py and free, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am

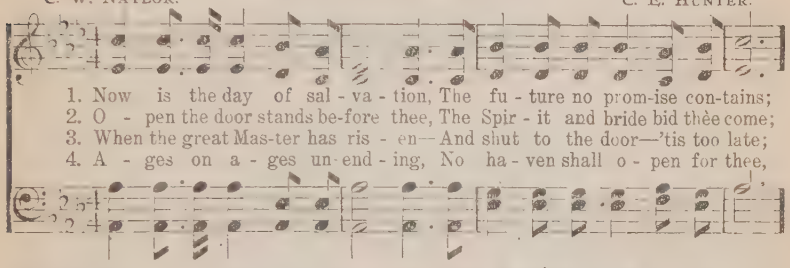
thee; ..... Glo - ri - ous home,..... oh, gath- er us
dwelling in thee; Glo - ri - ous home, wilt thou gath- er, yes,

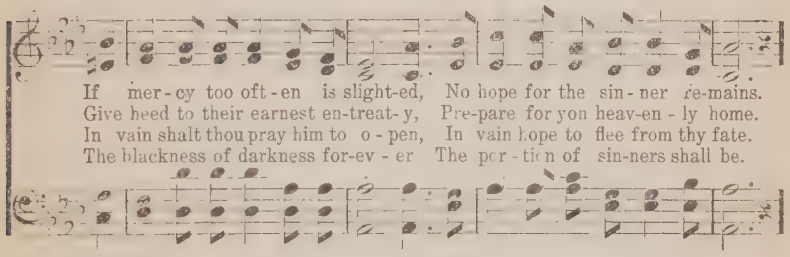


No. 61. The Day of Salvation.

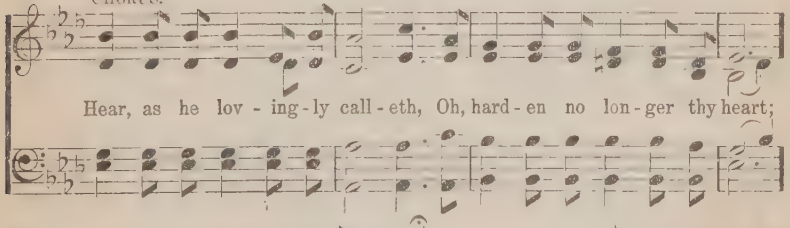
INVITATION—WARNING.

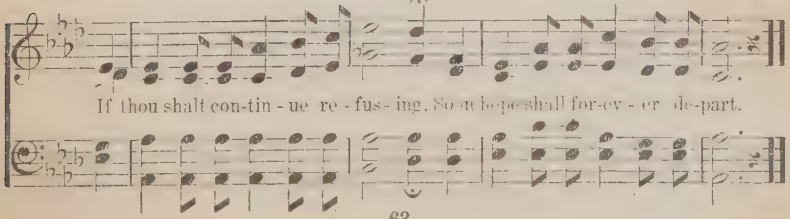
C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.





CHORUS.





No. 62. The Highway of the King.

Words and Air by W. J. Henry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harmony by A. L. B.

1. We're a band of hap - py pil - grims bound for our home a - bove,
2. This is the grand old high - way our fa - thers all have trod,
3. No un- clean thing can ev - er pass o'er this ho - ly way,
4. With songs of joy and glad - ness the ransomed now we see

Walk - ing in the high - way of the King; Our lips are filled with
Walk - ing in the high - way of the King; The on - ly way that
Walk - ing in the high - way of the King; No dan - ger can be-
Walk - ing in the high - way of the King; With gar-ments pure and

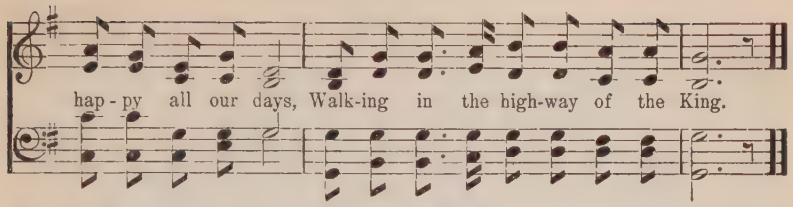
prais-es, our hearts are full of love, Walking in the highway of the King.
leads us to heav-en and to God, Walking in the highway of the King.
fall us, we're safe by night and day, Walking in the highway of the King.
spotless, and hearts from sin made free, Walking in the highway of the King.

Chorus.

Walk-ing in the highway of the King, Walking in the
in the highway of the King,

high-way of the King; With hearts all full of praise, we're
in the high-way of the King;

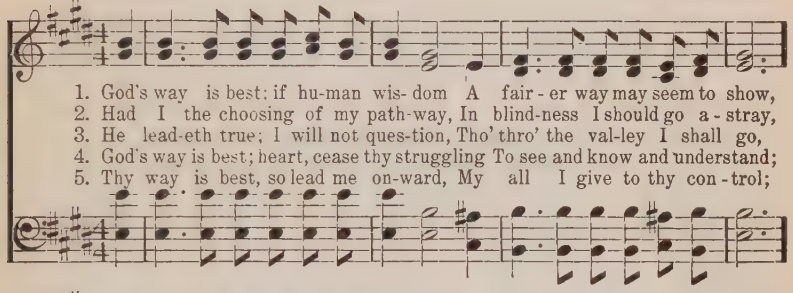
The Highway of the King.

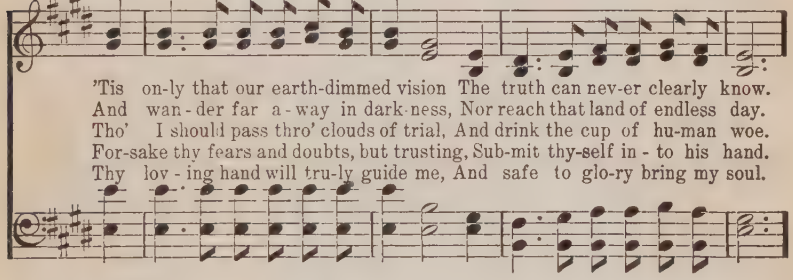


No. 63. God's Way is Best.

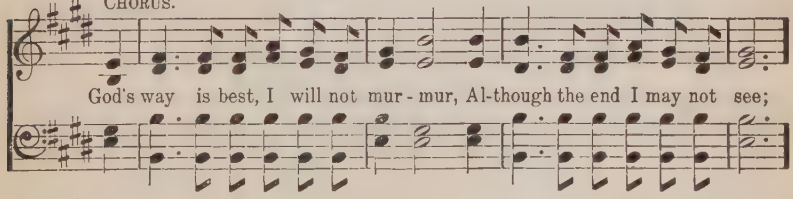
GUIDANCE.

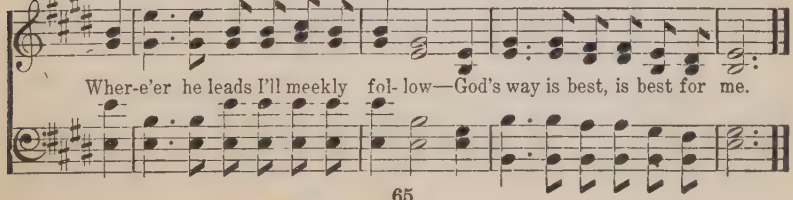
C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.





CHORUS.





No. 64. Return to Zion.

RETURN.

MAGGIE WOODY. A. L. BYERS.

1. Come, ye holy saints of God, let's sing the joyful theme; Out of all con-
2. On the way of ho-li-ness to Zi-on bright and fair, Songs of ev-er-
3. Man-y are the "ites" to kill and ar-mies to de-feat, Satan's might-y

fu-sion we are gathered in his name; Then with songs triumphant let us
last-ing joy are ringing thro' the air; Righteouness and pu-ri-ty the
fortresses to trample 'neath our feet; Je-sus is our captain and we

shout with glad acclaim For free-dom in Christ, hal-le-lu-jah!
her-it-age we share, With Je-sus our Lord, hal-le-lu-jah!
nev-er will re-treat, Oh, glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

Then shout a-loud the pres-ent ju-bi-lee! Our hearts from sin are

made so pure and free; O-ver all temp-ta-tion we have

Return to Zion.

per - fect vic - to - ry Thro' Je - sus our Lord, hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 65. The Last Call.

E. A. Reardon. WARNING. D. O. Teasley.

1. O sin-ner, heed the Spir-it's voice Ere mer - cy's day is past;
2. Thy conscience, once so keen to feel That voice sent to re - prove,
3. Remember, soul, the hour draws nigh When you will call in vain;
4. Then seek him while he may be found, And call him while he's near,

Oh, while he's plead-ing make thy choice, This call may be his last.
No more is stirred at God's ap - peal To seek his pard'ning love.
Ah, hopeless then will be thy cry; Thy doom, e - ter-nal pain.
Lest slighted, grieved, he leave thee bound And sealed in darkness drear.

Chorus.

Hark-en to the Spirit's voice, Call-ing still, call-ing still;

While he's plead - ing make thy choice, Ere he's gone, ere he's gone.

No. 66. My Heart is Longing.

Words and Melody by C. W. Naylor. REPENTANCE. Harmony by B. E. W.

1. Sav - ior, now my heart is long - ing For thy wondrous sav-ing grace;
2. Sav - ior, now my heart is long - ing From this bur-den to be free;
3. Sav - ior, now my heart is long - ing For the rest and peace and love
4. Sav - ior, now my heart is long - ing, Thirst - ing for the rich sup - ply

Life has been a bar - ren des - ert, While my sins have hid thy face.
Break, oh, break these galling fet - ters That so long have pinioned me.
Thou canst send in great a - bun-dance On me from thy throne a - bove.
Of thy grace, which, free-ly giv - en, All my soul can sat - is - fy.

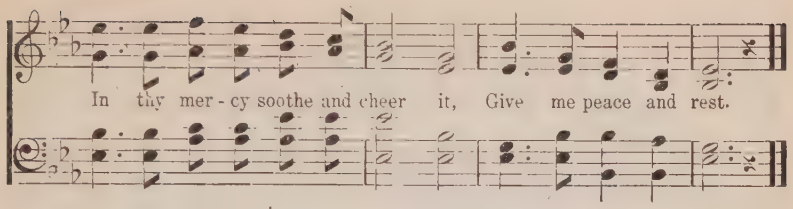
Oft in anguish have I strug-gled, Fought the blighting pow'r of sin,
Let the sunshine of thy pres - ence Ban - ish all my gloom a - way,
I am wear-y, sad, and lone - ly, I have wandered far from thee;
Come, oh, come with thy sweet fa - vor; Waits my ea - ger heart for thee;

But, o'ercome, cast down and vanquished, In each con-flict have I been.
Make this mo-ment the be - gin - ning Of a new and brighter day.
But I come, I come re - pent - ing, Lord, have mer - cy now on me.
Then, en - fold-ed in thy glo - ry, Let me rest e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, take my troub - led spir - it, Long by sin op-pressed;

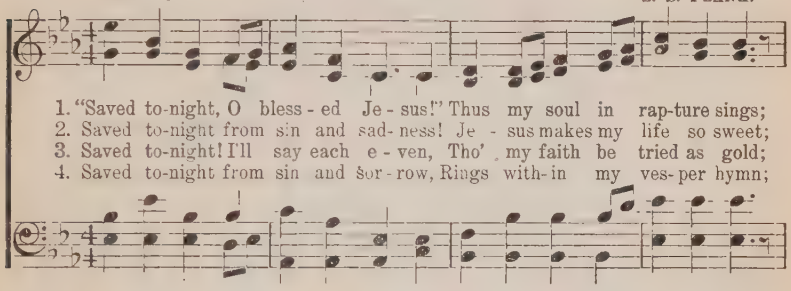
My Heart is Longing.

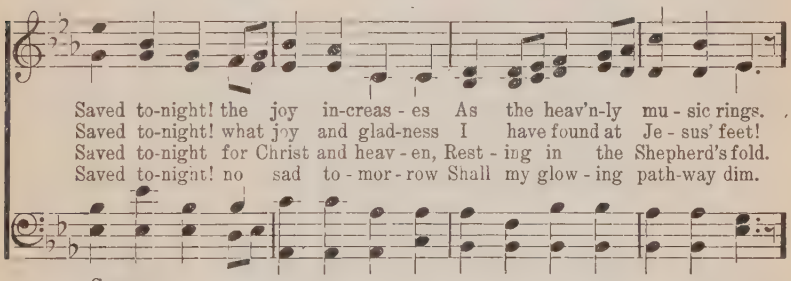


No. 67. Saved To-Night.

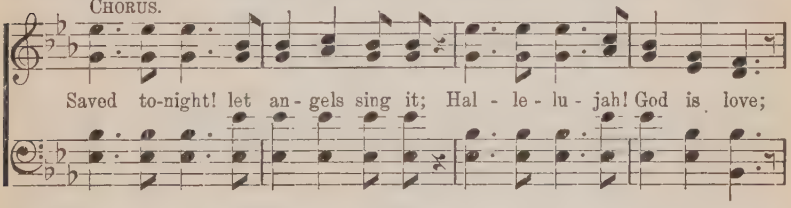
EVENING.

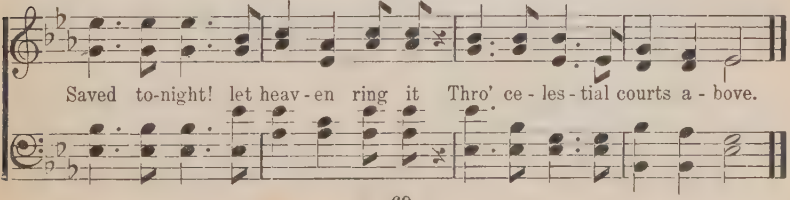
C. H. DEWEY. S. S. PLANK.





CHORUS.





No. 68. That Verdant Summer Land.

ENCOURAGEMENT—HEAVEN.

JENNIE MAST. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Is thy troub-led heart oppressed, Heav - y - la - den, sick and sore;
2. Is the threat'ning temp - est near? Beams his prom - ise bright as day;
3. When you reach that E - den blest All thy tears he'll wipe a - way;

By the cares of life distressed? Plead his prom - ise o'er and o'er.
Keep it ring - ing sweet and clear: "I'll be with thee all the way."
Sweet-er far will be thy rest For the vic - t'ries won to - day.

S.

Does thy star of hope grow dim, Canst thou face the storm - y gale?
When the roll - ing thun - ders peal, When the bil - lows leap and foam,
Does the toil-some night seem long? Teach thy trust - ing heart to wait;

D. S.—*Then with shouts of vic - to - ry Firm - ly clasp his proffered hand;*

Fine.

Teach thy heart this sa - cred hymn: "Thro his grace I shall pre - vail."
With thy faith his prom - ise seal, Sing- ing, "One day near - er home."
Ere the break - ing of the dawn You may reach the pearl - y gate.

Soon thy hap - py soul shall be In that ver - dant sum-mer land.

CHORUS.

Look a - way..... a - cross the sea
Look a - way, a - way, a - - way a - cross the sea

That Verdant Summer Land.

D. S.

To that shin - - ing goll - en strand;
To that shin - ing strand, that shin - ing gold - en strand;

No. 69. I've Found a Refuge.

REFUGE—SAFETY.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. I've found a ref - uge now from ev - 'ry sor - row, Joy ev - er-last-ing and
2. Oh, could you of - fer ev - 'ry earth-ly treasure, Diamonds and pearls of the
3. Far bright-er than the shin-ing stars a bove me, Beaming with beauty and

sweet; I see this world with all its sin - ful fol-lies, Conquered at my feet.
s a; Then turn-ing from them I would glad-ly whisper, "Christ has set me free."
grace, A-dorned in heav-en's maj - es - ty and splendor, Is my rest-ing place.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless-ed tho't, my sins are gone! I lean on Je - sus' breast, And lov- ing breast,

while the storm without is mad - ly rag - ing, I have per-fect rest. sweet rest.

No. 70. God is Calling Thee.

INVITATION.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Is God calling thee, O guilt-y sin-ner? Sa-tan has long on
2. Is God calling thee? wilt thou not hear him? Sin-ner, he's pleading
3. Is God calling thee in great compassion? Then let thy heart this
4. Is God calling thee? then wait no lon-ger: Canst thou his pleading
5. Yes, God's calling me, and shall I slight him? With this vain world for

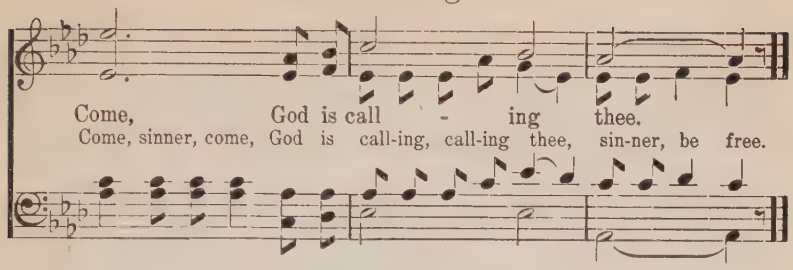
thee imposed. Or has the Spir-it gone for-ev-er? Is thy heart's
now for thee; In pit-y his Spir-it draws thee near him, Mercy and
Christ receive: He died on the cross to seal thy pardon; How canst thou
voice de-spise? If thou wilt obey, 'twill make thee stronger; From sin and
aye be lost? For his great-er love I'll not betray him, No, I'll be

CHORUS.

door a-gainst him closed? Come, sin-ner, God is call-ing thee;
love are shown so free.
thus his Spir-it grieve?
guilt thou canst a-rise.
his at an-y cost. Come, sin-ner, come,

Come, sin-ner, God is calling thee; He is pleading, in-ter-ced-ing;
Come, sinner, come,

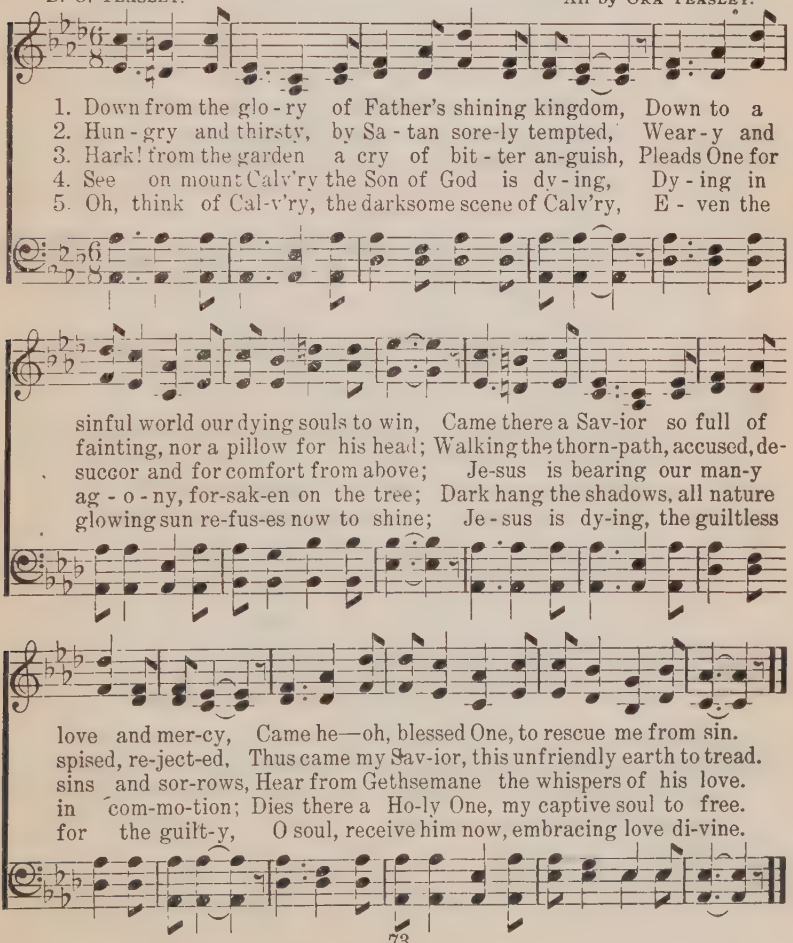
God is Calling Thee.



No. 71. The Atonement.

ATONEMENT—CRUCIFIXION.

D. O. TEASLEY. Air by ORA TEASLEY.



No. 72. The Crucifixion.

Words and Melody by C. W. Naylor

CRUCIFIXION.

Harmony by B. E. W.

1. Hushed is the wood - bird's note, si - lent her song of glee,
2. Pierced are those lov - ing hands which have so oft - en lain
3. Na - ture in sym - pa - thy trem - bles and hides her face,
4. Gaze on him hang - ing there, know it was all for thee,

Shroud - ed in gloom the sun, shak - ing is Cal - va - ry;
Ten - der - ly on the sick, mak - ing them whole a - gain;
The ver - y hosts of ill fear and for - sake the place;
And that thy sin - ful deeds brought him to Cal - va - ry.

Mute are the an - gel hosts, awed by the sight they see,
Bleed - ing his wound - ed feet, thorns are the crown he wears,
Of all ex - ist - ing things man looks in scorn a - lone,
Love for thy pre - cious soul caused him to glad - ly die,

The might - y Son of God dies for hu - man - i - ty.
Thus on the cru - el cross man's load of sin he bears.
Feels no re - morse - ful pang, hard is his heart as stone.
That he might ran - som thee for that bright home on high.

Refrain.

Be - hold, he dies, the Sav - ior dies Up - on the cross for thee.

No. 73. If He Comes.

COMING OF CHRIST.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Are you read - y should the Bridegroom come? Are you read - y should the
2. Are you read - y should the Bridegroom come? Are you read - y should the
3. Are you read - y should the Bridegroom come? Are you read - y should the
4. Are you read - y should the Bridegroom come? Are you read - y should the

Bridegroom come? If he come at noon or night Will it fill you with de - light,
Bridegroom come? If he comes without de - lay Will he find you in dis-may,
Bridegroom come? Will you hear him at the door, Say-ing "Time shall be no more,
Bridegroom come? If you're not prepared to go You will sink to end-less woe,

CHORUS.

Or will you de-plore the sight, If he comes? If he comes, if he
Pleading for a chance to pray, If he comes?
Your pro-ba - tion now is o'er," If he comes?
Be for-ev - er lost, you know, If he comes. If he comes,

comes, Are you read- y, watching, waiting, if he comes? if he
if he comes, if he comes?

comes, if he comes, Are you read - y if the Bridegroom comes?
If he comes, if he comes,

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No. 74. I Cannot Refrain from Praising Him.

PRAISE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Oh, when I re-mem-ber God's goodness to me, I can-not re-
2. Oh, when I re-mem-ber his goodness to me, I can-not re-
3. Oh, when I re-mem-ber his goodness to me, I can-not re-
4. Oh, when I re-mem-ber his goodness to me, I can-not re-

frain from praising him; When he from such bondage hath set me free,
frain from praising him; The tho't makes me happy as hap-py can be,
frain from praising him; His Son free-ly suffered on Cal-va-ry's tree,
frain from praising him; All o-ver cre-a-tion his good-ness I see,

CHORUS.

I can-not re-frain from praising him. I can-not re-frain from

f *ff*

praising him, I can-not re-frain from praising him; For when I re-

mem-ber his goodness to me, I can-not re-frain from praising him.

No. 75. Nothing But Withered Leaves.

Slow, with expression.

1. Noth-ing but leaves,..... Nothing but leaves,.....
2. Noth-ing but leaves,..... Nothing but leaves,.....
3. Noth-ing but leaves,..... Nothing but leaves,.....

Yes, nothing but leaves, Yes, nothing but leaves,

Nothing but leaves to show the Lord, And nothing but leaves for your reward–
Nothing but leaves at set of sun, And nothing but leaves for all you've done,
Nothing but leaves, no golden grain: Tho' long you've toiled thro' heat and rain,

rit. *p* *pp*

You nev-er can be in saints' accord, For nothing but withered leaves.
A soul for the Lord you've never won–Hence, nothing but withered leaves.
Yet all you have done has been in vain, Hence, nothing but withered leaves.

REFRAIN.

Nothing but withered leaves, Nothing but withered leaves, Nothing but

rit. *p*

withered leaves; Noth-ing, noth-ing but withered leaves.

No. 76. I've Enlisted in the Service.

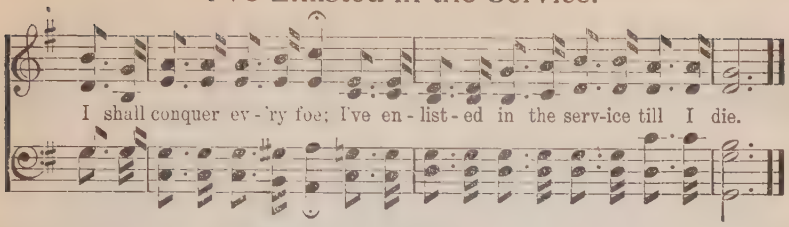
Words and Air by W. J. Henry. **WARFARE.** Harmony by A. L. B.

1. I am fight-ing in the ar-my of the Lord, And tho' dan-gers thick-ly round my path-way lie, I shall nev-er faint or fear, for my Je-sus is so near; I've en-list-ed in the serv-ice till I die.
2. Oft-en do I meet with Sa-tan by the way, And his fier-y darts so thick-ly round me fly; When the shield of faith he sees, then he al-ways quick-ly flees, I've en-list-ed in the serv-ice till I die.
3. Now the world has ceased to be a friend to me, And the ones I most have loved now pass me by; But to him I'll faith-ful be who has shed his blood for me, I've en-list-ed in the serv-ice till I die.
4. I shall nev-er tire or give the bat-tle o'er, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by; Then thro' all e-ter-ni-ty I shall shout the vic-to-ry; I've en-list-ed in the serv-ice till I die.

Chorus.

I will press the bat-tle on till the vic-to-ry is won, And I reach my crown and mansion in the sky; By the grace of God I know

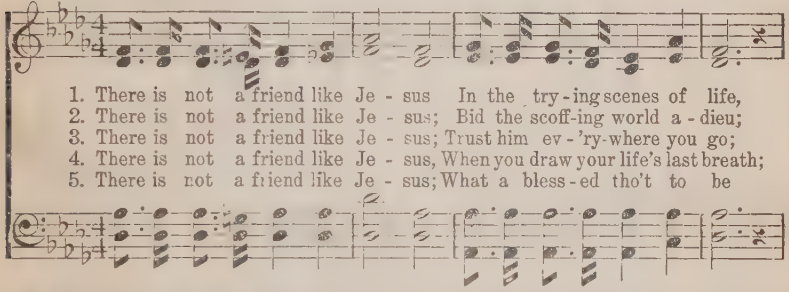
I've Enlisted in the Service.

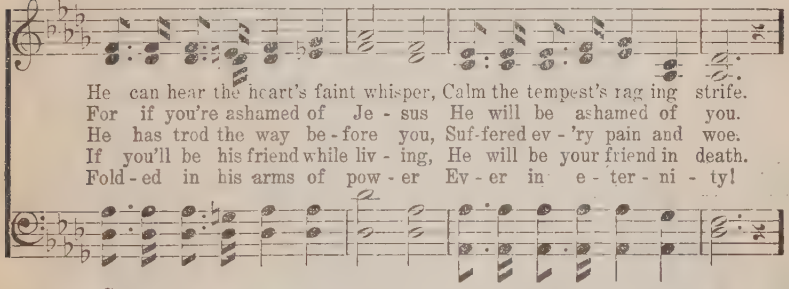


No. 77. No Friend Like Jesus.

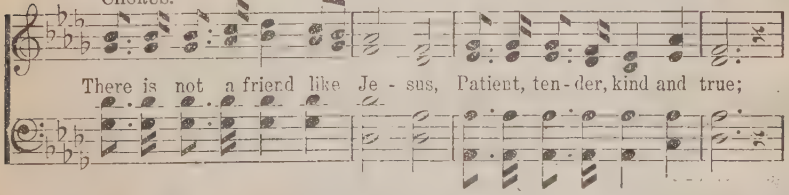
ENCOURAGEMENT.

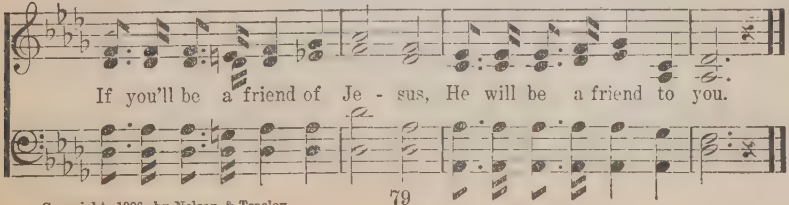
Mrs. H. A. Hendricks. D. O. Teasley.





Chorus.





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No. 78. Make Me Clean.

REPENTANCE.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. I have wan - dered in sin and my soul is de - filed, But I
2. Lord, I give up my sin and I turn un - to thee, From thy
3. There's no hope but in thee, to thy prom - ise I flee, There to
4. How I loathe all the sins that have bur - dened my heart, And have

know Je - sus died on the tree; And the Fa - ther in mer - cy will
love do not cast me a - way; Tho' my guilt is so great, hear my
an - chor my tem - pest-tossed soul; Let thy fa - vor and love be ex-
filled it with sad - ness and woe; Now in Cal - va - ry's stream bid un-

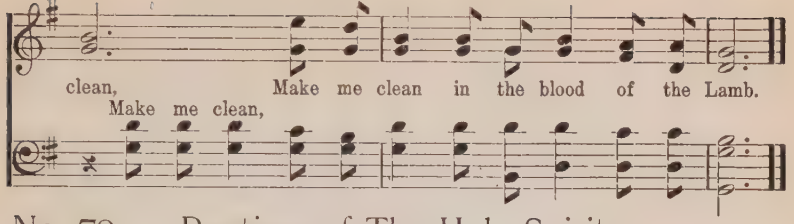
make me his child, For the blood, it will cleanse e - ven me.
heart's ear - nest plea, Have com - pas - sion and save me to - day.
tend - ed to me; Thro' the all - cleans-ing blood make me whole.
clean - ness de - part, Make me whit - er, yes, whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Make me clean, make me clean, Tho' de-
Make me clean, make me clean,

filed and so sin - ful I am; Make me clean, make me
Make me clean,

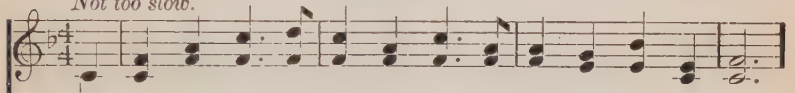
Make Me Clean.

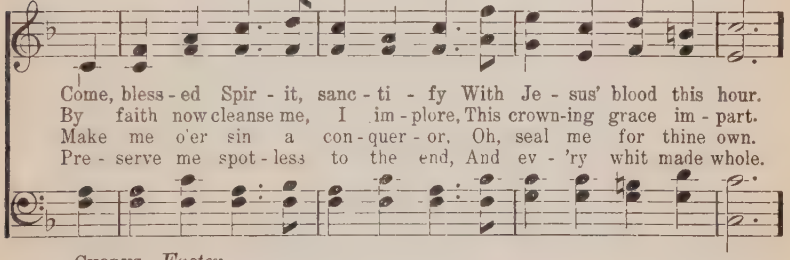


No. 79. Baptism of The Holy Spirit.

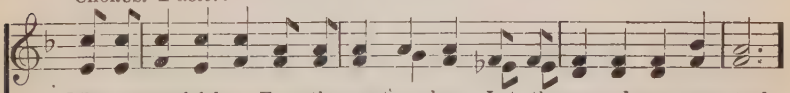
B. E. W. CONSECRATION. B. E. WARREN.

Not too slow.

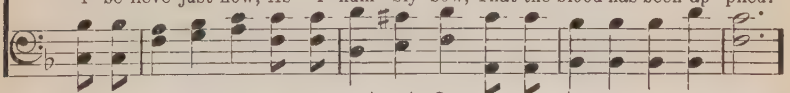


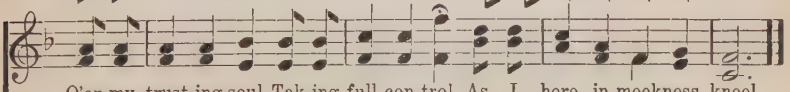


CHORUS. *Faster.*



(*After last stanza.*)





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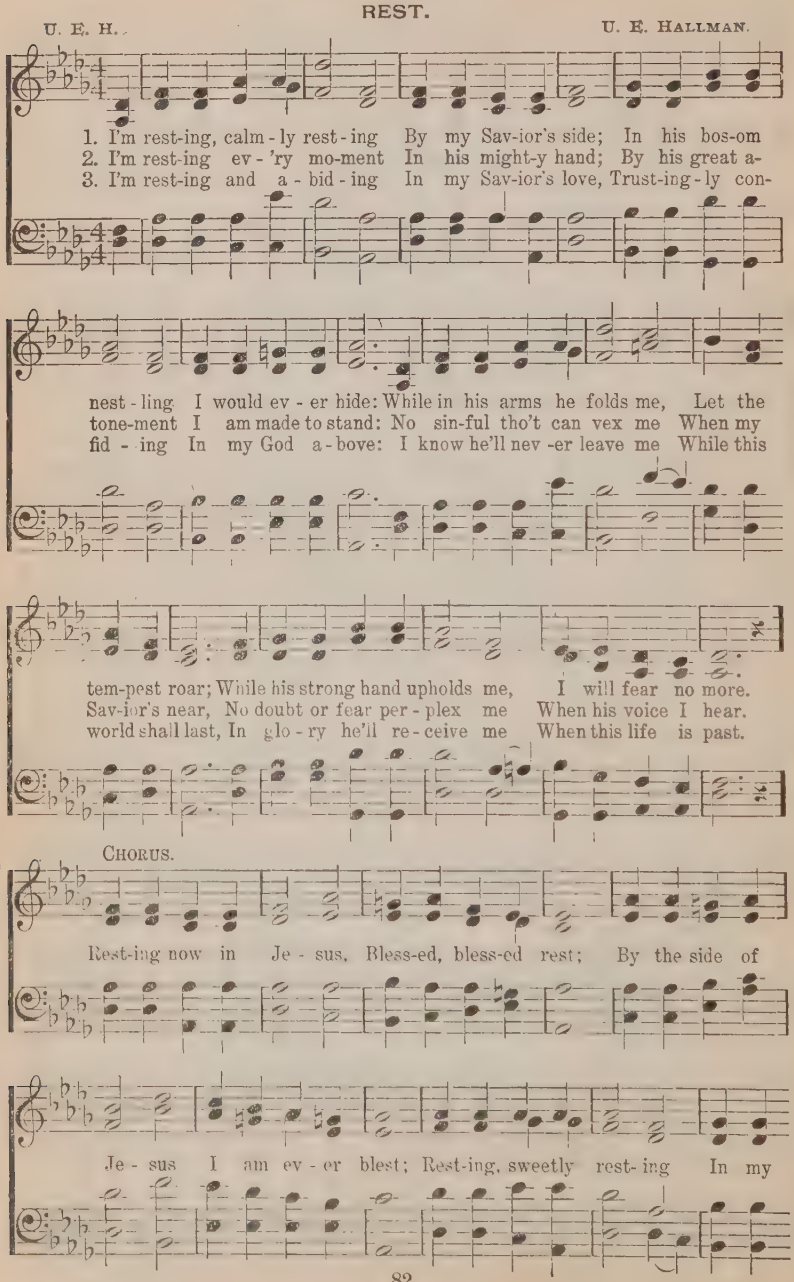
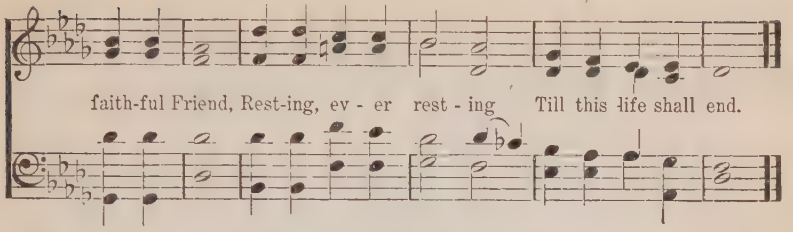
No. 80. I'm Resting, Calmly Resting.

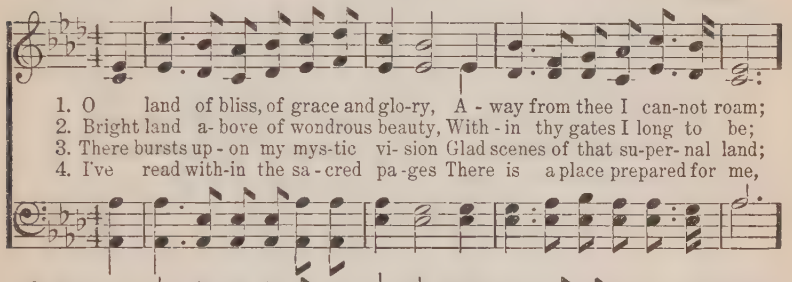


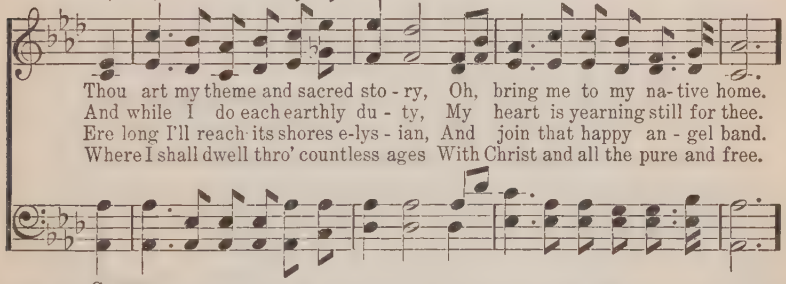
I'm Resting, Calmly Resting.



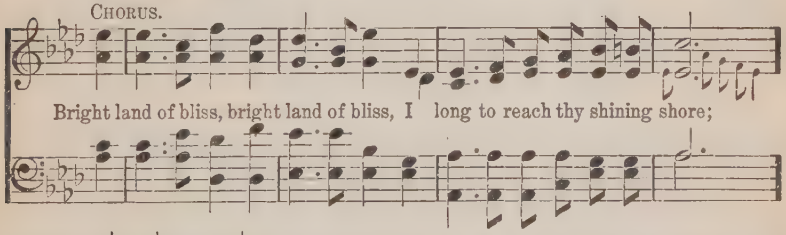
No. 81. Bright Land of Bliss.

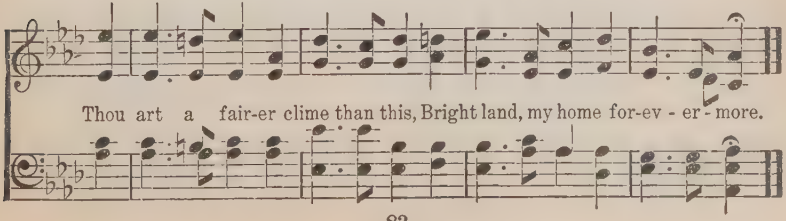
B. E. W. HEAVEN. B. E. WARREN.





CHORUS.





No. 82. He Knows, Yes, He Knows.

EDITH CHASE. COMFORT. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. He knows, yes, he knows When we're tempted and tried; Our prayers he will
2. He knows, yes, he knows When the bil- lows roll high; Just trust in his
3. He knows, yes, he knows All that we must en- dure In life's rug- ged
4. No sad- ness or woe Up in heav- en so bright, But there we'll be

an- swer If close by his side. He knows, yes, he knows When our spir- it is
prom- ise And he will draw nigh. He knows, yes, he knows When our souls are dis-
jour- ney, His prom- ise is sure. Then let us be firm And a- bide in his
hap- py In realms of pure light. Oh, let us make sure Of that home of the

CHORUS.

sad, If we trust in him ful- ly Our hearts he'll make glad. He knows, he
tressed; Simply lean, helpless pil- grim, On Je- sus and rest.
will; He will help us and cheer us, Our spir- its he'll fill.
soul, Then we'll sing while the a- ges E- ter- nal- ly roll. He knows,

knows, oh, yes, he knows, He knows our ev- 'ry weakness, Oh,
he knows, oh, yes, he knows,

yes, he knows; Our ev- 'ry sor- row, ache or pain
Oh, yes, he knows;

He Knows, Yes, He Knows.

Je-sus sure-ly knows; He knows, he knows, Our blessed Sav-ior knows.
He knows, he knows,

No. 83. My Treasures.

C. W. NAYLOR. MISCELLANEOUS. B. E. WARREN.

1. I have a treas-ure in my heart More pre-cious far than gold;
2. I draw rich treas-ures day by day From heav-en's bank a-bove,
3. Talk not of bank-notes, sil-ver, gold, I need but few of such;
4. With treasures here, and treas-ures there, In-creas-ing day by day,

The price-less pearl is mine to-day, My wealth can-not be told.
For all my needs a full sup-ply Of joy and grace and love.
I've rich-es great-er far than these—Earth can not tell how much.
I go re-joic-ing all the time Up-on my pil-grim way.

CHORUS.

I'm rich-er than an-y mil-lion-aire, A thousand times and more (and more),

A won-drous treas-ure I have found, An ev-er-last-ing store.

No. 84. Trust and Follow On.

TRUST.

JENNIE MAST. OTTO BOLDS. Harmony by C. E. H.

1. When the shadows fast are creeping Round the trust thy soul is keeping,
2. In his boundless grace a-bid - ing, In his promise sweet confid-ing,
3. When the long dark night is waning, Ere the peaceful morn is reigning,
4. Faithful still his ar-mor bear-ing, Neither fainting nor de-spair-ing,

When thine eyes are dim with weeping, Dim with watching for the dawn;
In his bless - ed pres-ence hid- ing, When the sor - est tri - als come:
All thy hopes and fears ex-plain-ing, Art thou left to weep a-lone?
Meek - ly of his sor-row shar-ing, Till with yonder ransomed throng,

Does his banner, floating o'er thee, And his lov-ing voice be-fore thee,
And tho' tempests break above thee, Trusted comrades cease to love thee,
Are a thousand foes op-pressing, Grief thy burdened heart distressing?
At the jas-per gates un-folding, With im-mor-tal view be-hold-ing,

In com-pas-sion still implore thee Just to trust and fol - low on?
Furnace flames a - rise to prove thee, Trust him still and fol - low on.
Bear thy sor-row with his bless-ing, Sim-ply trust and fol - low on.
Join with anthems sweet and old-en In the ev - er- last - ing song.

No. 85. Are You Adorning the Doctrine?

EXHORTATION.

C. W. NAYLOR. A. L. BYERS.

1. Are you adorning the doctrine, The glo - ri - ous doctrine of God,
2. Are you adorning the doctrine, And making at-tract-ive the way,
3. Are you adorning the doctrine By meekness and love and good-will,
4. If you're adorning the doctrine, Its beauties your soul will ar-ray;

Walk-ing so ho - ly be-fore him, Fol-low-ing where he hath trod:
Hon-or-ing Christ by your ac - tions And by the words that you say?
Gen - tle-ness, patience and trueness, Lib - er - ty's law to ful - fill?
Show-ers of grace will be given—Strength from the Lord as your day:

So when the world looks up on you Noth-ing but Christ is in view?
Are you, my brother and sis - ter, Prov-ing the Bi - ble is true?
Je - sus will shine if with-in you, Showing these graces di-vine.
Light from on high will be streaming O-ver the pathway you tread.

rall.

So when the world looks up-on you Nothing but Christ is in view?
Are you, my brother and sis - ter, Prov-ing the Bi - ble is true?
Je - sus will shine if with-in you, Showing these graces di-vine.
Light from on high will be streaming O - ver the pathway you tread.

No. 86. Rescued.

SALVATION.

C. H. DEWEY. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. Out from the snare of the fowl-er, Out from the trappings of sin,
2. Out from the toils, where the tempter Nev - er a-gain shall im - pose
3. Out from the shades of con-fu-sion, In - to the courts of our God;

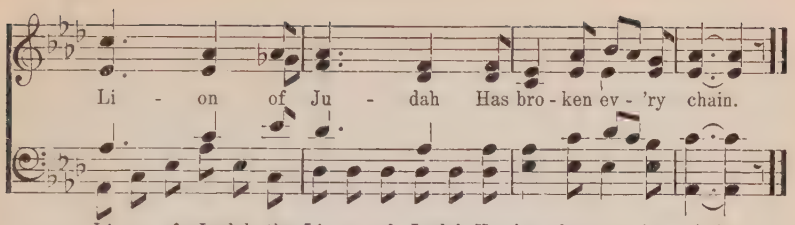
Out from the cage of de - cep - tion, Where sad-ly my spir-it had been,
Shack-les of cru - el - est bond-age, Of service, de-cep-tion and woes!
In - to the fold, where the Shepherd Doth lead by his staff and his rod.

In - to the glo- ri- ous morn-ing Of soul-cheering sunshine and dew:
In - to the cit- y of Zi - on My soul for its ref-uge has fled;
Sweetly my soul on his bos- om, So ten-der- ly, lov-ing- ly borne,

Out from the soul-crushing darkness, To heav - en - ly, rap - tur-ous view.
Safe from the darts of the wick-ed, No more his vile tor- ture to dread.
Rests from earth's sorrows for-ev-er, No lon - ger in sad-ness to mourn.

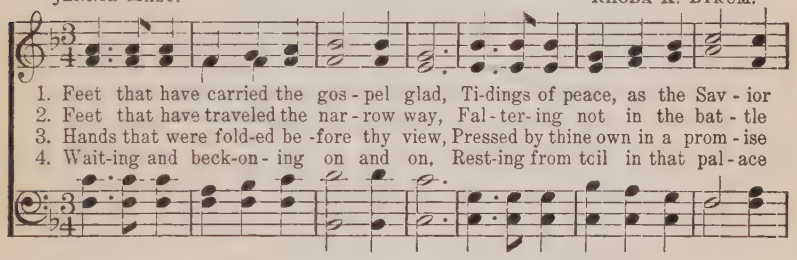
CHORUS.

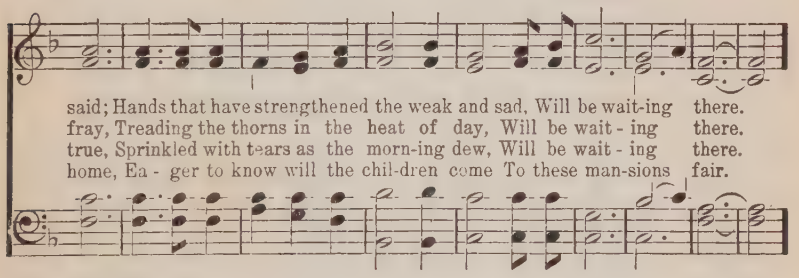
Free! free in Je - sus! Out of sin's do - main: The
Free, yes, free! in Je - sus I'm free! domain: The



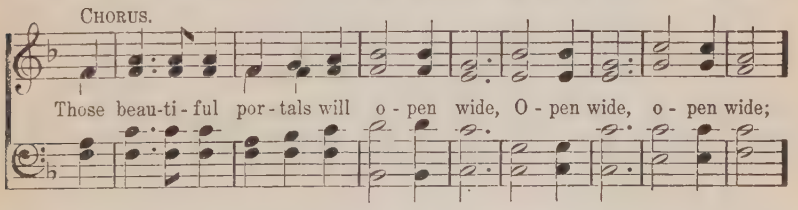
No. 87. Heavenly Welcome.

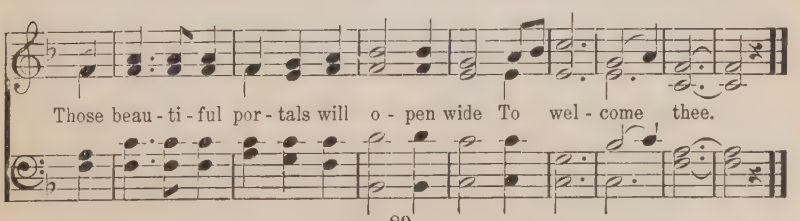
Words and Air by JENNIE MAST. **MISCELLANEOUS.** Harmony by RHODA K. BYRUM.





CHORUS.





No. 88. Forward to Battle.

WARFARE.

OPAL F. BROOKOVER. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. Go for-ward, sol - diers, face the fight, Gird well the ar - mor on;
2. Go forth un - to the bat - tle - field In King Im-man - uel's name:
3. We'll nev - er turn to right or left, "Straight forward" is our cry;

Un - furl your ban - ners for the right, A vic - t'ry shall be won.
Our Lead - er, brave, goes on be - fore, Oh, sound a - loud his fame!
We has - ten on, a con-q'ring band. The foe we now de - fy.

With cour - age strong be brave and true, Know not the word de - feat;
We've left the ways of sin be - hind, A war - fare has be - gun;
We know we shall re - ceive the prize When we the vic - t'ry win:

ad lib.

By faith we'll push the bat - tle thro', And see the foe re - treat.
By faith in God we face the foe, The bat - tle must be won.
Press on by faith, O com - rade, true, A - mid the bat - tle's din.

CHORUS.

Go for - ward, still for - ward In Je - ho - vah's name;
Go forward, yes, forward, then conquer the foe

Forward to Battle.

ad lib.

Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, The vic-to-ry pro-claim.

No. 89. The Grace of Humility.

HUMILITY.

CLARA MCALISTER. J. RAYMOND NEFF.

1. Clothed with sweet hu-mil-i-ty, Let me dwell, dear Lord, in thee;
2. Flow-ers bloom, then fade a-way, Earth-ly joys so soon de-cay:
3. Pre-cious more art thou than gold, Bet-ter far than earth-ly mold:
4. Could I e'er in thee a-bide, Meek-ly in thy bos-om hide,

Like the deep and roll-ing sea, Let its wa-ters cov-er me.
Last-ing treas-ures e'er, I pray, To my trust-ing soul con-vey.
Thou con-tain-est joys un-told, Pleas-ures rich and man-i-fold.
Storm nor tem-pest could be-tide—Bound-less o-cean, deep and wide.

CHORUS.

Hu-mil-i-ty! hu-mil-i-ty! Wondrous grace so rich and free!

Let me e'er in thee a-bide, Cov-ered by thy crys-tal tide.

No. 90. Gospel Giving.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. A. and J. B. MEYERS, alt. WILLA M. MEYERS.

1. Long a - go the lips of Je - sus Let sweet words of sanc - tion fall,
2. When the wom - an poured the ointment On the Sav-ior's head one night,
3. We shall reap a boun-teous har-vest If a - bun-dant-ly we sow;

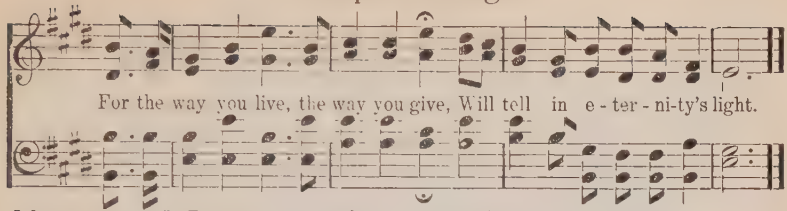
When he looked and saw a wid - ow Cast - ing in her gift, tho' small.
High - ly did her Lord commend her, Say - ing she had done the right.
Je - sus loves the cheer-ful giv - er, Thus our grat - i - tude we show.

And he now can see our off'rings, And be - hold the wid - ow's mite;
He that gives a cup of wa - ter To the thirst - y, saith the Lord,
Free - ly un - to us he giv - eth All the bless - ings we re - ceive;

He'll re - ward each self-de - ni - al, Ev - 'ry sac - ri - fice re-quite.
In the name of a dis - ci - ple Shall re - ceive a blest re-ward.
If we prove we tru - ly love him, Oth - ers may on him be-lieve.

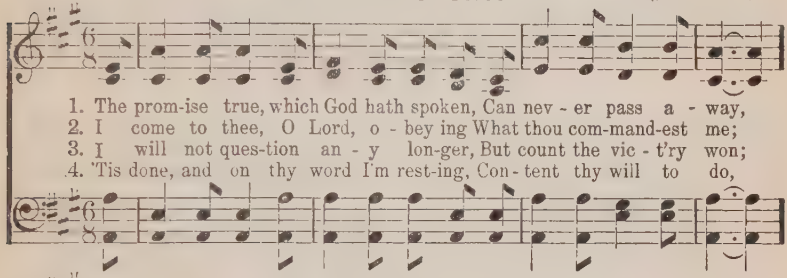
CHORUS.

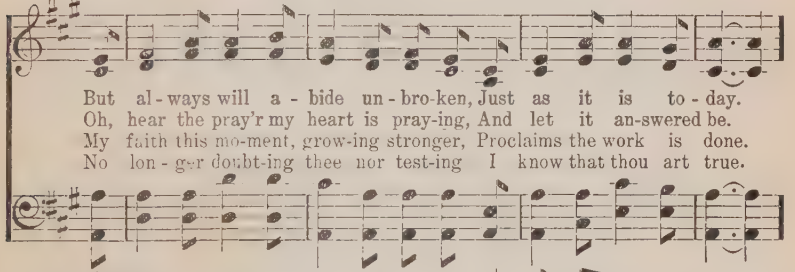
Then remember the widow's mite, Oh, remember the widow's mite;
the widow's mite, the widow's mite;



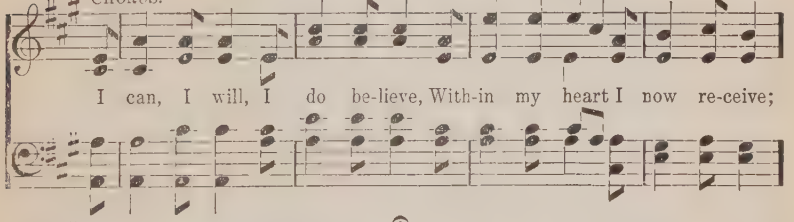
No. 91. I Rest on His Unbroken Promise.

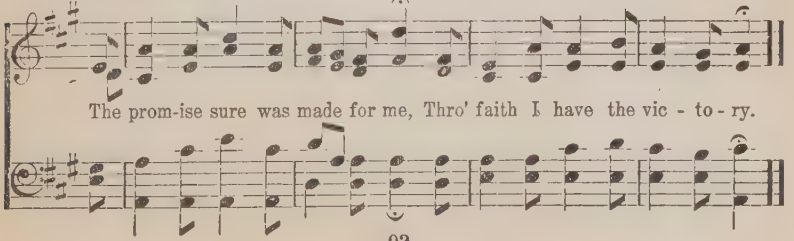
C. W. NAYLOR. FAITH—VICTORY. B. E. WARREN.





CHORUS.





No. 92. His Voice I Hear.

ASSURANCE.

JENNIE MAST. B. E. WARREN.

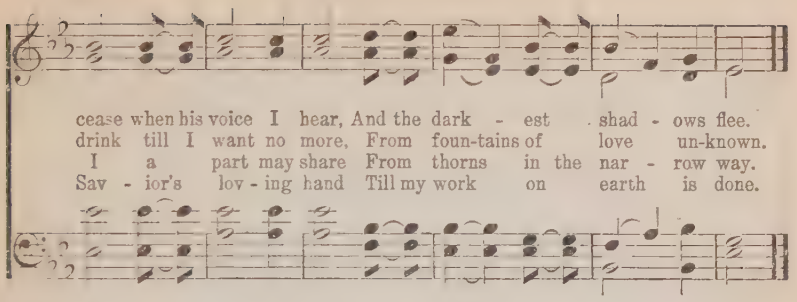
1. I can - not tell when the thunders peal, How fierce - ly the storm may
2. I can - not see thro' the darkest clouds His im - age so won - drous
3. I can - not drink one draught of pain From the cup once drained for
4. I can - not see for the veil be-tween The beau - ti - ful gates a-

rage, Nor how dense are the shades of the night that steal O'er the
fair, And for - get some - times when the gloom en-shrouds The
me, Or bear the heat on the des - ert plain, Nor the
jar, The streets of gold and the liv - ing green On the

path of my pil - grim-age; But I know with my Sav - ior al - ways
man - sion a - wait - ing there; But if on the wings of faith I
grief of Geth-sem - a - ne; But I know if his cross I meek - ly
banks of the riv - er there; But I know some - where on that heav'n-ly

near, As that night on the Gal - i - lee, The tem-pest will
soar, In the strength of his Word a - lone, My soul can
bear, If I la - bor and watch and pray, His suf - f'rings
strand Is a man - sion and robe and crown, Pre - served by the

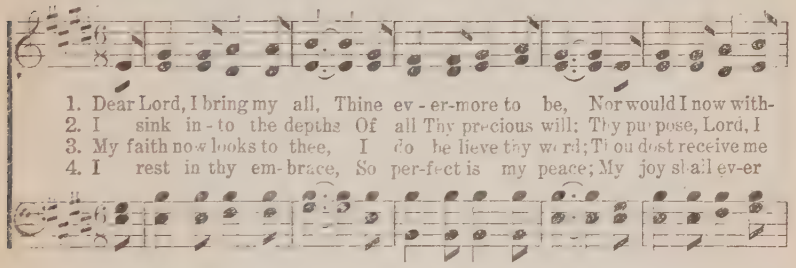
His Voice I Hear.



No. 93. All to Jesus.

CONSECRATION.

THOS. NELSON. D. O. TEASLEY.



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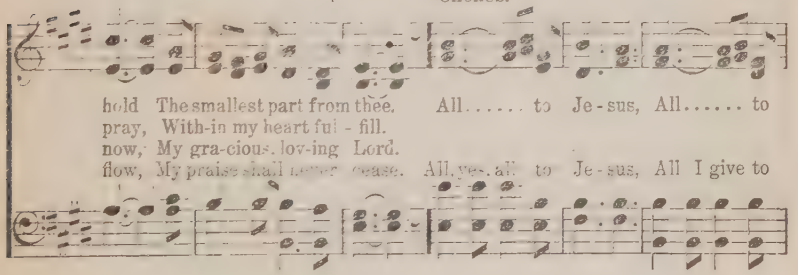
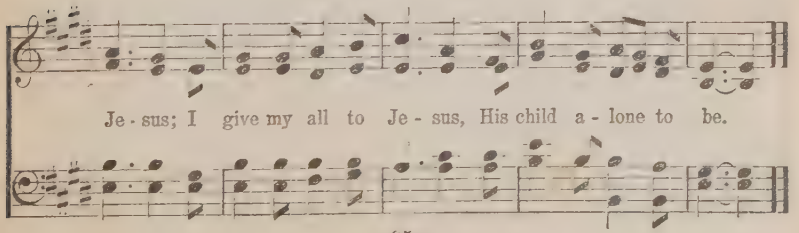




No. 94. Hear the Cry.

MISSIONARY.

CLARA MCALISTER. A. L. BYERS.

1. O'er the o-cean's roll-ing wa-ters, From an east-ern land to-day,
2. Home and friends to us seem near-er As we hear their pleading cry;
3. "Tho' your home and friends you cherish, Will you not re-gard the cries
4. Go, my broth-er, o'er the o-cean, Leave be-hind all earth-ly dross,

Comes a cry from heathen daughters, "Save us ere we're lost for aye."
Na-tive land seems e-ven dear-er—Still in tears they moan and sigh.
From the lips of those who per-ish, As they rend the vault-ed skies?
Prove to God thy life's de-vo-tion, Lift the ban-ner of his cross.

Loud we hear their voi-ces cry-ing, Borne up-on each floating breeze;
"Will not some one leave his na-tion? You are saved, but we are lost!
Man-y come with sect con-fu-sion Who, themselves, are in the night,
Je-sus left his home in glo-ry, Died to set the captives free:

For their souls in sin are dy-ing, While we i-dly wait at ease.
Je-sus died for all cre-a-tion—Who will come at an-y cost?
Bringing on-ly more de-lu-sion: Who will bring the gos-pel light?"
Go and tell the wondrous sto-ry, Bear the mes-sage o'er the sea.

CHORUS. Hear the Cry.

Who will go,..... oh, who will go,.....
Who will go, oh, who will go,
Bear the mes - sage o'er the sea? Oh, who will go?

No. 95. Bright Land For Me.

B. E. W. HEAVEN. B. E. WARREN.

Slow, with expression. *mf* *f*

1. Sweet and precious Je - sus, All to thee..... All to
2. Sweet and precious Je - sus,
3. Sweet and precious Je - sus, I free - ly give,

m

thee..... Bring me to that land of rest, Which by faith I
In that land where bliss shall reign, Just beyond life's
I free - ly give; Where the blest of a - ges meet, In that land so

f *m*

see: Bring me to that land of rest, Land, bright land for me.
sea: In that land where bliss shall reign, There I long to be.
free: Where we'll sit at Jesus' feet, There I long to be.

No. 96. Have We Done What We Could?

WORK—EXHORTATION.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. WARREN.

1. "She hath done what she could," said the kind, lov-ing Sav-ior, When the
2. Have we done what we could in the white fi lds a-round us, Where the
3. Have we done what we could in ex-tend-ing the king-dom, That in

ointment so precious was poured on his head By the hand of a sin-ner re-
ripe grain for reapers in-vit-ing-ly waits? Have we done what we could leading
pow-er and glo-ry shall ev-er increase? Have we done what we could fill-ing

deemed thro' his mercy, Her con-tri-tion displayed by the tears that she shed.
souls out of darkness In-to light that is shin-ing thro' heav-en-ly gates?
earth with the hom-age Of the Sav-ior, whose praises shall nev-er-more cease?

CHORUS.

Are we bring-ing the gift of true love to the Sav-ior? Are we

hon-or-ing Je-sus so gen-tle and good? Oh, how sweet it will be when our

Have We Done What We Could?

serv - ice is end - ed, If we hear his voice say, "Ye have done what ye could!"

No. 97. He Saves to the Uttermost.

SALVATION.

W. J. HENRY. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. I've found the Sav - ior who died for man, He saves to the ut - ter - most;
2. I sought and tast - ed his pard'ning love, He saves to the ut - ter - most;
3. He cleansed my spir-it from in - bred sin, He saves to the ut - ter - most;
4. Tho' far you've wandered a - way from God, He saves to the ut - ter - most;

I've proved re-demp-tion a per - fect plan, He saves to the ut - ter - most.
And streams of glo - ry came from a - bove, He saves to the ut - ter - most.
And now the Com-fort- er dwells within, He saves to the ut - ter - most.
His grace he of- fers—a cease-less flood, He saves to the ut - ter - most.

CHORUS.

He saves.... to the ut - ter-most, He saves.... to the ut-ter-most;
he saves he saves

He's the on - ly One in whom I can boast, He saves to the ut - ter - most.

No. 98. He Keepeth Me in Peace.

CLARA MCALISTER. PEACE-KEEPING. A. L. BYERS.

1. As I walk in pastures green, By the crys-tal wa-ters' sheen, Je-sus
2. Dwell-ing in the se-cret place, Where I see my Fa-ther's face, I have
3. From temptation's try-ing hour He will keep me by his pow'r, If I
4. As the ap-ple of his eye He will keep me till I die, For the

gives me from all sor-row and from care re-lease; As a shepherd doth his sheep,
found a heav'n-ly ref-uge, and my troubles cease; In the shad-ow of his wings,
meek-ly all the mandates of his law o-bey; Since the bless-ed Sav-ior came,
One who watches o'er me nev-er falls a-sleep: He surrounds me like a wall,

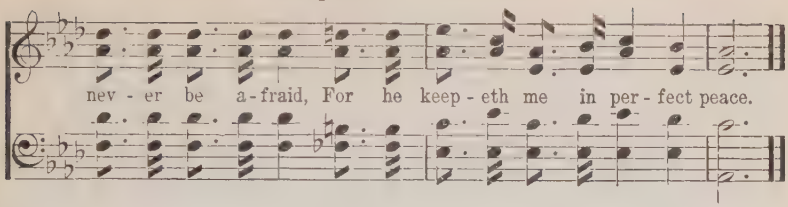
He my soul doth ev-er keep; While I'm trust-ing I have per-fect peace.
How my hap-py spir-it sings, For he keep-eth me in per-fect peace.
In my heart with love a-flame, Peace is reign-ing all a-long the way.
Yes, he is my all in all, And my soul in per-fect peace he'll keep.

CHORUS.

Oh, he keep-eth me in per-fect peace, Yes, he keep-eth me in per-fect peace,

per-fect peace; While on him my mind is stayed, I can per-fect peace;

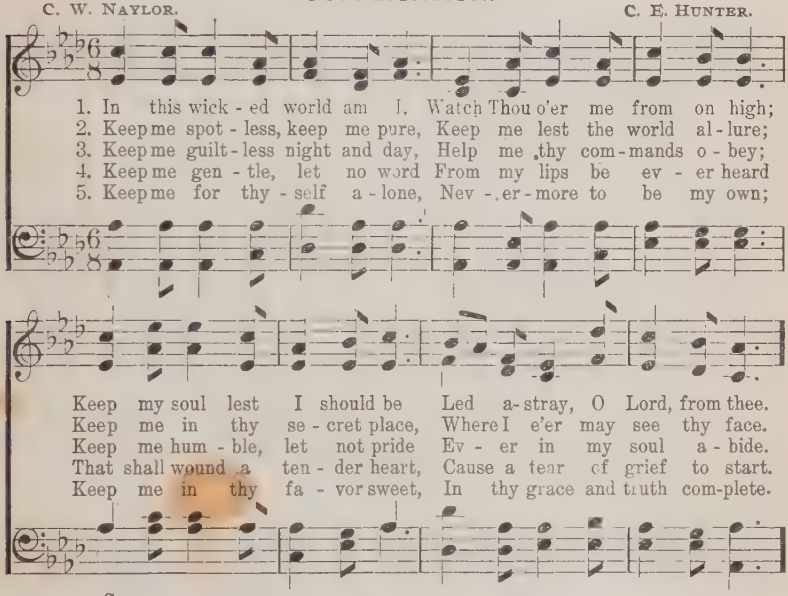
He Keepeth Me in Peace.



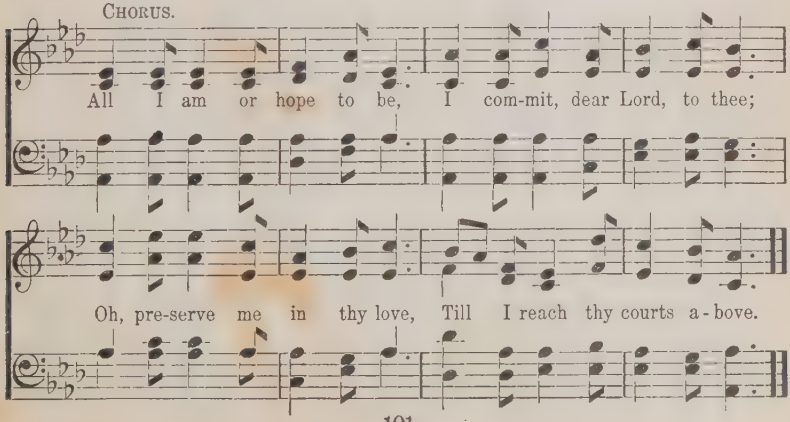
No. 99. Keep Me.

SUPPLICATION.

C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.



CHORUS.



No. 100. What a Savior!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISABEL C. BYRUM. J. A. KNIGHT.

1. Did you ev - er think how Je - sus Left the glo - ry world a - bove,
2. Did you ev - er think he suf - fers For the world in sin to - day?
3. Pon - der well the acts of Je - sus, Think up - on his kind-ness great,

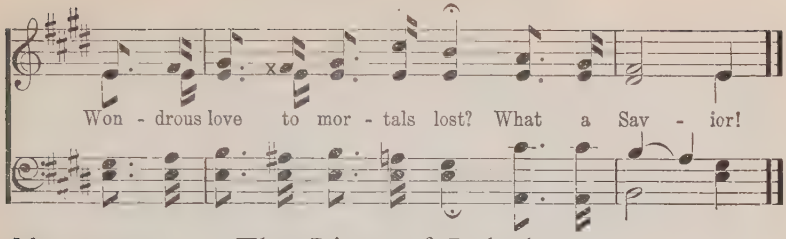
That from sin he might re - lease us By his prof - fered hand of love?
That he knows the gild - ed of - fers Made to lead their hearts a - stray?
And of all his words so pre-cious; Oft the sto - ry old re - late.

Yes, he came that all cre - a - tion In his grace might have a part—
Yes, he knows it all, and glad - ly Com - forts those who tell their care,
Let us all re - vere our Sav - ior, Wor - ship at his ho - ly shrine,

Tast - ed death for ev - 'ry na - tion, Thus to make them pure in heart.
While his gen - tle Ho - ly Spir - it Guides their feet in paths so fair.
Let our hearts im-plore his fa - vor, As we see his beau - ty shine.

CHORUS.

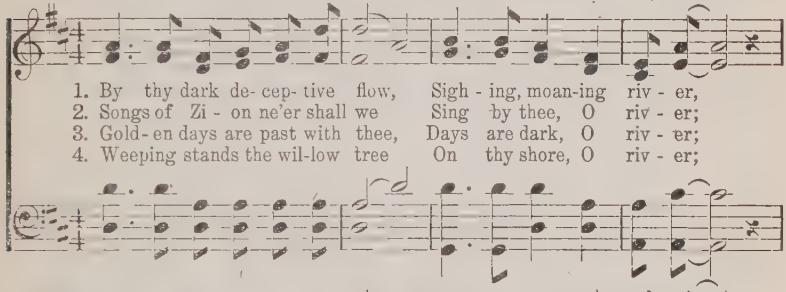
What a Sav - - ior! What a Sav - - ior!
What a Sav - ior! What a Sav - ior!

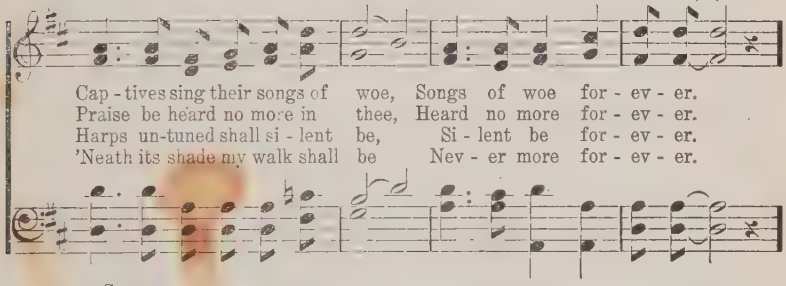


No. 101. The River of Babylon.

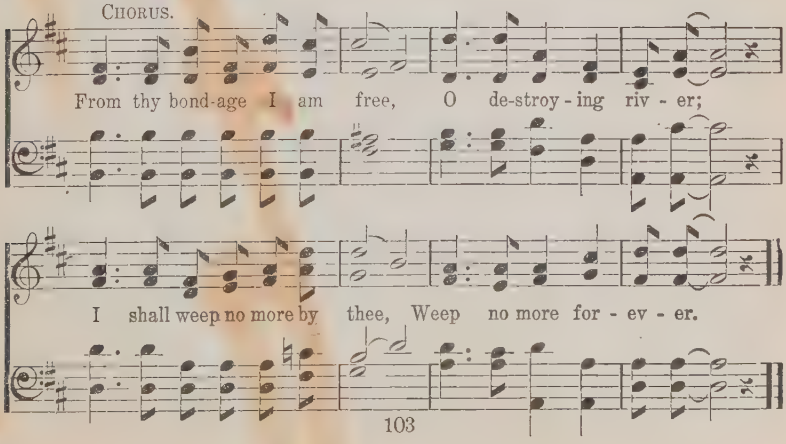
MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAS. E. ORR. B. E. WARREN.





CHORUS.



No. 102. Arise, He Calleth Thee.

HEALING.

CLARA MCALISTER. A. L. BYERS.

1. Wear - y, lone - ly, sad, for - sak - en, Hum-bled to a sta-tion low,
2. When he heard that it was Je - sus, Who had healed the sin-sick soul,
3. Paused the Mas - ter for a moment—"Bring him hith - er un - to me."
4. Then as he approached the Mas-ter, Heal-ing vir - tue to re - ceive,

Sat a hope - less blind man begging, By the road to Jer - i - cho.
Then he called a - loud for mer - cy, That he too might be made whole.
Some one ran to bear the message: "Come, a - rise, he call - eth thee!"
Je - sus said, "Thy faith hath saved thee, Be it as thou dost be - lieve."

Soon he heard the noise of foot-steps, As of wa - ters roll - ing nigh;
But the mul - ti - tude re - buked him, Say - ing he should si - lent be;
Oh, what words of cheer and com-fort! What to - day could sweeter be
And the blind man's eyes were o-pened, He re-ceived his sight a - new.

For the Gal - i - le - an proph - et With the throng was pass-ing by.
Yet he on - ly called more loud-ly, "Have com - pas-sion, Lord, on me!"
To the wear - y, sick and suf-f'ring, "Come, a - rise, he call - eth thee"?
Ye, who still in sick - ness lan-guish, Lo, the Mas - ter calls for you.

Arise, He Calleth Thee.

CHORUS.

Then a - rise,..... he call - eth thee, (call - eth thee.)
Then a - rise, he gen - tly call - eth thee,

Sick or suf - - f'ring, blind or lame! Je - sus
Sick or suf - f'ring, blind or lame!

rit.

healed in Gal - i - lee, He is ev - er-more the same.
Je - sus healed in Gal - i - lee, the same.

No. 103. Worship.

WORSHIP.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. In ho - ly rev'rence, Lord, we come Be-fore thy throne this hour, To wor - ship
2. Our lives and all are in thy hands, Our times are known to thee; Thy grace has
3. Al - might-y Fa-ther, God of love, Our hopes are clear and bright; We drink of

at thy hallowed feet, To sup the wine of joy so sweet, Great God of love and pow'r.
kept us thro' the past, Thy loving arms have held us fast. And shall e-ter-nal - ly.
life's e-ter-nal fount, And bask on Zi-on's sunlit mount, Where heaven seems in sight.

No. 104. He Will Never Leave Me.

ASSURANCE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Trust-ing in the prom - ise of my blessed Lord, I am sure he
2. Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Mighty One, Tho' the clouds of
3. Trust-ing in the prom - ise I shall nev-er fail, Tho' I'm walk-ing

nev - er will for - sake his own; If in life I serve him
dark-ness round a - bout me fly; Rays of light are shin - ing
in the midst of troub - le here; Grace thro' his a - tone - ment

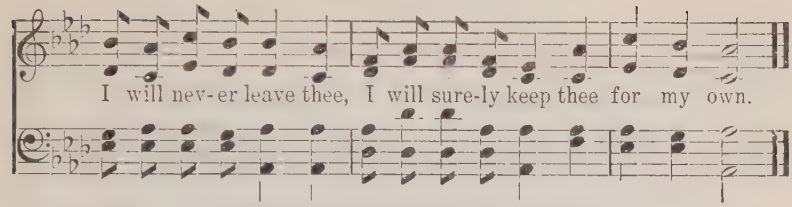
and o - bey his word, He will nev-er leave me in this world a - lone.
from the ris-en sun, Thus the shadows prove that Christ our light is nigh.
ev - er will a - vail: While I am o - bey-ing, should I doubt or fear?

CHORUS.

I will nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er leave thee, I will nev- er

leave thee in this world a - lone; I will nev - er leave thee,

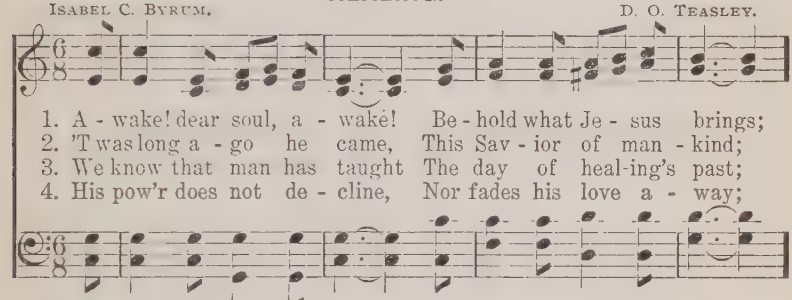
He Will Never Leave Me.

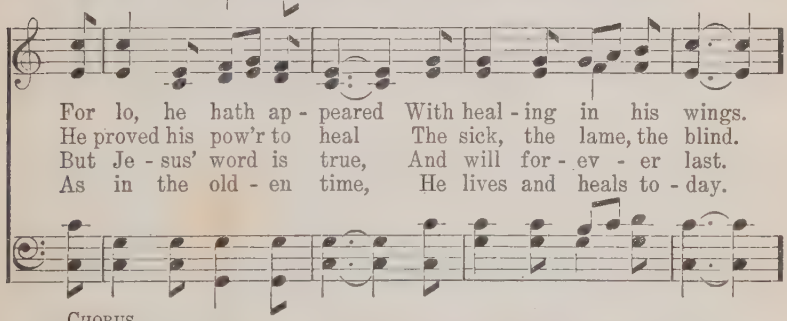


No. 105. Awake! Thy Savior Heals.

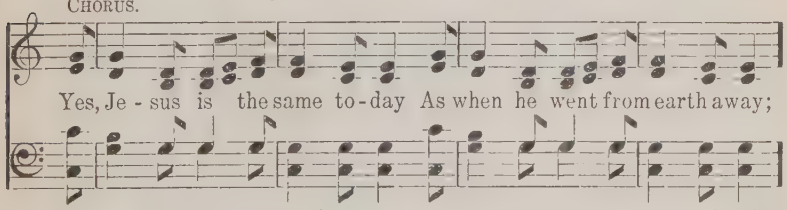
HEALING.

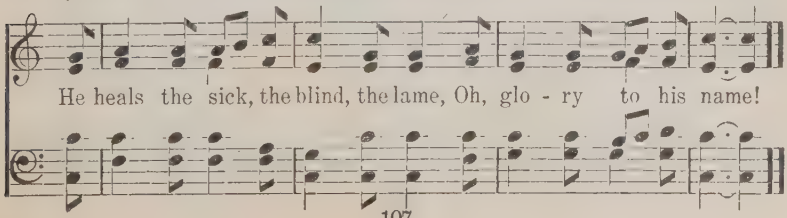
ISABEL C. BYRUM. D. O. TEASLEY.





CHORUS.





No. 106. The New Jerusalem.

RETURN.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. To Je - ru - sa - lem the new Come the tried and faith - ful few Back to
2. Oft - en have we heard of thee, Bless - ed cit - y of the free; But our
3. With thy walls of jas-per bright, Sparkling in the radiant light, Bless-ed
4. On the trees our harps we hung, Zi - on's songs were left un-sung, By the
5. Now we reach the eve-ning light, Robed in shin - ing garments white, We re-

Zi - on's gold-en glory once again; Highest praise our tongues employ, Filled with
fa-thers sang thy glo-ry far a - way, Teaching us that on - ly there In that
cit - y of our God, we come to thee; Thro' thy pearly gates a - jar Come the
riv - ers sat we weeping all the day; Now our harps we tune a-gain. Sing the
turn to where the saints of yore have trod; Flee we now from Babel's fall, For we've

ev - er - last - ing joy, Now a thou-sand voi - ces swell the glad re-frain.
world so bright and fair Could we hope to see thy bless - ed gold - en day.
ran-somed from a - far, Hear a - gain the joy - ful songs of ju - bi - lee.
ev - er - last- ing strain, Now our mourning, sorrow, sigh - ing flee a - way.
heard the Sav- ior's call To Je - ru - sa - lem the liv - ing Church of God.

CHORUS.

Je - ru - - sa - lem, O Je - ru - - sa - lem, Bless - ed
Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem,

The New Jerusalem.

cit - y where no dark-ness ev - er falls; Je - ru - sa - lem, O Je-
Je - ru - sa - lem,

ru - sa - lem, Joy and peace for - ev - er be with - in thy walls.
Je - ru - sa - lem,

No. 107. The Tested Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Rock of a - ges, hide my soul, Keep me while the bil - lows roll;
2. Safe - ly in that Rock I hide, While it breaks the roll - ing tide:
3. Rock of a - ges stands to - day, Like a mon-arch in the fray;

When the threat'ning waves I see, Let me ev - er hide in..... thee.
He whose pow'r controls the deep, Stands my help-less soul to..... keep.
Test - ed by the greatest storm, Yet un - shak - en is its.... form.

REFRAIN. *rit.* – – – –

Hide me, bless - ed Rock of a - ges, Hide my soul in thee.

No. 108. The Days of Thy Youth.

WARNING.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

f

1. Re - mem - ber thy great Cre-a - tor in the days of thy youth,
2. He pleads with thee, precious one, "O come and rea-son now with me."

p

While the e - vil days come not, While the e - vil days come not,
Will he strive with thee no more? Will he strive with thee no more?

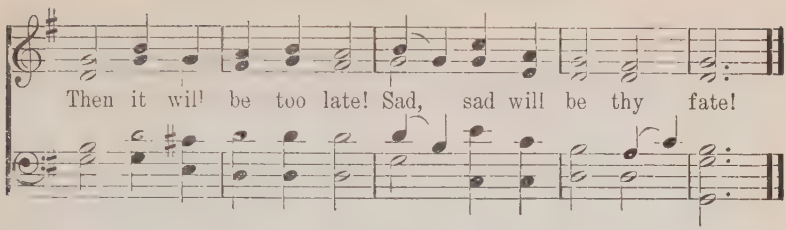
Nor the years draw nigh, Nor the years draws nigh, When thou shalt say,
He may leave thy soul Where the bil-lows roll, To per - ish there,

When thou shalt say, I have no pleas - ure, I have no
In sin's de - spair, Down in that dark night, Lost,—what a

REFRAIN.

pleas - ure, I have no pleas-ure in them. Then it will be too late!
sad sight! This is the choice thou hast made.

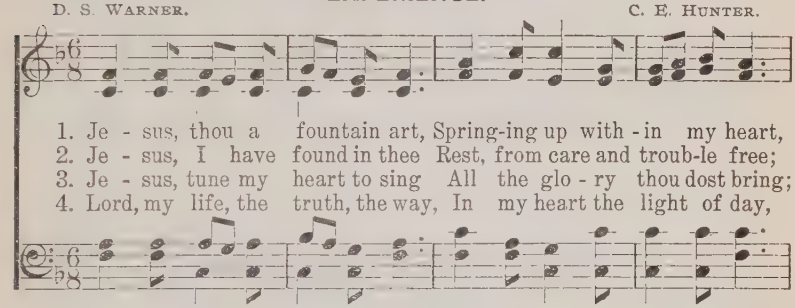
The Days of Thy Youth.

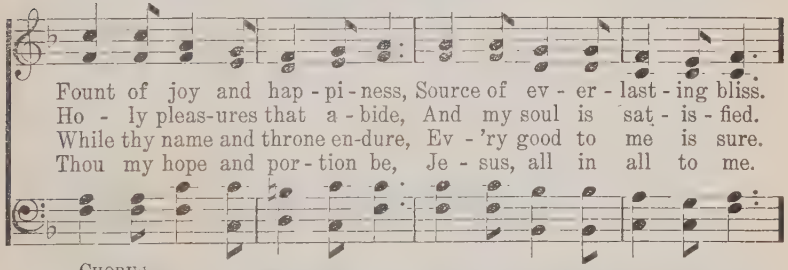


No. 109. Jesus All to Me.

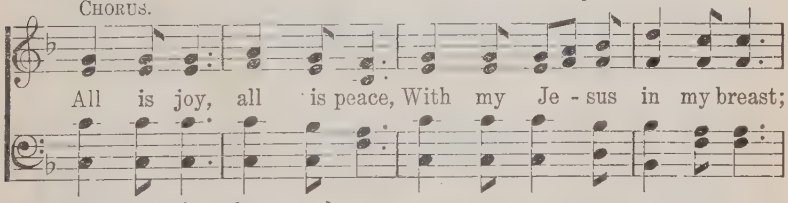
EXPERIENCE.

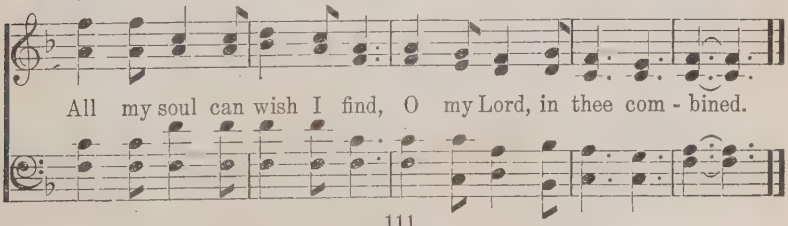
D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.





CHORUS.





No. 110. Back to the Blessed Old Bible.

RETURN.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Back to the bless - ed old Bi - ble, Back to the cit - y of God,
2. Back to the bless - ed old Bi - ble, Saints of Je - ho - vah, re - joice;
3. Back to the bless - ed old Bi - ble, Leav - ing con - fu - sion and strife;
4. Back to the bless - ed old Bi - ble, Back at the Mas - ter's call,

Back to the one - ness of heav - en, Back where the faith-ful have trod.
Je - sus is call - ing his peo - ple Back to the land of their choice.
Flee - ing from Ba - bel to Zi - on, Back to the joy of our life.
Back to the words of our Sav - ior, Lov - ing, o - bey - ing them all.

Back from the land of con - fu - sion, Pass - ing the wrecks and the creeds;
Oft - en our fa - thers have sought it While we in Ba - bel a - bode,
O - ver the moun-tains we wan-dered, Look - ing in vain for the right;
Nev - er in sects to be scat-tered, Nev - er a - gain to do wrong:

Back to the light of the morn - ing, Je - sus our Cap - tain leads.
Now we have found the fair cit - y—Church of the liv - ing God.
Now in the eve- ning we've found it, Truth of the gos - pel light.
U - ni - ty, ho - li - ness, heav - en, Ev - er shall be our song.

Back to the Blessed Old Bible.

CHORUS.

Back to the bless - ed old Bi - ble, Back to the light of its word:

Be on our ban - ners for - ev - er, "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord."

No. 111. Anchored.

REFUGE-SAFETY.

CLARA MCALISTER. B. E. WARREN.

1. Long my rest - less soul had sought Ref - uge from the troubled sea; Struggling
2. As my spir - it, ter-ror-filled, Breasted storm and tide a - lone, Je - sus
3. Je - sus, Mas - ter of the sea, Nev - er let my ves - sel strand; Keep me
4. Safe - ly by the rock-bound coast, And the treach'rous breakers past, Guide me,

vain - ly till I tho't There was no re - pose for me. Je - sus whispered
came—the tempest stilled, Hushed its loud and an - gry moan; Standing on the
shel - tered in the lee, In the hol - low of thy hand, Free from storm and
lest my way be lost, In - to heav-en's port at last. Storm - y seas no

'mid the storm, "Trust mine ever-last-ing arm." "Trust mine ever-last-ing arm."
restless wave, Reached his hand my soul to save. Reached his hand my soul to save.
tempest shock, Anchored deeply in the rock. Anchored deeply in the rock.
more I'll sail—Safe at last with-in the veil. Safe at last with-in the veil.

No. 112. It is True Within My Heart.

EXPERIENCE.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

Gently.

1. I have read with - in the Bi - ble How a sin - ner vile and low
2. I have read how sin was conquered, When he bled up - on the tree,
3. I have read how a be - liev - er, One who knows his wrongs for - giv'n,
4. I have read and have be-lieved it, How the Ho - ly Ghost would come

Need but come in faith to Je - sus To be washed as white as snow;
How its bind-ing chains were bro - ken, That the cap - tives might be free;
May be cleansed from sin com-plete - ly, Made as pure and clean as heav'n—
In his pow - er and his glo - ry, Make the heart of man his home;

How the heart so stained and wick-ed, Hard-ened by the guilt of sin,
How I need not still do e - vil, And re - pent from day to day,
Have the ver - y root of e - vil From his be - ing swept a - way,
Keep it as a sa - cred tem - ple, Seal its door to ev - 'ry foe,

May be pu - ri - fied and soft-ened, Till the Lord will dwell with - in.
But should find his grace suf - fi - cient, Keep - ing sin - less all the day.
Leav-ing in his joy - ous bos - om, An un - end - ing sab - bath day.
And pre-serve it pure and ho - ly, All life's jour - ney here be - low.

It is True Within My Heart.

CHORUS.

I have read..... with-in the Bi - - ble What his
I have read with-in the Bi-ble, I have read with-in the Bi-ble What his

fa - - - - vor will im - part;..... And oh,
fa-vor will im - part, What his fa-vor will im - part; And oh,

glo - - ry! I have proved it, Now 't is true with-in my heart.
glory! I have proved it, And oh, glory! I have proved it,

No. 113. Penitence.

REPENTANCE.

R. K. B. RHODA K. BYRUM.

1. Wear-y and sad I come, Lord, to thee, Low at thy feet I fall;
2. Wear-y and worn I bring un-to thee My load of sin and care;
3. May ev-'ry tho't of self now de-part From this poor heart of mine;
4. I sink be-neath the all-cleans-ing wave, Which now by faith I see;

Oh, wilt thou hear my pen-i-tent plea, As I up-on thee call?
Lord, thou hast suf-fered my soul to free, Wilt thou my bur-dens bear?
And wilt thou peace and glo-ry im-part,—Make me en-tire-ly thine?
Sim-ply I trust thy pow-er to save, Oh, let me rise in thee.

No. 114. Walking in the Light.

W. J. Henry. MISCELLANEOUS. D. O. Teasley.

1. Are you walk - ing in the light, in the light of God? Are your
2. Are you walk - ing in the light, in the light of God, Fear - ing
3. Are you walk - ing in the light, in the light of God, Tho' the

sins..... ..... all washed a-way? Have you had the blood ap-plied?
not ..... what men may say? Do you glo - ry in the cross,
storms..... a-round you roll? Is your path-way ev - er bright,

Sins all washed away, washed a - way?
Fearing not a word men may say?
Storms around you roll, mad - ly roll?

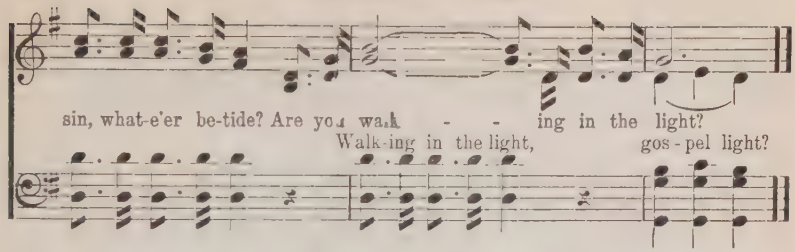
are you whol-ly sanc-ti-fied? Are you full - - y saved to - day?
counting all the world but dross, Walking in.. .... the nar-row way?
while a-round you all is night? Does his grace ... . preserve your soul?

Full-y saved to-day, saved to-day?
Walking in the way, nar-row way?
Does his saving grace keep your soul?

Chorus.

Are you walk - - - ing in the light? Are you
Walk - ing in the light, in the bless-ed gospel light?

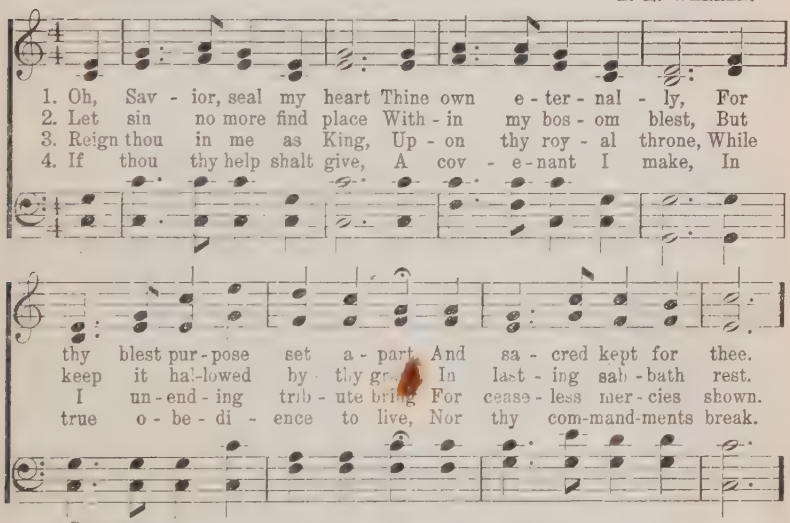
walk - ing in the light? Are you saved and sanctified, Kept from
Walking in the light, in the blessed gospel light?



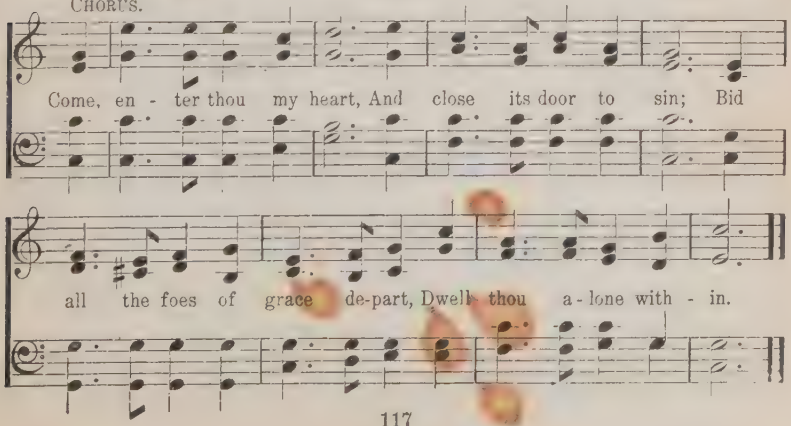
No. 115. Keep Me for Thine Own.

SUPPLICATION.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.



CHORUS.



No. 116. The Resurrection.

RESURRECTION.

CLARA MCALISTER. B. E. WARREN.

1. Now the shad-ows of the eve - ning Gen-tly steal a - cross the sky;
2. Quick-ly as the lightning flash - es, In the twinkling of an eye,
3. All who in the res - ur - rec - tion From their sins have had a part—
4. At the tho't of that bright morning Not a fear steals o'er the soul
5. In - to Fa- ther's heav'nly king - dom, Wait-ing in the realms of light,

Soon we'll see our Sav - ior com - ing—Lo, the hour is draw - ing nigh—
Shall these frail and mor-tal bod - ies Put on im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Quickened by the Ho - ly Spir - it, Made a - new in life and heart—
That is robed in white a- dorn - ing, Pressing for- ward to the goal.
We shall have a - bun-dant en- trance, We shall shine in glo - ry bright.

Com - ing for the pure and ho - ly, By his saints to be ad - mired—
All that sleep shall then a - wak - en; Those redeemed of that vast throng
On the morn of Christ's ap-pear-ing Shall a crown of glo - ry wear:
Nay, re - luct-ant - ly we lin - ger In this world of earth-ly night,
Not a care shall dim its splen-dor, Not a tear or pain or sigh:

Those redeemed from ev 'ry na- tion, All in gar-ments white at - tired.
Shall with an - gels in the heav- ens Join the ev - er - last - ing song.
They shall rise to meet the Sav-ior— Oh, what rap - ture! I'll be there.
When we think of that fair morning When our Lord ap - pears in sight.
Help me live that I may en- ter Those fair mansions by and by.

The Resurrection.

CHORUS.

We shall meet him, we shall meet him With the an - gels in the air;

We shall crown him King of glo - ry, In that morn-ing o - ver there.

No. 117. What Manner of Love.

D. S. WARNER. LOVE. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. Behold, what love, what boundless love, The Father hath bestowed on us,
2. Oh, wondrous grace! how can it be That we, who were conceived in sin,
3. When sons, we are the heirs of God, And rich joint-heirs with Christ the Son;
4. All sons of God must ho - ly be; All do our Fa-ther's im - age bear;

That we should be the sons of God, And share his right - eous - ness.
Should rank with heav-en's fam - i - ly — Of God be born a - gain!
When sanc- ti - fied thro' Je - sus' blood, Our her - it - age we own.
None but the pure in heart shall see His face and heav - en share.

Fine.

D. S. — *That we should be the sons of God, Thro' Jesus' pre - cious blood.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Be-hold, what love, Behold, what love The Fa-ther hath be - stowed,
Be-hold, what love, Behold, what love

No. 118. My Shepherd.

EXPERIENCE—ABIDING.

CARLOS PLUMMER. ERNEST E. CHUTE. HAR. A. L. B.

1. Je - sus is my Shep - herd, Noth-ing shall I need; In the green, sweet
2. He doth al-ways lead me In the nar - row way, And my soul re-
3. He will ev - er bless me, All my needs sup - ply; Yea, with rich - est

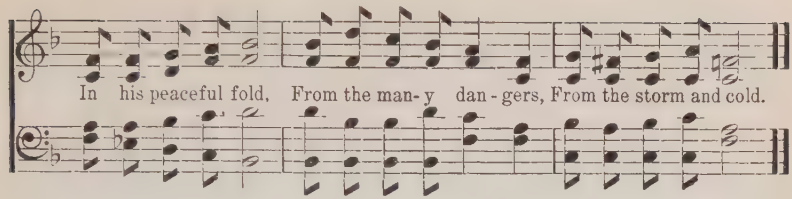
pas - tures He doth ev - er lead, And be - side the wa - ters,
stor - eth If I go a - stray; Tho' thro' death's dark val - ley
bless - ings He will sat - is - fy; In a shin - ing man - sion,

Crys-tal, pure and still; Yea, to o - ver-flow - ing He my cup doth fill.
I must short-ly go, In his bless-ed pres - ence I will fear no foe.
Fit - ted up for me, I will live with Je - sus Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my Shep- herd, He sup-plies my needs. In the shin - ing

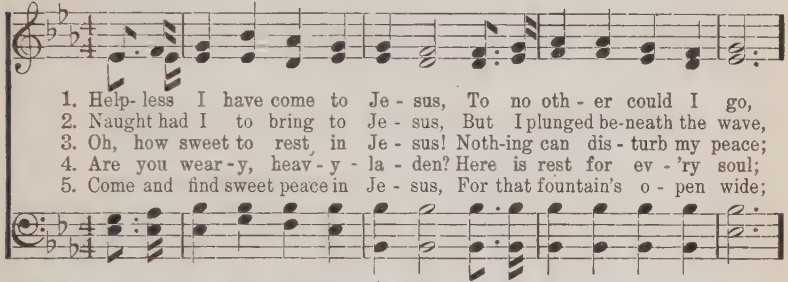
path - way, Ten - der - ly he leads; He pro- tects and shel - ters

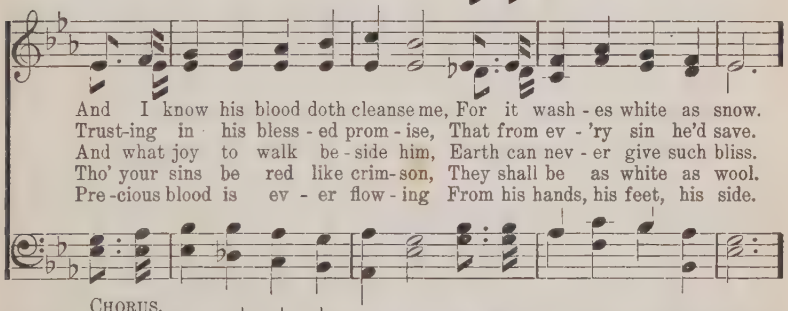


No. 119. The All-Atoning Blood.

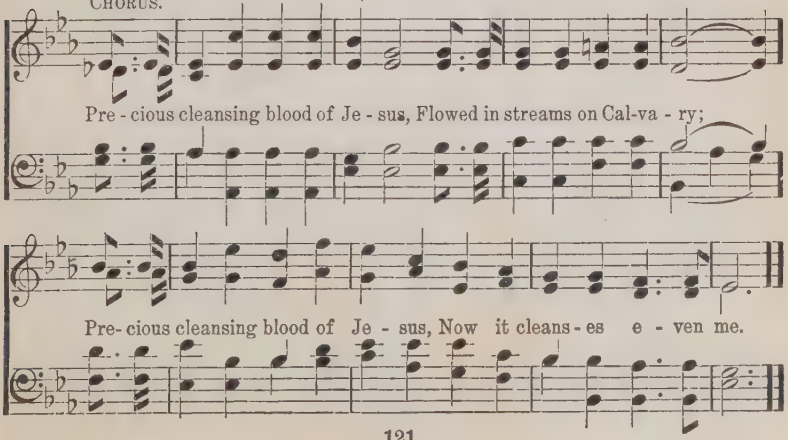
BLOOD.

Mrs. S. E. Donovan. U. E. Hallman.





Chorus.



No. 120. Be Not Afraid.

B. E. W. COMFORT—ENCOURAGEMENT. B. E. WARREN.

1. Be not a - fraid, 'tis I, 'tis I, Tho' the storm ra - ges wild;
2. Be not a - fraid 'mid press-ing foes, Je - sus is watch-ing near;
3. Be not a - fraid, he knows thy heart, And he doth care for thee;
4. Be not a - fraid, O help - less one, Trust in his bound-less grace;

In thy sore need I'm pass - ing by, Of-f'ring to help thee, hear thy cry;
He all thy deep - est sor-row knows, Walked ev'ry step thy pathway goes;
Of all thy grief he shares a part, Stands by thy side; he ll not de - part,
Say from the heart, "Thy will be done, Fin - ish the work thou hast be - gun,

CHORUS.

Be of good cheer, my child. Be not a - fraid, 'tis I ('tis I), Be
Trust him, then, do not fear.
If thou wilt faith-ful be.
Bring me to see thy face." Be not a - fraid, 'tis I,

not a - fraid, 'tis I ('tis I); Tho' wild winds blowing, My bark o'erflowing, God
Be not a-fraid, 'tis I;

rit. *a tempo.*

rules in earth and sky: Be not a-fraid, 'tis I ('tis I), Be not a-fraid, 'tis
Be not a-fraid, 'tis I, Be not a-

Be Not Afraid.

I 'tis I; The storm can't harm my trust-ing soul, For Je - sus walks the
fraid, 'tis I;

rit.

waves that roll; His voice I hear, Which calms my fear, "'Tis I, be not a-fraid (afraid)."

No. 121. They That be Wise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. They that be wise shall shine, They that be wise shall shine.
2. They that be wise shall shine, Filled with pure love di - vine,
3. They that be wise shall bless, Turn souls to right - eous - ness,

They that be wise shall shine A - bove the stars, A - bove the
They shall in - deed be mine, When I shall come, When I shall
They shall my name con - fess, High o - ver all, High o - ver

stars Of the fir - ma - ment, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
come From the throne on high, To take my jew - els home.
all In the earth and sky, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 122. At the Cross.

Words and Air by W. J. Henry. **INVITATION.** Harmony by A. L. B.

1. There's sal - va - tion full and free, At the cross,
2. There thy soul shall find sweet rest,
3. There is grace for ev - 'ry need, at the cross,

Sin - ner, come and par-doned be At the cross:
Heav-en's peace shall fill thy breast,
Thou shalt find a friend in - deed at the cross:

Lo, the Sav - ior wait-ing stands, See his bleed-ing side and hands,
All thy guilt shall pass a - way, All thy night be turned to day,
Je - sus will a - bide with thee, He thy help - er e'er will be,

He will break sin's aw - ful bands, At the cross.
When thy bur - den thou shalt lay
Keep thy soul e - ter - nal - ly, at the cross.

Chorus.

At the cross,..... at the cross, There's sal-va-tion full and
At the cross, at the Sav-ior's cross.

free at the cross; At the cross,..... at the
bless-ed cross; At the cross, at the

cross. Sin-ner, Je-sus waits for thee at the cross.
Sav-ior's cross, at the cross.

No. 123. Gethsemane.

D. O. T. CRUCIFIXION. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. In Geth-sem-a-ne Je-sus I can see, Hum-bly bowed, oh,
2. Dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Oft I think of thee, Where those crim-son
3. Sad Geth-sem-a-ne, Thou shalt ev-er be Dear un-to my

hear his bit-ter moan! None his grief to share, He must meekly
drops in mer-cy fell From that sacred brow, That in mer-cy
mem'ry more and more; For with-in thy bow'rs Passed those dreary

bear All the world of guilt and sin a-lone.
now With my help-less soul it might be well.
hours, When my load of sin the Sav-ior bore.

No. 124. The Sun Behind the Cloud.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. In the Bi - ble Je - sus tells us we must suf - fer for his sake;
2. We are in a world of troub - le, but the Lord is al - ways near,
3. When the storms so black are rag - ing o - ver life's tem - pes- tuous sea,
4. If we suf - fer as a Chris-tian he'll re - ward us o - ver there,

Tho' the world in troub - le wears a gloom - y shroud, Heav - en's
Tho' the peo - ple are so sin - ful, vain and proud; When the
When re - vers - es all a - round you close - ly crowd; When the
Once be - neath our load of sins he meek - ly bowed; He will

grace is all we need if we the con - se - cra - tion make,
shad - ows dark are fall - ing all a - round our path - way here,
dark - ness seems to gath - er just as far as you can see,
nev - er let us suf - fer more than we can a - bly bear,

We are sure the sun is shin - ing just be - hind the cloud.

CHORUS.

Just be - hind the cloud, Just be - hind the cloud,
Just be - hind the cloud, Just be - hind the cloud,

Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

The Sun Behind the Cloud.

Repeat Chorus pp.

We are sure the sun is shin - ing just be - hind the cloud.

No. 125. Escape the Judgment Day.

JUDGMENT—WARNING.

D. S. WARNER. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. We tread up - on the aw - ful verge Of judgment's great and dreadful day;
2. In all the earth, and in the sky, The hand of God his to - kens writes;
3. If God com-mand- ed men of yore, Be - hold, he com - eth; watch and pray,
4. The day of vengeance has be - gun, A sword de-vours thro' all the land;
5. We hear the rum-bling of a crash, The cri - sis of e - ter - ni - ty;

Its flames shall all the world submerge, And sweep the sin-ner's hope a - way.
The com- ing of the Lord is nigh, O sin - ner, wake while love in-vites.
To us he speak- eth much the more, As we approach the sol- emn day.
The tem- pest, hail and fire run, The fi - nal judg-ment is at hand.
The in - stant of that light'ning flash Will fix for - e'er thy des - ti - ny.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Lord is sure - ly com-ing! Sin - ners lost shall melt a - way;

Oh, re- pent this ver - y mo-ment, And es - cape the judgment day.

No. 126. Fair Zion.

C. W. NAYLOR. ZION. B. E. WARREN.

1. O beau - ti - ful Zi - on, fair bride of the Lamb, Thy
2. E - clipsed was thy lus - tre by long pa - pal night, And
3. Thy light as the morn - ing breaks forth in the earth, Thy
4. O Zi - on, blest Zi - on, thy sun shall no more Go
5. E - ter - ni - ty's a - ges of bliss shall be thine, In

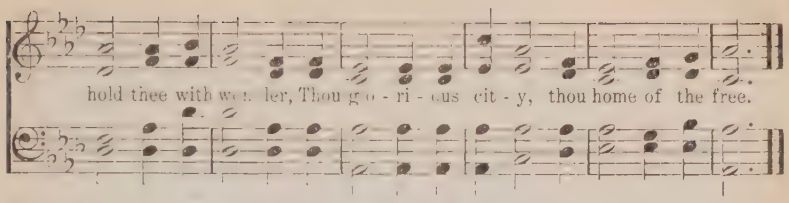
mar - vel - ous light we be - hold, Which shone on the na - tions en-
dim - ly the dark, cloud - y day Re-vealed thee to eyes that were
brightness all na - tions shall see; The ran-somed from Ba - bel are
down in ob - scur - i - ty's night; From out thy per - fec - tion of
re - gions un - cloud - ed a - bove; And there shalt thou dwell ev - er-

shroud - ed by dark - ness, And mil - lions were bro't to thy fold.
ear - nest - ly search - ing For truth and the heav - en - ly way.
ea - ger - ly turn - ing With songs of re - joic - ing to thee.
beau - ty is shin - ing The rays of God's won - der - ful light.
more with thy Ma - ker, De - light - ing thy - self in his love.

CHORUS.

O Zi - on, fair Zi - on, thou church of the first-born, My heart in its

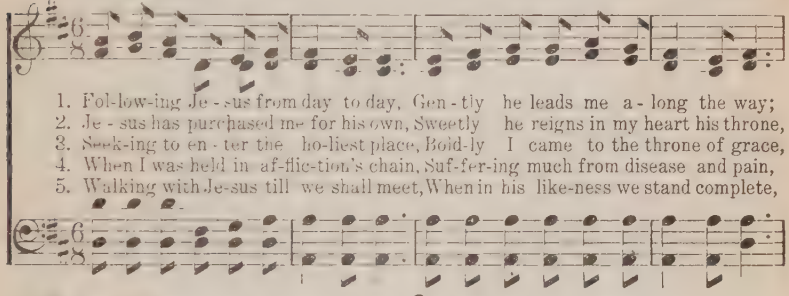
rap - ture re - joi - ces in thee; The an - gels in heav - en be-

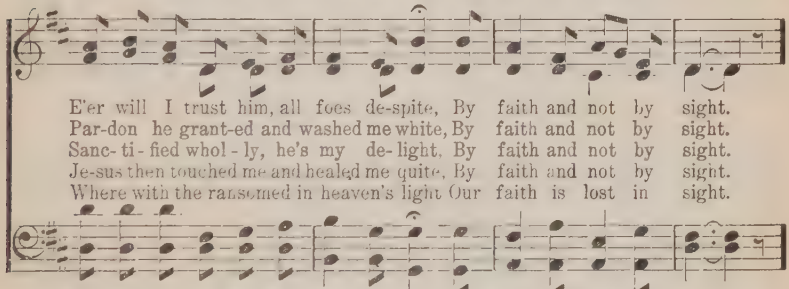


No. 127. By Faith and Not by Sight.

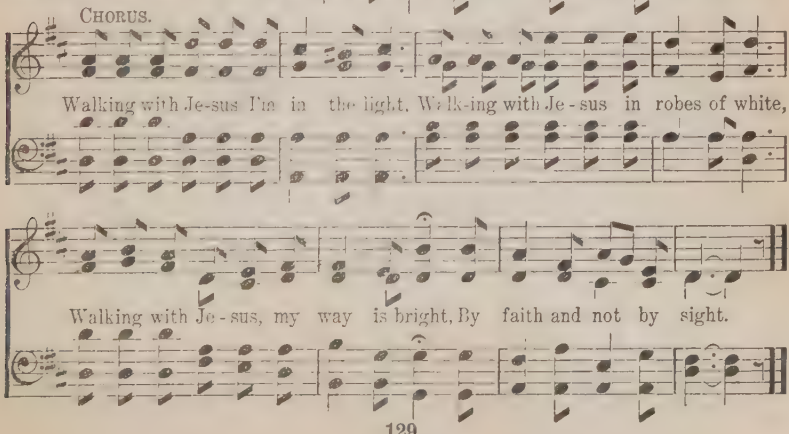
FAITH.

CLARA MCALISTER. A. L. BYERS.





CHORUS.



No. 128. Jesus Knows.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

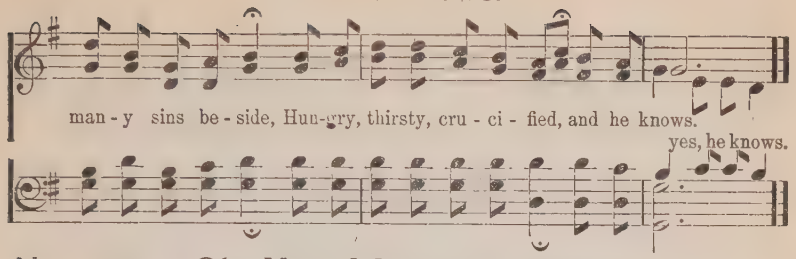
1. In your pathway have you found some cruel thorns? Je - sus bore them on his
2. Are you wear - y with the toils and cares of life? Je - sus la-bored night and
3. Are you tempt-ed with the world so rich and gay? Je - sus once was tempted,
4. Has the hand of death your eyes bedimmed with tears? Je-sus wept for one he
5. Have your friends forsaken, spurned you from their door? So they did your blessed

brow, and he knows: Does the world look down upon you with its frowns? All the
day, and he knows: Does the sin- ful world an- noy you with its strife? Je - sus
too, and he knows: Does the tempter seek to turn you from the way? Je - sus
loved, and he knows: Have you prayed for loved ones lost for many years? Je - sus
Lord, and he knows: Is there none to cheer and comfort an - y more? Je - sus

CHORUS.

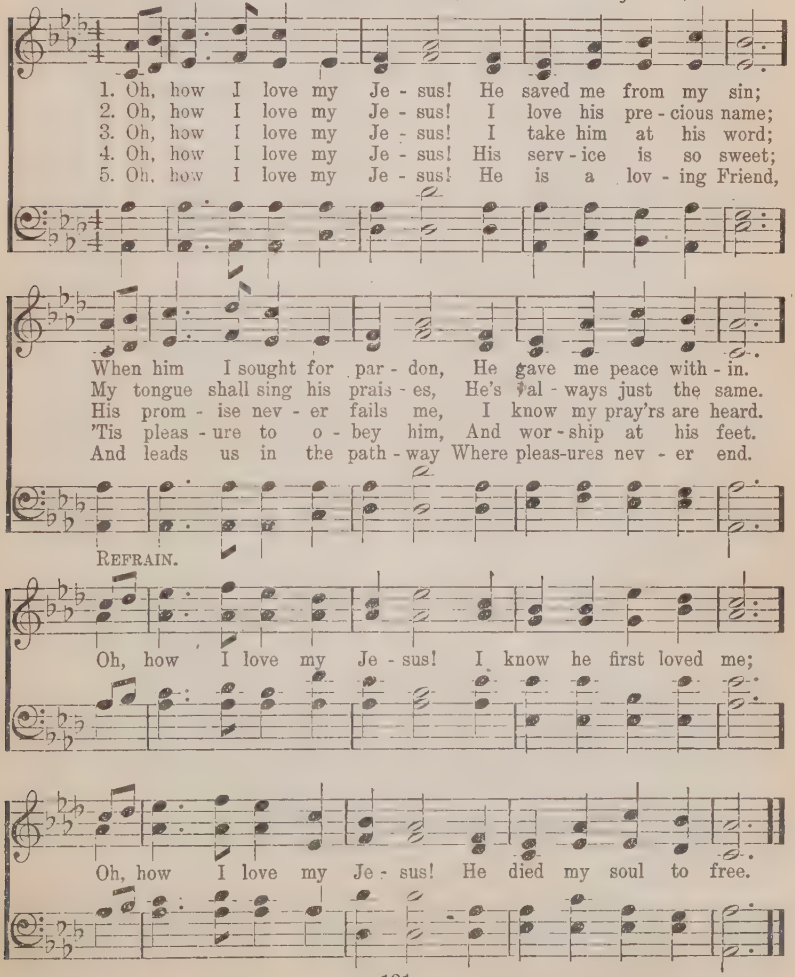
world for-sook your Lord, and he knows.
saw and heard it all, and he knows. Je - sus knows, yes, he
will your help- er be, for he knows.
wept o'er sin-ners dying, and he knows. Yes, he knows,
bore the cross a - lone, and he knows.

knows; He was wear - y, worn and tried, Bore our
Je - sus knows;



No. 129. Oh, How I Love My Jesus!

T. GRADY CROSWELL. MISCELLANEOUS. J. W. LOWDER.



No. 130. Let Us be United.

C. W. Naylor. UNITY. B. F. Warren.

1. Should not the chil - dren of one Fa - ther Live to-geth - er
2. Hear Je - sus pray - ing for his peo - ple: "Sanc - ti - fy them
3. Sects and di - vi - sions shame our Sav - ior, Cause the world to
4. Let all con - ten - tions, names and par - ties Be for - sa - ken

here in har - mo - ny, Bound by his love un-
that they may be one." Oh, let his pray'r in
scoff and dis - be - lieve, Send man - y pre - cious
for the truth a - lone; Let all the ran - somed

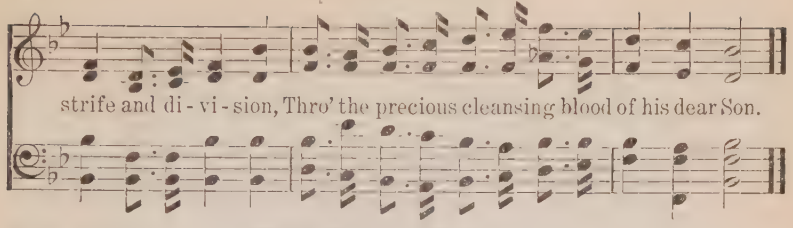
to each oth - er, So that they ne'er can di - vid - ed be?
us be answered, And all his will in our hearts be done.
souls to ru - in, Who might the grace of the Lord re - ceive.
be u - nit - ed, And no di - vi - sion a-mong them known.

Chorus.

He hath bro - ken down the mid - dle wall of par - ti - tion,

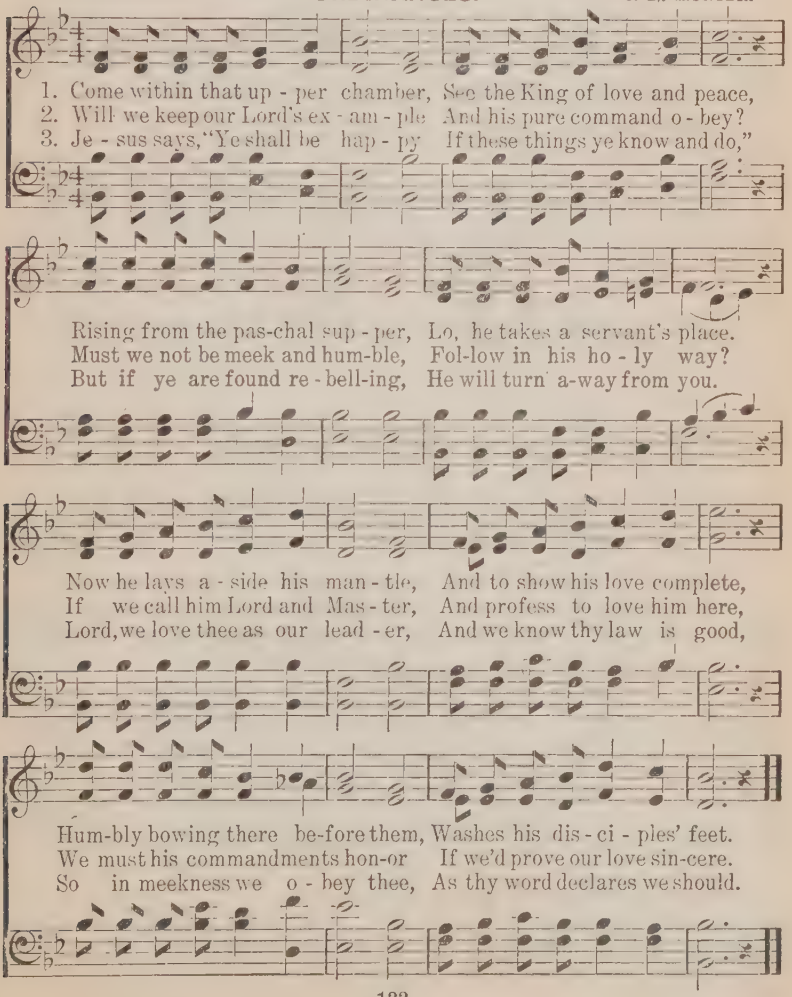
And in him hath made us one; He hath saved us from the sin of

Let Us be United.



No. 131. The Royal Servant.

D. S. WARNER. ORDINANCES. C. E. HUNTER.



No. 132. My Heart's Desire.

ABIDING.

LUCENA C. BEARDSLEE. A. L. BYERS.

1. Let me walk in the path which my Sav - ior hath trod, Let me fol - low so close by his side; For by trust- ing in him I am hap - py and free, In the fold of his love let me hide.
2. Let my heart e'er be fixed on my treas-ures a - bove, Let the pleasures of earth fade a - way; For there's nothing so love - ly as Je - sus to me, Let me ne'er from his love go a - stray.
3. Do you ask why I love him the dear - est of all? Why so free - ly I yield un - to him? 'Tis be - cause he has loved me and died on the cross, My poor soul lost in sin to re - deem.
4. It is bless - ed to serve him and do his good will, For so pre-cious to me is his love; Let my tal- ents and time all be giv - en to him, Till he calls me to meet him a - bove.

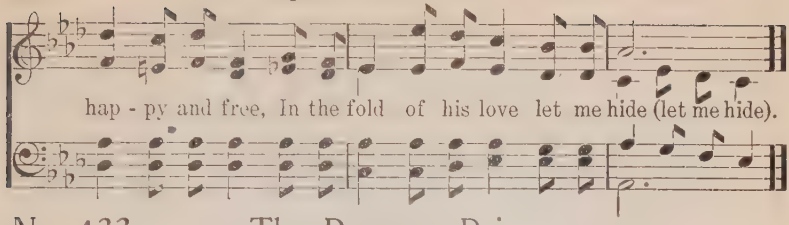
CHORUS.

In his love let me hide, In his love let me hide (let me hide); For by trusting in him I am

In the fold of his love let me hide,

In the fold of his love let me hide;

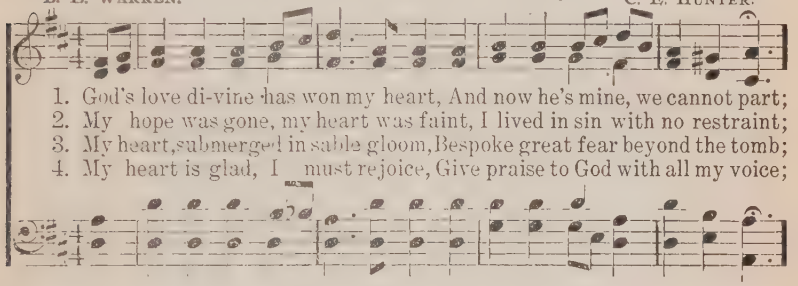
My Heart's Desire.

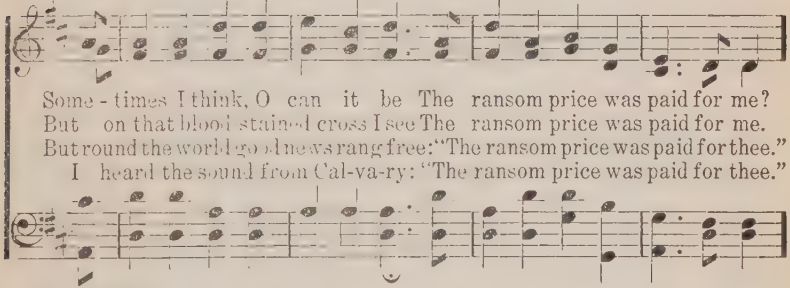


No. 133. The Ransom Price.

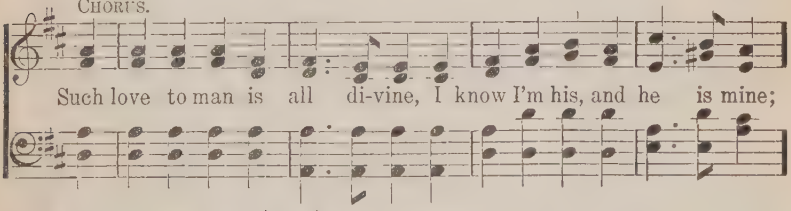
ATONEMENT.

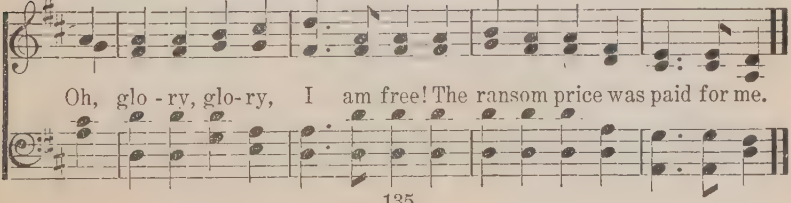
B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.





CHORUS.





No. 134. I Will Praise Him, Hallelujah!

PRAISE.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Oh, I praise the Lord who bought me, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a
2. I will praise him for sal - va - tion, hal - le - lu - jah! Rich - est
3. Oh, I'll nev - er cease to praise him, hal - le - lu - jah! For he
4. I will praise the name of Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah! I will
5. Oh, I praise him for the strength he dai-ly gives me, I am

hap - py pil-grim bound for glo - ry land; I am sing-ing and I
treas-ure hu - man spir - its ev - er found: Once I wandered far a-
gives me peace a-bound-ing ev - 'ry day; He redeemed me from my
praise him for his mer-cies un - to me; Then I'll praise him with the
run - ning now to gain that heav'nly prize; Soon with joy I'll reach the

hope to sing for- ev - er, When before his throne e-ter-nal I shall stand.
way, was sad and lonely, But I'm dwelling now where pleasures e'er abound.
sins and fully cleansed me, And I find his service sweet-er all the way.
an - gels in the morning, When the face of my dear Savior I shall see.
goal of life im-mor- tal, And go sweeping thro' the gates of par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

I will praise him, hal - le - lu - jah!
I will praise him, yes, I'll praise him,

I Will Praise Him, Hallelujah!

I will praise..... him more and more:
I will praise him, yes, I'll praise him more and more, more and more:

If I had ten thou - sand lives in which to praise him

I could not e - nough my bless - ed Lord a - dore.

No. 135. I Come to Thee.

SUPPLICATION.

B. E. WARREN. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. Now I come, my Lord and Savior, Humbly kneel - ing at thy feet;
2. Lord, I will be thine for - ev - er, Un - to thee my all I give;
3. Leave me not a - lone, my Fa - ther, Do pre - serve my soul each day:
4. God of love, so great, e - ter - nal, Earth has long thy wonders told;

Shar - ing in thy rich - est fa - vor, Full sal - va - tion pure and sweet.
Keep my soul, that I may nev - er Shame thy cause and sinful live.
Let not Sa - tan ev - er harm me, Keep me to the end, I pray.
We shall on that morn - ing ver - nal Thy great maj - es - ty be - hold.

No. 136. A Crown Over There.

HEAVEN.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

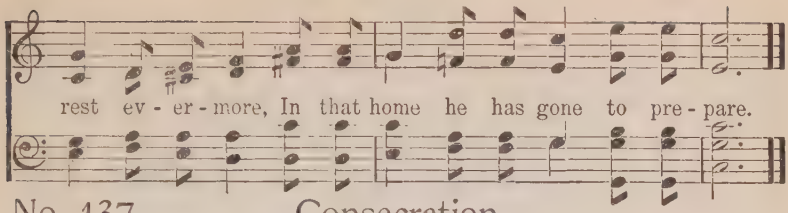
1. Shall I wear that bright crown God has of - fered to me, When my life shall have come to a close? O how hap - py I'll be when my spir - it is free, O - ver there in such bliss - ful re - pose.

2. Shall I trust him al - way? yes, the prom - ise is mine, "Be thou faith-ful, my child, un - to death, And I'll give thee a crown which for- ev - er shall shine, End - lèss life at thy last fleet-ing breath."

3. Let my an - chor be ground-ed so deep in the Rock, Till the storms of this life all are past, That I'll firm - ly en-dure on the prom - ise se - cure, Till he brings me to glo - ry at last.

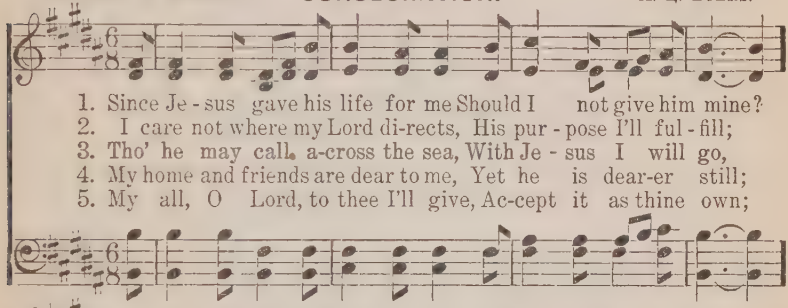
CHORUS.

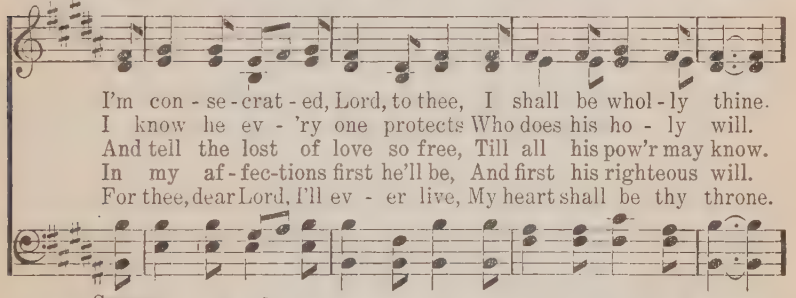
Yes, I will wear a crown o - ver there, o - ver there, Yes, I will wear a crown o - ver there; When my toil - ing is o'er I shall

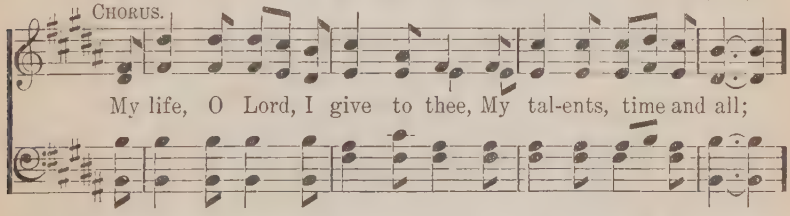


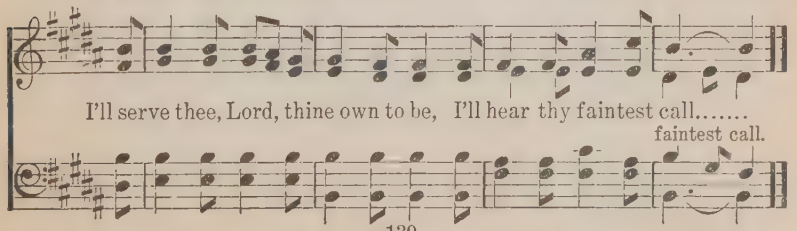
No. 137. Consecration.

MILDRED E. HOWARD. **CONSECRATION.** A. L. BYERS.









No. 138. The Blessing of Prayer.

CLARA MCALISTER. PRAYER. ZELLA M. ROBINSON. Har. B. E. W.

1. There's steal - ing o'er my peace - ful, trust - ing soul A
2. I kneel in sweet sub - mis - sion, while my pray'r As-
3. What bliss to dwell where heav-en's bless- ings fall, Un-
4. As an - gels came to dark Geth - sem - a - ne To

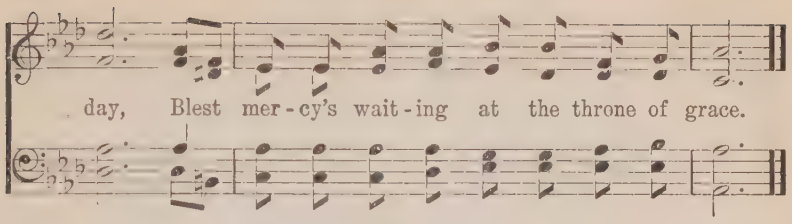
pow - er that is most di - vine - ly sweet, As all my bur-dens
cends on wings of faith to Father's throne; He lis-tens while my
til my soul, with mer-cy's drops be-dewed, Responds in an-swer
bless the Sav - ior, as he there did bow Beneath the shad-ows

on the Lord I roll, And meek-ly lin-ger at his blessed feet.
hope-ful spir - it there Its fal-ter-ing pe-ti-tions maketh known.
to my Fa-ther's call, With words of thankfulness and grat-i-tude.
dense, on bend-ed knee, O Fa-ther, bless my wait-ing spir-it now.

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

Then let us ev - er humbly watch and pray, Seek oft in tears the

Sav - ior's love - ly face; Come bold-ly with thy needs for ev - 'ry



No. 139. Prayer.

PRAYER.

D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Be - hold a form up - on the lone - ly mount, The
2. The twelve a - pos - tles lived a - lone for God, To
3. When hun - gry li - ons and the fur - nace flame Did
4. The saint - ed ar - my o - ver-came the foe, And
5. Our life and soul's tri - um - phant wings is pray'r, The

Son of God in fer - vent pray'r; Be - neath our
preach the gos - pel, sing and pray: Their life of
threat - en Dan - iel's faith - ful band, They feared no
won a crown by faith and pray'r: If we with
hand of pow'r that takes the crown: A - long the

load of sins he bowed, All night he wres - tled there.
pray'r be - fore the throne, Has taught to us the way.
harm, but prayed the same, And foiled the king's com-mand.
Christ would reign in life, God's ar - mor we must wear.
line where pray'rs a - rise, God sends the bless - ings down.

No. 140. Light Breaks at Last.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. In the morning of grace, when the Sun first a - rose, And the
2. Long years have we dwelt in con-fu-sion and strife, And
3. Be - hold, now we see by the evening's fair light, As it
4. We have found it at last, the one ho - ly flock, 'Tis the

S

gos - pel di - vine put to flight all its foes, The na - tions re-
groped where contention and er - ror were rife; But now we have
gleams from mount Zion in ra - di-ance bright, That the mist of con-
church of the Lord, that is built on the rock; Spread the news far and

D. S.—*From the mountains and*

joiced, but for-sook it so soon, For the Sun in his strength was
found what we sought for so long, That the peo - ple of God u-
fu - sion is pass - ing a - way, As the dark-ness re - cedes at
wide, till it reach-es each shore, That the Sun in his strength shall

hills let us gath - er the few Who will stand for the right and

Fine. CHORUS.

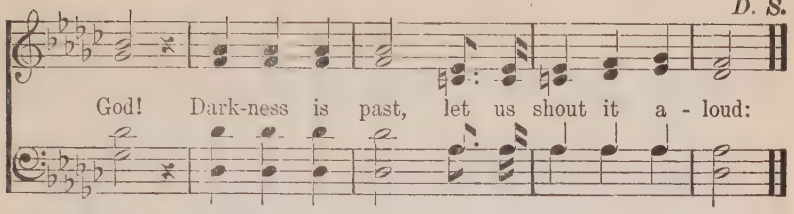
dark-ened at noon.
nite in one throng.
breaking of day.
shine ev - er - more.

Light breaks at last! Hal - le - lu - jah to

dare to be true.

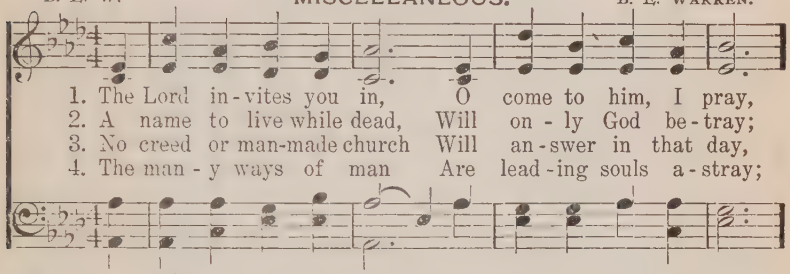
Light Breaks at Last.

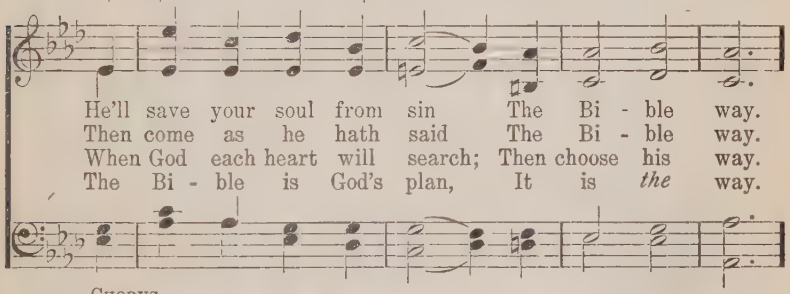
D. S.

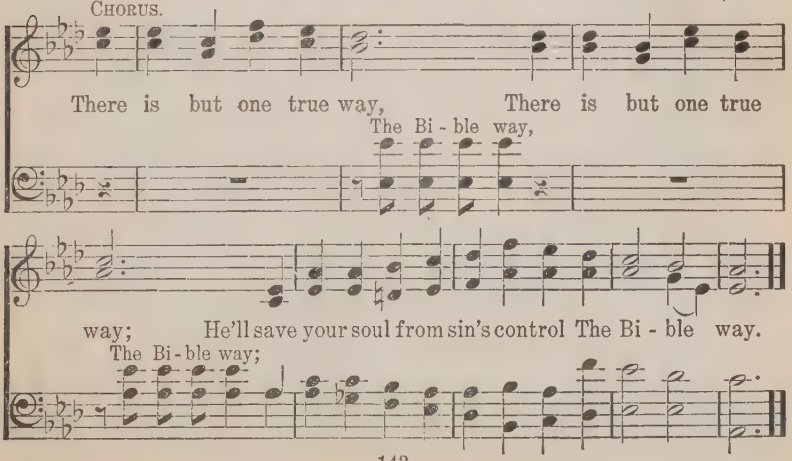


No. 141. The Bible Way.

B. E. W. MISCELLANEOUS. B. E. WARREN.







No. 142. Are You Sheltered in the Cross?

D. O. T. EXHORTATION—REFUGE. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Are you shel-tered in the cross, O my broth - er? Has your
2. When the try - ing hour of life is up - on you, And a-
3. When you walk a - midst the waves of af - flic - tion, And the
4. When you come be - fore the King at the judg - ment, Will you

soul been cleansed from all its pride? When the frowning world looks
gainst you comes the tempt-ing throng, Does your heart be - gin to
tears of sor - row free - ly flow, Can you say "Thy will be
be a - mong the pure and the blest? Can you face the blaz- ing

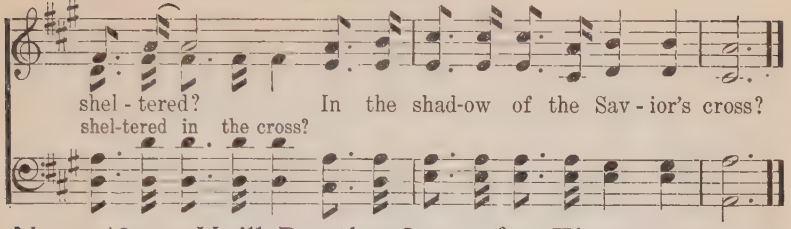
down up - on you, Can you glo - ry in the One who died?
doubt and fal - ter? Can you shout and sing the vic - tors' song?
done, my Sav - ior, For thy will is all I care to know"?
light of heav - en, Can you stand the aw - ful judg-ment test?

CHORUS.

Are you shel - tered? Are you shel - tered? Has your
Are you shel-tered in the cross? Are you shel-tered in the cross?

soul been purged from all its dross? Are you shel-tered? Are you
Are you shel-tered in the cross? Are you

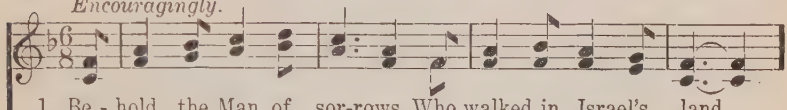
Are You Sheltered in the Cross?



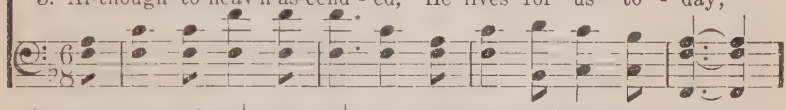
No. 143. He'll Do the Same for Thee.

C. W. NAYLOR. HEALING. B. E. WARREN.

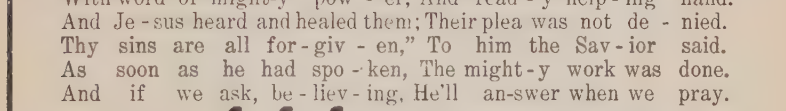
Encouragingly.



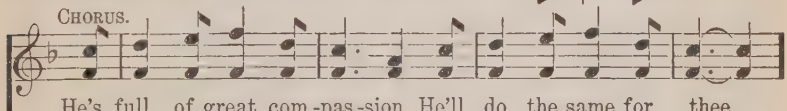
1. Be - hold the Man of sor-rows, Who walked in Israel's land,
2. The blind men by the way-side, "Have mer - cy on us," cried,
3. They bro't a pal-sied sin - ner, "A - rise, take up thy bed,
4. The suff'ring thronged about him, He healed them ev - 'ry one;
5. Al-though to heav'n as-cend - ed, He lives for us to - day;



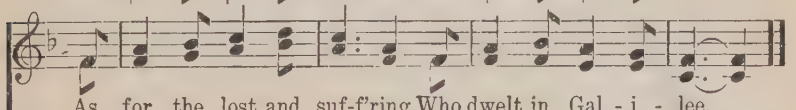
With word of might-y pow - er, And read - y help - ing hand.
And Je - sus heard and healed them; Their plea was not de - nied.
Thy sins are all for - giv - en," To him the Sav - ior said.
As soon as he had spo - ken, The might - y work was done.
And if we ask, be - liev - ing, He'll an-swer when we pray.



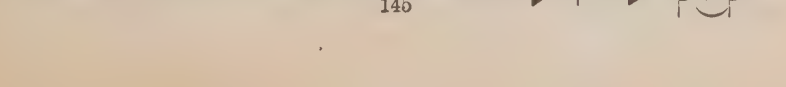
CHORUS.



He's full of great com - pas - sion, He'll do the same for thee



As for the lost and suf-f'ring Who dwelt in Gal - i - lee.



No. 144. Wonderful Savior.

D. O. T. **ATONEMENT.** D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, my bless - ed Re-deem - er, Leav-ing a
2. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, my bless - ed Re-deem - er, Suf-f'ring in
3. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, my bless - ed Re-deem - er, Rest - ing at
4. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, my bless - ed Re-deem - er, Burst-ing a-

man - sion of splen - dor he came, Bring - ing sal - va - tion for
shame with a thief on the cross; Pierced by the ones that he
last in the shades of the tomb; Home-less in life and in
sun - der the bars of the grave; Scat-t'ring the gloom and dis-

souls that are dy - ing, Meek - ly to suf - fer in sor-row and shame.
suf - fered to ran - som, Dy - ing to save them at in - fi - nite loss.
death now for-sak - en, Shrouded in dark-ness, in stillness and gloom.
pel - ling the darkness, Reigning for-ev - er, the Might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful Sav - ior, won - der - ful Sav - ior, Dy - ing a-
* Won - der - ful Sav - ior, won - der - ful Sav - ior, Might - y from

lone on the sin - curs - ed tree; Won - der - ful Sav - ior,
sin and from sor - row to save; Won - der - ful Sav - ior,

Copyright, 1906, by Nelson & Teasley.

*After last verse.

Wonderful Savior.

won - der- ful Sav - ior, Dy - ing to pur-chase sal-va - tion for me.
won - der- ful Sav - ior, Ris - ing in tri-umph o'er death and the grave.

No. 145. O Calvary.

ATONEMENT.

B. E. WARREN. A. L. BYERS.

1. O bless-ed Lamb of God so dear! For thou hast come my heart to cheer;
2. Thou suff'ring One! thy blood was shed, A crown of thorns was on thy head;
3. My gracious Lord I will a - dore, Thro' love he did my soul re - store;
4. That crimson stream flows from thy side, O fountain great, so deep and wide!

Thy blood a-lone hath made me free, That cleansing stream from Calvary.
Oh, thou didst bear such pain for me Up-on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
I heard him gen - tly call-ing me In melting tones from Cal-va-ry.
My sins are gone, it reach-es me—That precious blood of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal-va - ry! There Je-sus bore the cross for me;

rit.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Hark, hear him groan for you and me.

No. 146. Count It All Joy.

A. F. B. ENCOURAGEMENT. A. F. BARNARD.

1. Do you for the vic - t'ry long, When you're passing thro' the fire?
2. Are your tri - als com - ing fast, Your af - flic-tions great and sore?
3. Would you mag - ni - fy the Lord, When your sky is o - ver - cast?
4. Would you reign with him on high When your toils on earth are done,

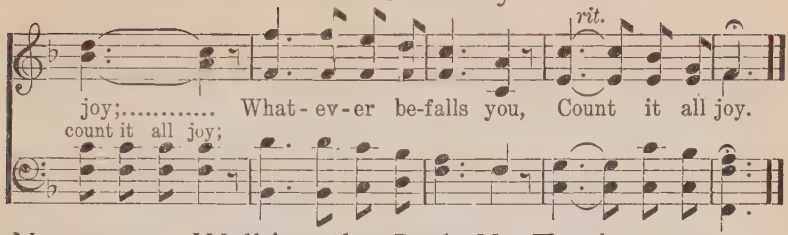
Count it all joy, yes, count it all joy. And to
Count it all joy, yes, count it all joy. Does it
Count it all joy, yes, count it all joy, Trust - ing
Count it all joy, yes, count it all joy, Where you'll

lead you in - to wrong All the hosts of hell con-spire?
seem that hope is past As up - on you troub - les pour?
in his pre - cious word Till the dark - ness all is past,
nev - er faint or sigh, For the bat - tle's fought and won?

Count it all joy, yes, count it all joy.

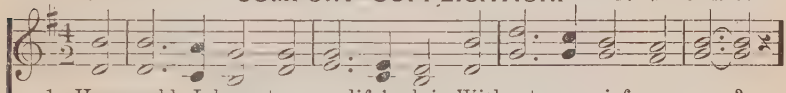
CHORUS.

Count..... it all joy,..... Count..... it all
Count it all joy, count it all joy, Count it all joy,

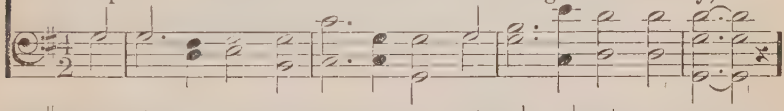


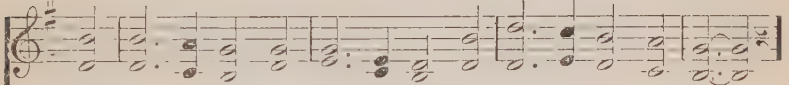
No. 147. Walking the Path He Trod.

B. E. W. COMFORT SUPPLICATION. B. E. WARREN.

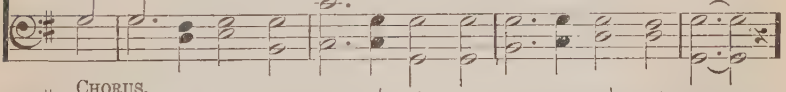


1. How could I hope to cross life's plain Without a grief or care?
2. How could I walk the path he trod And not be tempt-ed, too?
3. Must I sup-pose no clouds will rise To shade my mor-tal sky?
4. I could not do for Christ, my Lord, What he has done for me;
5. Help me be-lieve and trust thee more For strength and vic-to-ry;

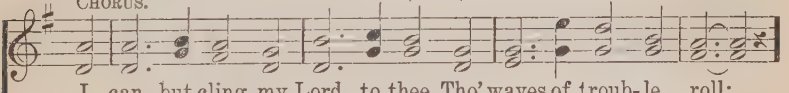




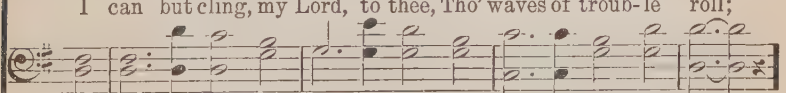
Then help me suf-fer, nor complain, How-ev-er I may fare.
I'll walk the way that leads to God, My cour-age he'll re-new.
For grace to trust, my spir-it cries, Un-til the shad-ows fly.
But I can suf-fer for his sake, And bear it pa-tient-ly.
I view thy blessings o'er and o'er, And can but hap-py be.

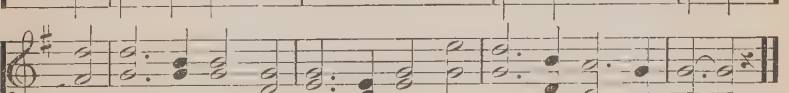


CHORUS.

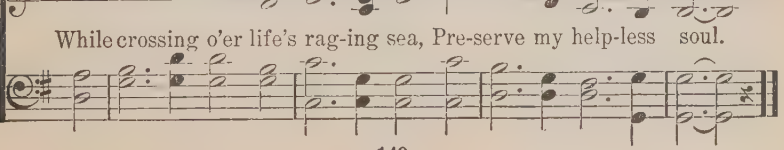


I can but cling, my Lord, to thee, Tho' waves of troub-le roll;





While crossing o'er life's rag-ing sea, Pre-serve my help-less soul.



No. 148. The Lion of Judah.

JENNIE MAST.
Chorus selected.

WARFARE—VICTORY.

J. RAYMOND NEFF.

1. The Li - on of Ju - dah, the Lamb that was slain, In pow - er and vic - t'ry has ris - en to reign; He on - ly is wor - thy, none else could pre - vail To con - quer the drag - on and o - pen the seal.
2. An ar - my of a - liens, all val - iant in war, May press hard be- hind thee, the Jor - dan be - fore; Be not dis - be - liev - ing, nor faint with dis - may, The Li - on of Ju - dah the scep - ter will sway.
3. Tho' ar - mies may com - pass, tho' le - gions as - sail, With him for com- mand - er we can but pre - vail; Our watch-word is vic - t'ry, we fear not the throng, With the Li - on of Ju - dah we're ten thousand strong.
4. When end - ed the con - flict, the faith - ful will come With lau - rels of vic - t'ry and gems in their crown; And pros - trate be - fore him with rap - ture pro-claim, The Li - on of Ju - dah for - ev - er shall reign.

CHORUS.

The Li - on of Ju - dah has bro - ken ev - 'ry chain, And gives us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain. a - gain and a - gain.

No. 149. What Will it Be to Be Lost?

C. W. NAYLOR. **LOST—WARNING.** B. E. WARREN.

1. Thro' time I am pass-ing: e - ter - ni - ty's years Will claim me ere
2. Be - yond me is darkness, but dim - ly I see Grim spec - ters and
3. When time shall be end - ed, the earth fled a - way, The heav - ens de-
4. Must I, when God's mer-cy for - ev - er is past, De - spair - ing - ly

long for their own! I can - not for-get it, nor ban - ish my fears, While
ter - rors a - rise, E - clips-ing the rain-bow of hope un - to me, That
part as a scroll, The judgment shall o - pen up - on that great day—Oh,
go to my doom, And find by ne-glect-ing I've missed it at last—In

CHORUS.

fac - ing the fu - ture un - known.
shines for the saved in the skies.
how shall it be with my soul?
heav - en for me is no room?

Oh, what will it be to be

lost (to be lost). With God's aw- ful wrath on my soul, With de-mons to

make my a - bode in that lake, While a - ges un - end-ing shall roll?

No. 150. In the Light of God.

D. S. WARNER. EXPERIENCE. J. A. KNIGHT.

1. A - long a dark and gloom - y path I groped be - neath the
2. My dark - ness now is passed a - way, In Je - sus all is
3. O Je - sus, to my heart so sweet, Thy word's a light un-
4. All glo - ry to my Sav - ior's name! To do thy will my

shades of death—No hope be - yond my dy - ing breath, Till
per - fect day; And peace and com - fort ev - er stay, Since
to my feet; How ho - ly, hap - py, and com - plete, I
high - est aim; Thy fav - or's more than earth - ly fame, Thy

CHORUS.

light from the Sav - ior came. In the light of
Christ is my per - fect light.
walk in the pre - cious light.
smile is my con - stant light. In the light, the

God, Now my soul is sing - ing, All, all is bright, In the
light of God,

light of God, I'm now in the light of God.
In the light, bless-ed light,

No. 151. Holiness Unto the Lord.

CLARA McALISTER. HOLINESS—SANCTIFICATION. B. E. WARREN.

1. Ho - li - ness dwells in the tem - ple of God, A - dorn - ing its walls with - in; Those who would en - ter this bless - ed a - bode,
2. Ho - li - ness reigns in the hearts of the saints, A wel - come, a- bid - ing guest, Giv - ing them free-dom from sin - ful restraints,
3. Je - sus has prom - ised his pow - er of old To cleanse us from ev - 'ry sin, Purg - ing the dross and re - fin - ing the gold,
4. Je - sus lived ho - ly while walk - ing be - low, The tempt - er he o - ver - came: Those who at last in - to heav - en would go,
5. Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness ' un - to the Lord! Is carved on the "hors - es' bells"; Par - a - dise pure in our hearts is re-stored,

CHORUS.

Must turn from the way of sin.
Af - ford - ing su - per - nal rest.
And tak - ing a - way the tin. Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness
Must live in this world the same.
When ho - li - ness in us dwells.

un - to the Lord! Ev - er in tri-umph we'll sing, Stand-ing se- cure on the rock of his word— Ho - li - ness un - to our King!

No. 152. Jesus Healeth All.

HEALING.

CLARA MCALISTER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Suf- f'ring for years, Filled with many fears, Once a wom-an to the Sav-ior came; Wondrous heal-ing pow'r Felt that ver - y hour, When in faith she touched his garment's hem.
2. Down by the pool Of Beth-es - da cool, Waited there a man in- firm of yore; Je - sus to him said, "Rise, take up thy bed, Go thy way in peace, and sin no more."
3. Ban-ished from home, See the lep - er come To the Sav- ior, seeking for re- lease; Spake he gen - tly then To the man un-clean, "Lo, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."
4. At eve-ning came Blind and halt and lame, Gath-er -ing to Je - sus at the door; See the bless-ed Son Heal - ing ev - 'ry one,— All of those who came he did re - store.

CHORUS.

Je - sus has healed me, Je - sus has healed me, Ban-ished my af - flic- tion and my pain; Tho' I suf-fered much, By his heal - ing touch I now am re - stored to health a - gain.

rit.

No. 153. Praise Ye the Lord.

B. F. W. PRAISE—WORSHIP. B. F. WARREN.

Lively.

1. Oh, praise the bless-ed Lord of hosts! Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!
2. Oh, praise the bless-ed Lord and King For gifts which he doth kind - ly bring!
3. Oh, praise the bless-ed Lord for aye, Thro' this short life and end - less day!
4. Oh, praise the bless-ed Lord on high, Who rules in all the earth and sky!

To all the earth pro-claim The won - ders of his fame: Let
Oh, let the ti - dings sound To all the world a - round! Let
Like might - y thun-ders' roll 'It sounds from pole to pole. Let
He reigns up - on his throne, His might - y acts are known. Let

all cre - a - tion, Ev - 'ry na - tion, Swell the mu - sic of his name.
shouts of glo - ry Tell the sto - ry Of his sav - ing grace we've found.
an - gels sing - ing Keep it ring - ing, He doth sweet - ly save the soul.
all o - bey him, None be-tray him, On - ly such our Lord will own.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord of hosts! Praise ye the Lord of hosts for-

ev - er - more! Let heav'n and earth his match-less name a - dore.

No. 154. Jesus is Calling for Thee.

THADDEUS NEFF. **INVITATION.** J. RAYMOND NEFF.

1. Je - sus is call - ing in tones sweet and kind For wear - y hearts
2. O - pen your heart while the Sav-ior is near, His love is so
3. List to his Spir - it, 'tis call - ing you now, Still pleading in
4. Soon you shall stand on e - ter - ni-ty's shore, Be - fore the great

burdened with sin; Come, then, poor sin-ner, and par - don you'll find,
ten - der and true; Glad - ly re-ceive him, he'll ban-ish thy fear,
mer - cy and love; Quick-ly be - fore him in low - li - ness bow,
throne of your King; Yield to the Sav - ior, re-ject - ing no more

CHORUS.

Oh, bid the dear Sav - ior come in.
Hark! Je - sus is call - ing for you.
Oh, heed that sweet voice from a-bove.
The par - don he free-ly doth bring.

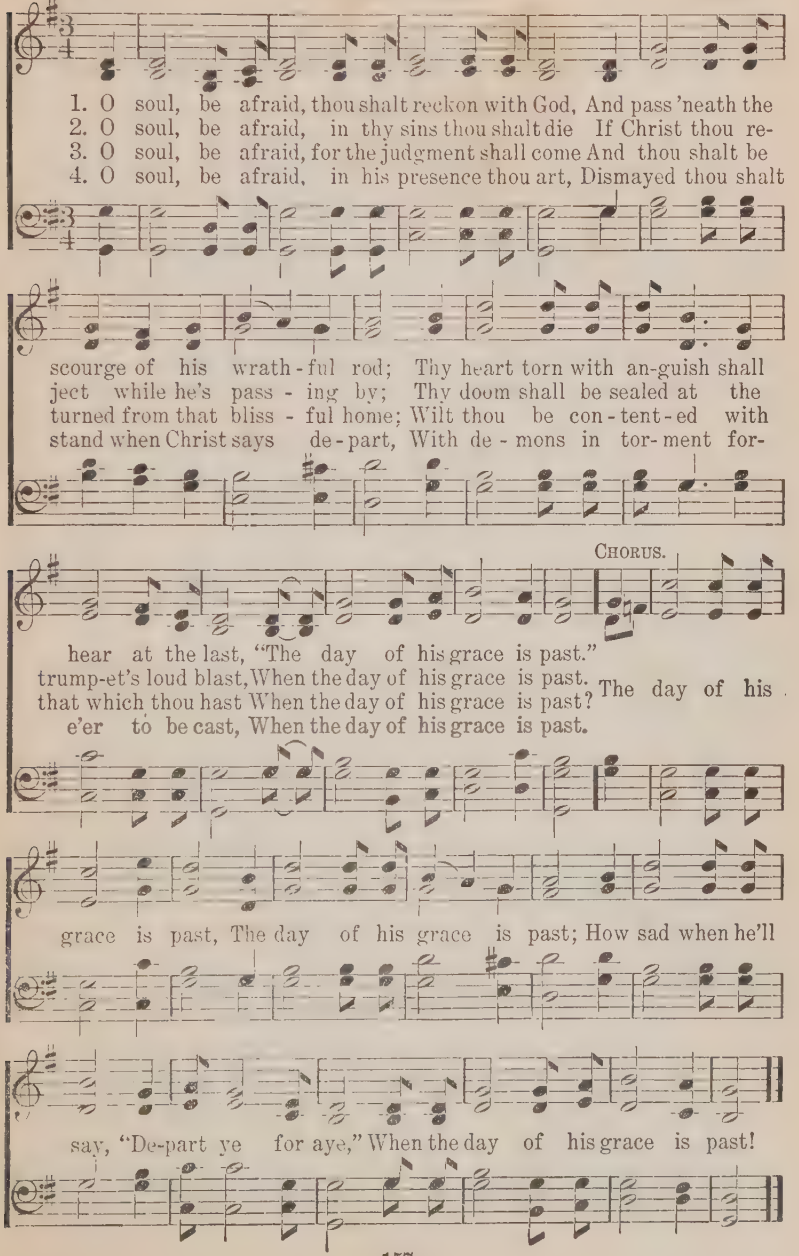
Come to the Sav - ior, come,

wear- y one, come; 'Tis Je - sus that's call-ing for thee: He's wait-ed

long for the wan-der-ing one, Oh, come to the fount and be free.

No. 155. The Day of His Grace is Past.

B. E. W. WARNING. B. E. WARREN.



No. 156. He Comes.

COMING OF CHRIST.

O. A. PRATT. J. RAYMOND NEFF.

1. He comes! he comes with trump - et sound, To wake the slum-b'ring
2. He comes no more in priest - ly dress; Each eye shall see, each
3. Dear sin - ners, what will be your fate? The cry will be, "Too
4. His loved, his own all hear his voice, O - bey his call, in
5. Be - hold, what won - der greets mine eye,—Ten thou - sand an - gels

na - tions round; His pard'ning love no more is found—He comes! he comes!
tongue confess: To judge the world in right- eous-ness He comes! he comes!
late, too late! To en - ter in at heav - en's gate!" He comes! he comes!
him re - joice; The way of life has been their choice: He comes! he comes!
in the sky! The end has come, de- struc-tion's nigh, He comes! he comes!

The dead in Christ shall then a - rise To meet their Sav - ior
The earth shall melt, the moun - tains quake, The sea shall roar, the
"Let rocks and moun - tains on us fall," In vain at mer - cy's
Now to those man - sions fair and bright They take their ev - er-
Oh, fear - ful scene! cre - a - tion groans, While loud a - bove the

in the skies, No more a bleed-ing sac - ri- fice—He comes! he comes!
heav-ens shake, The trump- et sounds, the dead awake -He comes! he comes!
door they call: Now doomed to swift de- struc-tion all—He comes! he comes!
last - ing flight; There they shall walk with him in white He comes! he comes!
trumpet tones What peals of joy! what piercing moans! He comes! he comes!

No. 157. Give Me Jesus Alone.

COMFORT.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. I am here a pil - grim stran - ger, Give me Je - sus a - lone;
2. When the pow'rs of sin be - set me, Give me Je - sus a - lone;
3. When the world my soul would flat - ter, Give me Je - sus a - lone;
4. When my heart for joy is sing - ing, Give me Je - sus a - lone;
5. Pass-ing thro' life's ver - dant val - ley, Give me Je - sus a - lone;

He will guard my soul from dan - ger, Give me Je - sus a - lone.
When my friends on earth for - get me, Give me Je - sus a - lone.
Thro' my Lord it does not mat - ter, Give me Je - sus a - lone.
Or when pain my heart is wring - ing, Give me Je - sus a - lone.
Or thro' death's dark dis - mal al - ley, Give me Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus a - lone, Give me Je - sus a - lone;
a - lone,

Till I reach my home in glo - ry,
Ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry mo-ment,
Let the world de - ride or flat - ter, Give me Je - sus a - lone.
In the sun-shine or the shad - ow,
Whether life or death a - wait me, a - lone.

No. 158. The Blameless Church.

B. E. WARREN. CHURCH. A. L. SPECK.

1. With-out spot and blameless, O Sav - ior, What a glo - ri - ous
2. With-out spot and blameless, so ho - ly, See the church in her
3. With-out spot and blameless he bought her, In the like - ness of
4. She's blameless, without spot or wrin - kle, From the last stain of

church thou hast built! For this thou didst pa - tient-ly suf - fer,
beau - ty sub - lime; She lives on the bright hills of glo - ry,
heav - en a - bove; From depths that were sinful he sought her,
sin she is free; With blood from the cross he doth sprin-kle

CHORUS.

For this was thy blood freely spilt.
She reigns o - ver sin all the time.
And filled her with in - fi - nite love.
Her al - tars of cleansing for me.

Without spot and blameless, my broth-er, She lives 'neath the all-cleansing blood; In heav - en and earth is no oth - er, Her build - er and ma - ker is God.

No. 159. Shout His Praises Louder.

B. E. W. PRAISE. B. E. WARREN.

Not too fast.

1. Shout his prais-es loud - er, Make the mu - sic ring, Raise each voice with glad - ness, All in con-cord sing; Je - sus is our Sav - ior, And for us he died, Death and hell to con-quer—Je- sus cru - ci- fied.
2. Shout his prais-es loud - er, Joy-ful strains prolong; Sing of our Re- deem - er, Sing that love - ly song. Tho' he died, he's liv - ing— Liv-ing yet to save – Mighty Prince of glo-ry, Reigning o'er the grave.
3. Shout his prais-es loud - er, Sing for - ev - er- more; An - gel voi - ces sweet - er, Join us on that shore. Swell the loft - y cho - rus, Endless and complete; Let us lay our tro-phies At his blessed feet.
4. Shout his prais-es loud - er, Hearts with love aflame, Like the noise of wa - ters, Laud his pre-cious name: For the Lord's be - fore us, He has made us whole; Let the endless cho - rus Loud like thunders roll.

rit.

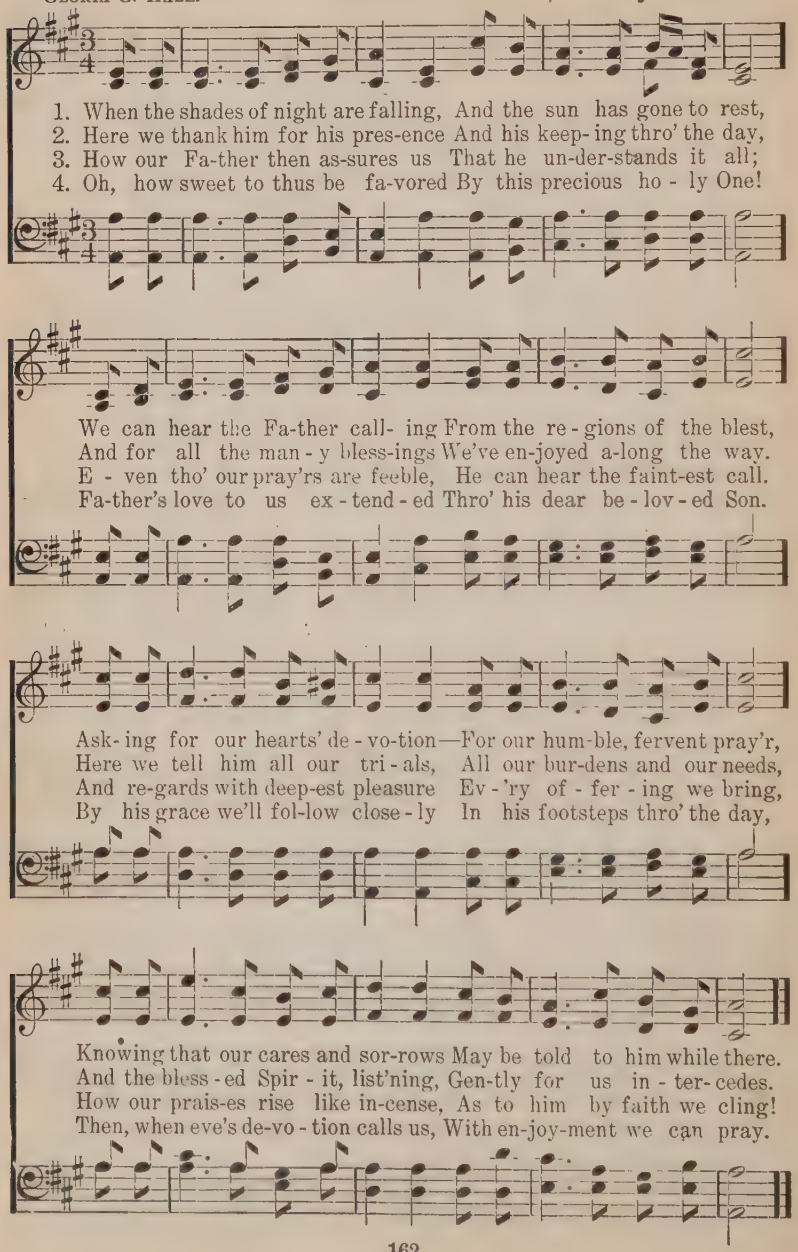
CHORUS.

Shout his prais-es loud-er, loud - er, Shout his prais-es loud-er, loud-er, Shout his prais-es loud- er, loud - er, Sound the glo-rious ju - bi - lee.

No. 160. Evening Devotion.

EVENING—WORSHIP.

GLORIA G. HALE. H. J. K. GOERZ.



No. 161. O Love Divine.

LOVE.

CLARA MCALISTER. A. L. BYERS.

1. O love di-vine! no soul has e'er Thy wondrous depths ex-plored;
2. O love di-vine, what treasures yet With-in thy cof-fers lie!
3. O love di-vine, in thee our souls E-ter-nal pleas-ures find,
4. O love di-vine, 'tis won-der-ful, That mor-tals here be-low

O price-less gift! we fain would have Thy rich-es on us poured.
The gold and sil-ver of the earth Would not thy rich-es buy.
Sur-pass-ing all that earth could give, Were all its pow'rs combined.
May share thy grace most ex-cel-lent, Thy won-drous pow-er know!

Let mortals join with all their might, Let earth and heav-en both u-nite
E'en tho' the sands up-on the shore Of ev-'ry sea should turn to ore
Thy mu-sic sweet we love to sing, Our spir-its e'er to thee would cling,
A-round our hearts fore'er entwine, And let thy beau-ties in us shine,

To sing thy praise both day and night—The half can ne'er be told.
Of choic-est met-al, 'twere no more Than naught compared to thee.
An of-f'ring now of praise we bring, In hum-ble sac-ri-fice.
That we may be, O love di-vine, Com-plete-ly lost in thee.

No. 162. The Virtue of Faith.

FAITH—ASSURANCE.

CLARA MCALISTER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. As far a-bove the howl-ing storm, Se-cure from danger's reach and harm,
2. Up-on the troubled, rest-less wave, His fear-ful trembling ones to save,
3. The lil-ies clothed in garments fair, The ra-vens fly-ing thro' the air—
4. The waves a-round may splash and roll, They can-not harm my trust-ing soul;

Tri-um-phant-ly the ea-gle flies, My soul on wings of faith would rise,
The Mas-ter walked and calmed the sea, The wild-ly toss-ing Gal-i-lee.
Our bless-ed Fa-ther cares for all, He se-eth e'en the spar-row's fall;
Re-gard-ing not what I may see, My faith, O Lord, as-cends to thee.

When rag-ing is the tempest's blast, Ere yet its wrath is o-ver-past—
By faith a-gain I hear his voice, In tones which make my heart re-joice,
His chil-dren more he sure-ly loves, Their cry his heart with pit-y moves:
The dark-est night and bra-zen sky Are pierced by Faith's un-fail-ing eye:

rit.

My soul would rise from earthly woe, To leave the storm-y winds be-low.
When fears my soul with ter-ror thrill, He gen-tly whispers, "Peace, be still."
Tho' thorns bestrew the path we've trod, He whis-pers still, "Have faith in God."
My cry shall be till time shall cease, "O bless-ed Lord, my faith in-crease."

No. 163. The Church has One Foundation.

C. W. Naylor. **CHURCH.** A. L. Byers.

Stanzas 1, 2, and part of 3 are selected.

1. The church has one foun - da - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Long with a scorn - ful won - der Men saw her sore op - pressed,
4. The eve - ning sun is shin - ing, The cloud - y day is past;
5. Back to the one foun - da - tion, From sects and creeds made free,

She is his new cre - a - tion, Thro' wa - ter by the word.
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion,—One Lord, one faith, one birth.
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed.
The time of their re - pin - ing Is at an end at last.
Come saints of ev - 'ry na - tion To bless - ed u - ni - ty.

From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Partakes one ho - ly food;
Yet saints their watch were keeping To hail a bright - er day,
The voice of God is call - ing To u - ni - ty a - gain;
Once more the an - cient glo - ry Shines as in days of old,

From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride; . . . .

With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
When God should stop their weep - ing, Take their re-proach a - way.
Di - vi - sion walls are fall - ing, With all the creeds of men.
And tells the won - drous sto - ry—One God, one faith, one fold.

No. 164. Looking for Me.

ANNA C. STOREY. SALVATION. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was a cap- tive, but mer-cy re-leased me; I was in
2. Weep-ing, I longed for the rap-ture of par - don, Longed from my
3. Filled with the full-ness of per-fect sal-va-tion, Washed in the
4. Oh, for the harp of a ser-aph to praise him! Oh, for the

dark-ness, but now I can see; O-ver the moun-tain, where
bur-den of sin to be free; Then, as I lift-ed my
blood that was shed on the tree, This my re-joic-ing thro'
tongue of an an-gel to sing! Glo-ry to Je-sus, my

lone-ly I wan-dered, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, came looking for me.
ear-nest pe-ti-tion, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, came looking for me.
a-ges e-ter-nal: Je-sus, my Sav-ior, came looking for me.
blessed Re-deem-er, I am a-dopt-ed, the child of a King.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful Sav-ior, won-der-ful Sav-ior, Now and for-

ev-er my boasting shall be; O-ver the moun-tain, where

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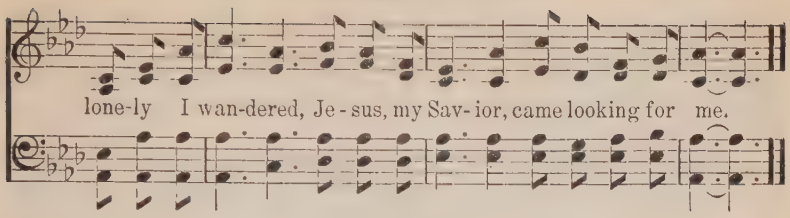
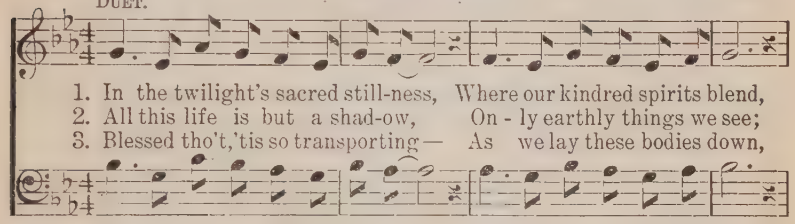
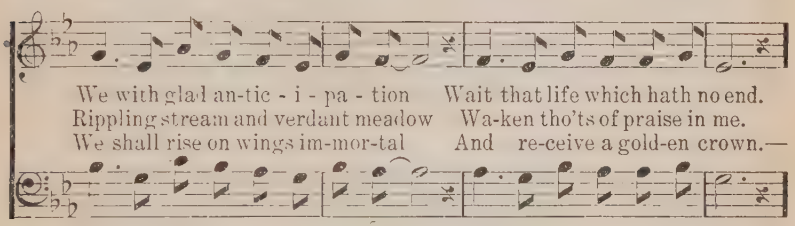


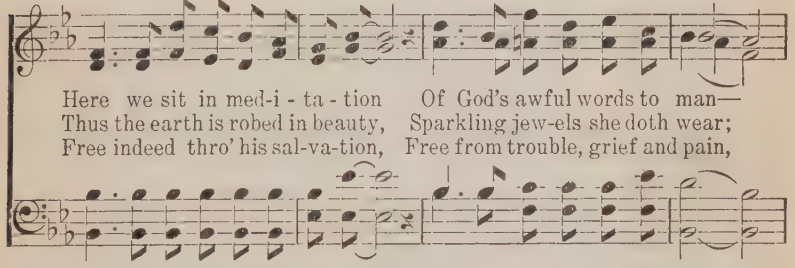
No. 165. Sacred Stillness.

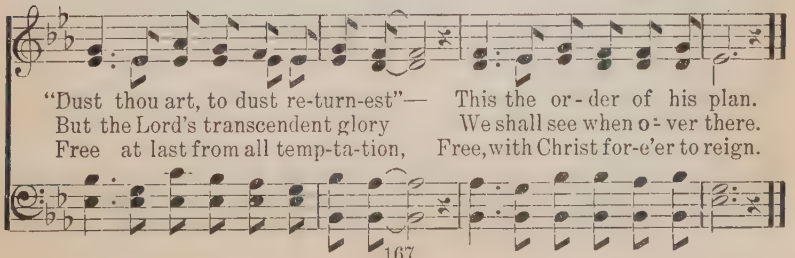
B. E. W. ANTICIPATION—MEDITATION. B. E. WARREN.

DUET.



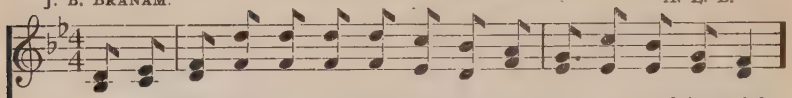




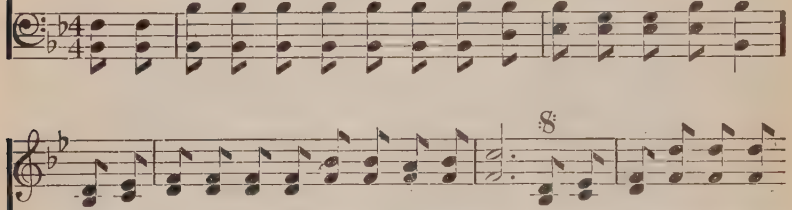


No. 166. The Abiding Comforter.

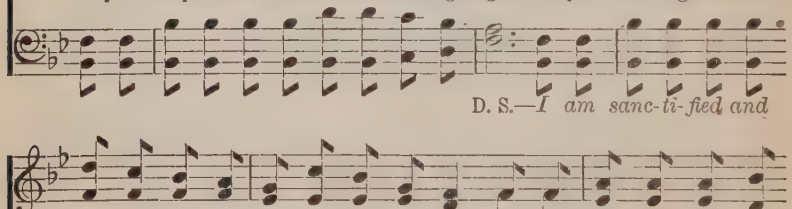
Words and Air by J. B. Branam. **HOLY SPIRIT—EXPERIENCE.** Harmony by A. L. B.



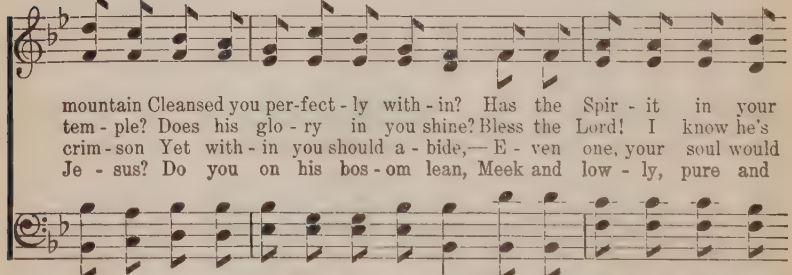
1. Are you filled with glo - ry, broth-er? Are you full - y saved from sin?
2. Is the Com-fort - er a - bid - ing, Keep - ing you by pow'r di - vine,
3. Are you free from strife and en - vy, And from world - li - ness and pride,
4. Are you read - y for the Bridegroom, Robed in gar-ments white and clean?



Is the Ho - ly Spir - it burn-ing in your soul? Has the stream from Cal-v'ry's
Free from e - vil, in the way of truth each day? Is he dwell-ing in his
Washed and whiter than the snow in Je - sus' blood? If a sin - gle stain of
Is your lamp now filled with oil and burning bright? Are you liv - ing close to



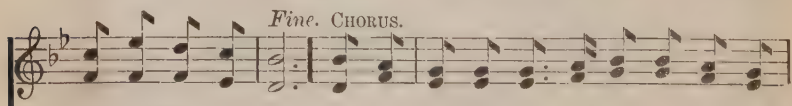
D. S.—*I am sanc-ti-fied and*



mountain Cleansed you per-fect - ly with - in? Has the Spir - it in your
tem - ple? Does his glo - ry in you shine? Bless the Lord! I know he's
crim - son Yet with - in you should a - bide,— E - ven one, your soul would
Je - sus? Do you on his bos - om lean, Meek and low - ly, pure and

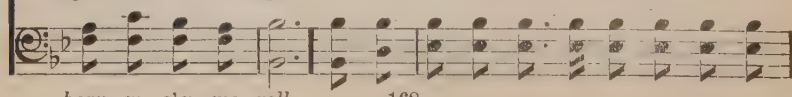
hap - py, Walking by my Sav-ior's side, While the streams of life from

Fine. CHORUS.



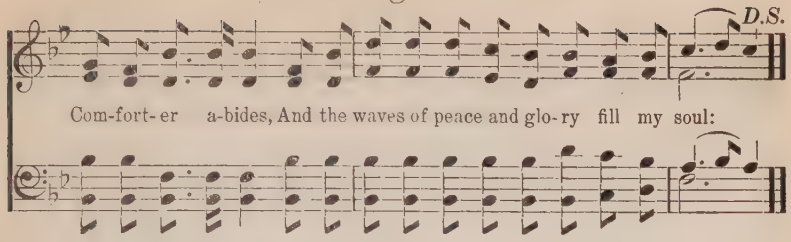
heart the full con - trol?
come in me to stay.
ban - ish from your God.
spot - less in his sight.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Now the



heav - en o'er me roll.

The Abiding Comforter.

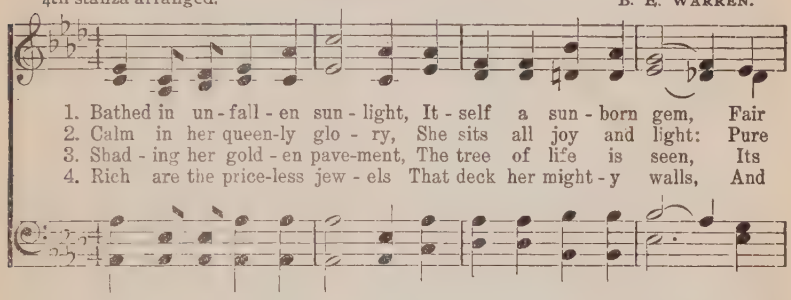


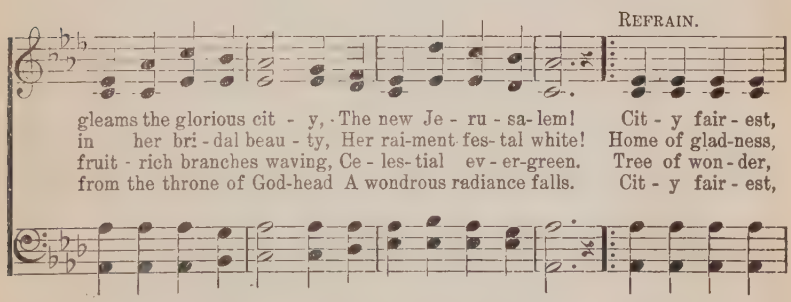
No. 167. The City of God.

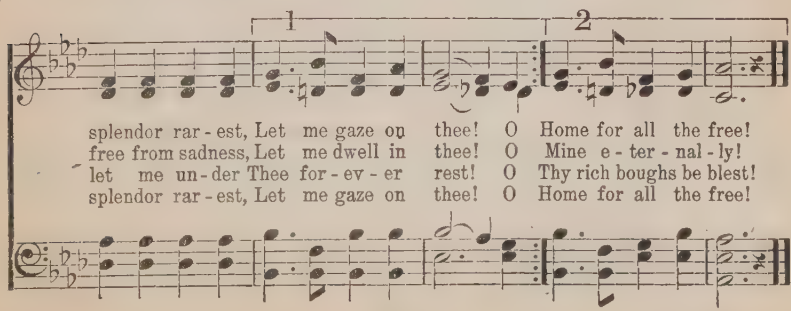
H. Bonar.
4th stanza arranged.

HEAVEN—CHURCH.

B. E. Warren.







No. 168. The Happy People.

D. S. WARNER. MISCELLANEOUS. B. E. WARREN.

1. Who but the Chris-tian is hap - py and free, Filled with the
2. Who but the ran-somed can ev - er re-joice O - ver the
3. How can a mor - tal in fet - ters of sin Taste of a
4. Tell me not, then, of the pleas-ures that sting, Coiled un - der

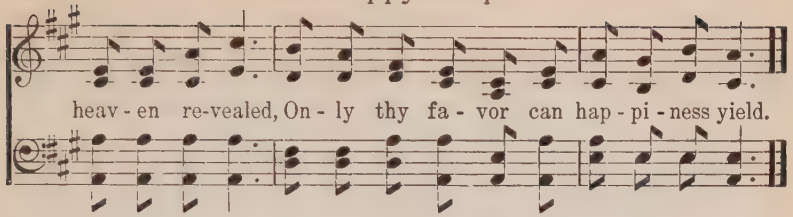
glo - ry of God?..... None in cre - a - tion so
bil - lows of time?..... Grace all a - bound-ing and
free-dom di - vine?..... On - ly where Je - sus is
ro - ses of pride;..... None but the ho - ly and

hap - py as he, Washed and redeemed in the won - der - ful blood.
hope's gen-tle voice Glad-den their spir - its, that nev - er re - pine.
dwelling with- in, Com - fort and lib - er - ty tru - ly may shine.
in - no-cent sing Out of a bos - om where pleasures a - bide.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the one who my sor - rows hath healed, Thou art the

one who my spir - it hath sealed; On - ly thy glo - ry from



No. 169. I Know on Whom I've Believed.

EXPERIENCE.

Air by AUDIE E. SOULES.
Har. by D. O. T.

D. O. TEASLEY.

1. I came to Je - sus lost, un-done, Confessed to him my sin;
2. Then joy- ful - ly I sang his praise, And tranquil was my rest,
3. I came to Je - sus then a - gain, Pressed closely to his side;
4. No storms dis-turb my per- fect rest, While I my Lord o - bey;

He pardoned then my guilt - y soul, And glo- rious light shone in.
Till sud - den - ly I found one day A foe with - in my breast.
His cleansing blood flowed o'er my heart, A pu - ri - fy - ing tide.
Since all my heart is pure and clean, I'm hap - py all the day.

CHORUS.

I know on whom I've be-lieved, His par - don I have received;

A - gain I plunged beneath the tide, My soul is sanc - ti - fied.

No. 170. Opening Song.

C. W. N. OPENING. C. W. NAYLOR.

1. Once a-gain we come to the house of God, To u-nite in
2. In the days gone by thou hast been our stay, Thou hast led us
3. May our hearts, O Lord, e'er u-nit-ed be In true fel-low-
4. May our pray'rs as-cend as an in-cense sweet, And our praise ac-

songs of praise; To ex-tol with joy our Re-deem-er's name,
safe-ly on To the bless-ed light of the pres-ent day,
ship and love; May thy will be done by us here on earth,
cept-ed be, As in grat-i-tude all our hearts o'er-flow

CHORUS.

And to tell his wondrous ways.
Where the darkness now is gone.
As by an-gel hosts a-bove.
In a trib-ute un-to thee.

To thy house, O Lord, with re-

joic-ing we come, For we know that we are thine; We will

wor-ship thee in the Bi-ble way, As the eve-ning light doth shine.

No. 171. Fellowship.

C. W. NAYLOR. FELLOWSHIP. C. E. HUNTER.

Slow.

1. Sweet fel - low-ship u - nites our souls as one, It is the bliss of
2. The mingling flow of kindred minds and hearts, That on - ly from the
3. Un - seen thy beau-ty and unknown thy worth To all who have not
4. All hearts where thou dost dwell must be as one, For thou dost flee where

heav-en now be - gun; When heart to heart by this blest tie is bound,
fount of true love starts! The sweetest but most fragile gift of grace,
yet the Spir - it birth: Where rankleth hate and sitteth lord - ly pride,
strife is but be - gun: Nor wilt thou show a-gain thy tim - id face

CHORUS.

We seem to stand each day on ho - ly ground.
Which on-ly with the blood-washed has a place.
Thy gen - tle presence doth not there a - bide.
Where there may be of wrong or sin a trace.

Sweet fel - low-ship with God on high, And with his Son, who came to die, With all his saints in ev - 'ry clime—Be this my por - tion all the time.

No. 172. Whiter Than the Snow.

B. E. W. CLEANSING. B. E. WARREN.

1. A fount of cleans-ing flows so free, From that blest mount of
2. My heart a crim-son hue was stained, No right-eous-ness in
3. 'Tis not by works, lest one should boast, But by the bless-ed
4. All glo-ry to the Lord Most High, Who dwells in all the

Cal-va-ry; What vir-tue in this stream I see! Its heal-ing
me remained; I could not stem sin's rush-ing flow, Till I was
Ho-ly Ghost; The cleansing blood, by faith, I know, Has made me
earth and sky, Who bro't re-demp-tion to the soul, Pre-pared our

wa-ters cov-er me.
whit-er than the snow.
whit-er than the snow.
home be-yond life's goal.

CHORUS.

Whiter than the snow, the beautiful snow,

Whit-er than the snow he has made me; Whit-er than the snow, the

beau-ti-ful snow, Whit-er than the snow he has made me.

No. 173. The Gospel Bells.

GOSPEL.

OPAL F. BROOKOVER. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. The gos - pel bells ring joy - ful - ly A - cross the land, a-
2. The gos - pel bells in mu - sic tell The sto - ry that we
3. Ring out un - til the truth is heard, That Je - sus gave his
4. Ring out, glad gos - pel bells, a - gain, Re - peat the ev - er-

cross the sea, Now soft and low, now loud and strong, They
love so well, Of "peace on earth, good will to men": Ring
life, his word, To ran - som all, both you and me—Oh,
last - ing strain, Till, all re - deemed on yon - der shore, We

CHORUS.

chant to us a hap - py song. Ring out, glad
out, sweet bells, ring out a - gain.
bless - ed, bless - ed vic - to - ry.
sing, "good will" for - ev - er - more.

glad bells,

bells (glad bells), Your mer - ry, mer - ry mu - sic tells..... The

bless-ed sto - ry of the free, Of peace and joy and lib - er - ty.

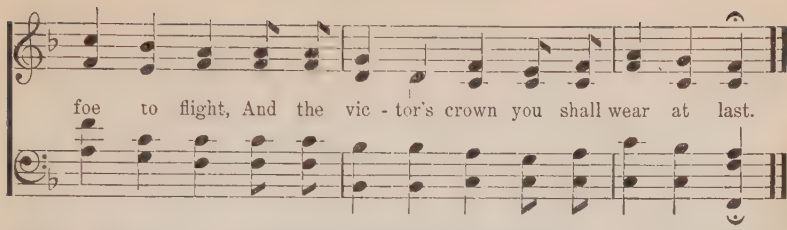
No. 174. Be an Overcomer.

C. W. NAYLOR. ENCOURAGEMENT. A. L. BYERS.

1. Be an o - ver - com - er, on - ly cow - ards yield When the foe they meet on the bat - tle - field; We are blood-bought princes of the roy - al host, And must fal - ter not, nor de - sert our post.
2. Be an o - ver - com - er, he who stands with you Is a Might - y One, who is al - ways true; In the sor - est con-flict you shall win the day, Face the le - gions dark till they flee a - way.
3. Be an o - ver - com - er, you are heav - en's heir, And a crown of life you may ev - er wear; So with cour - age press the bat - tle to the gates, Till you gain the prize which in heav - en waits.
4. Be an o - ver - com - er, for - ward bold - ly go, You are strong e - nough if you count it so—Strong e-nough to con-quer thro' sus- tain - ing grace, And to o - ver - come ev - 'ry foe you face.

CHORUS.

O - ver - come, ... O - ver- come;..... ..... In Je - ho - vah's might put the Nev - er yield a step in the hot - test fight, God will send you help from the realms of light;



No. 175. Are You Holy Now?

C. W. NAYLOR. HOLINESS. C. E. HUNTER.

Slow.

1. With - out ho - li - ness no man shall see the Lord, Thus it is
2. With - out sin - ful spot your soul in - deed must be If you would
3. With - out ho - li - ness your life were spent in vain, Tho' a pro-
4. He will sure - ly keep you pure and white with - in, Give you do-

writ - ten in his ho - ly word; Ye must be pu - ri - fied and
dwell with Christ e - ter - nal - ly; None but the pure in heart shall
fes - sion you may yet main - tain; Naught but the life of Christ with-
min - ion o - ver ev - 'ry sin; But if you still re - fuse his

cleansed from sin If the courts of heav-en you would en - ter in.
en - ter rest, When the books are o-pened for the fi - nal test.
in the soul Will a - vail to help you reach the fi - nal goal.
won - drous grace, You will flee in ter - ror from be - fore his face.

REFRAIN.

We must be clean, Pure in his sight, Cleansed from all sin, Spotless and white.

No. 176. We'll Arise.

C. W. NAYLOR. RESURRECTION. Music and Chorus by U. E. HALLMAN.

1. Death will come to ev - 'ry one in this world of woe, For the sen-tence fell on the high and low: All shall lie be-neath the sod till the trump of God Bids them rise and to the judgment go.
2. Not the bod - y that shall be is the sleep - ing clay, It is as a seed that will soon de - cay; But an - oth - er plant doth rise tow'rd the sun- ny skies, Which shall bloom in beauty all the day.
3. When the Sav - ior shall ap-pear he shall bring once more All the souls that pass to the oth - er shore; All the sleeping bod - ies then shall be raised a - gain, And for-e'er mor - tal - i - ty be o'er.

CHORUS.

We'll a - rise, we'll a - rise, in the re - sur - rec-tion morn; We'll a - rise, we'll a - rise, When the

a - rise, a - rise,

we'll rise; a - rise, a - rise,

We'll Arise.

Lord in glo - ry comes: All the right-eous will as-cend to their

fi - nal home, And the lost will per - ish for - ev - er-more; We'll a-

rise, we'll a - rise in the res - ur - rec-tion morn.
a - rise, a - rise

No. 177. Accepted.

Words and Air by C. W. Naylor.

ACCEPTANCE.

Harmony by B. E. W.

1. As I come, O Sav-ior, pleading That my soul thou shouldst restore,
2. I have done what thou hast taught me, From the world have turned aside;
3. I am hop - ing in thy mer - cy, Not in that which I can do;
4. Not a thing am I with-hold-ing, All is on the al - tar laid:

Cho.—*Thou hast said thou wouldst receive me, Nor my earnest plea de - ny;*

All I have I now am bringing, Thine to be for - ev - er-more.
Let me be a ho - ly tem-ple, Where thy presence may a - bide.
And I know thou fail-est nev - er; To my soul thou wilt be true.
Now I claim thy prom-ise bold-ly, And no lon-ger am a-fraid.

Now I know I am ac-cept - ed, On thy prom-ise I re - ly.

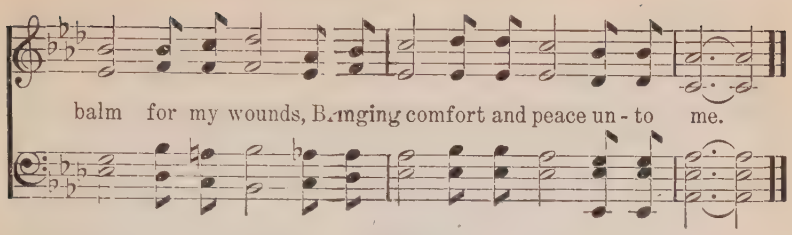
No. 178. To Know that He Knows.

C. W. Naylor and Clara McAlister. **COMFORT.** B. E. Warren.

1. When my soul is oppressed with the sor-rows of life, And the tho't of the mor-row a-larms; With my care-la-den heart then I flee from the strife, And I weep out my woes in his arms.
2. If my best ef-forts fail, tho' my friends may reprove, When I sigh for their sol-ace and pray'rs, It will work for my good, if my Sav-ior I love—He as-sures me he knows and he cares.
3. Tho' in tri-al I suf-fer he keeps me con-tent, Sees be-fore me the dan-gers pre-pared; And in mer-cy his wis-dom the flames may have sent, That my soul great-er woe might be spared.
4. Yes, my fail-ures he knows, and my sighs and my tears, And the depth of my bit-ter-est woes; By the deep con-so-la-tion he brings for my fears, I am sure that my dear Sav-ior knows.

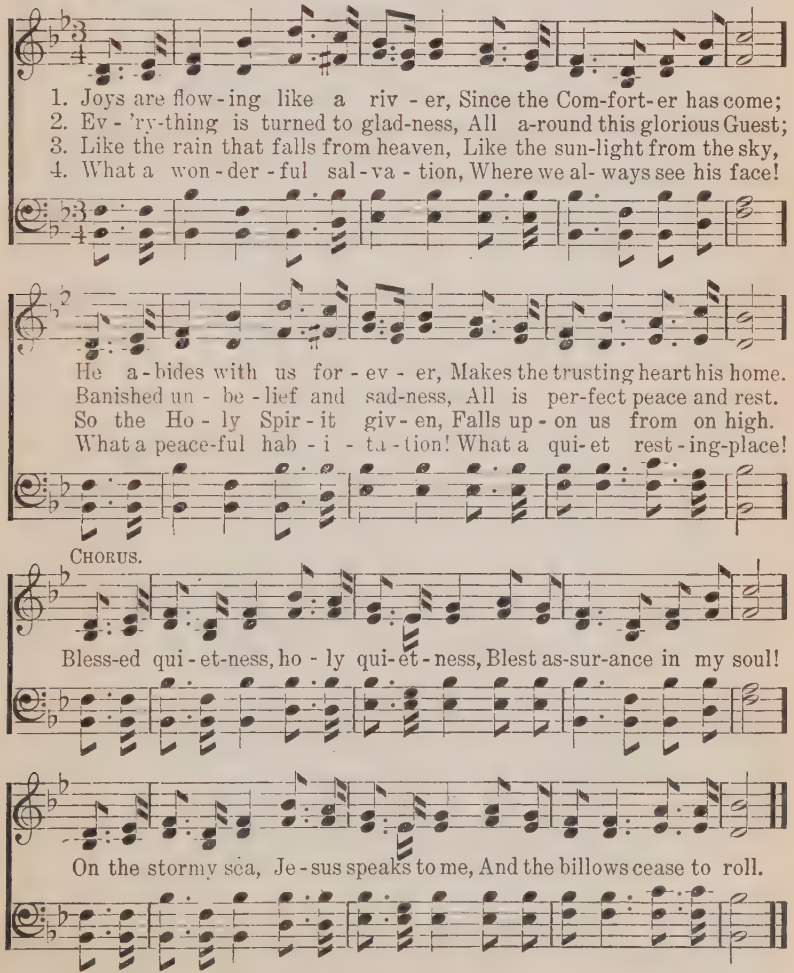
Chorus.

Just to know that he knows, that my Lord un-der-stands, And his look of com-pas-sion to see, Soothes the pain in my heart, is a



No. 179. Blessed Quietness.

Mrs. M. P. Ferguson, alt. **HOLY SPIRIT.** Arr. by J. H. Fillmore.



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No. 180. Thy Will be Done.

CRUCIFIXION.

CLARA MCALISTER. B. E. WARREN.

With feeling.

1. The e - ven-tide falls gen-tly now, By Kedron's side, o'er Ol-ive's brow,
2. In fer-vent pray'r for you and me He wres-tled there in ag - o - ny;
3. And then be-fore his vi - sion came The crown of thorns, the cruel shame,
4. Geth-sem - a - ne! O sa -cred place! Once more I see my Sav-ior's face;

rit. pp

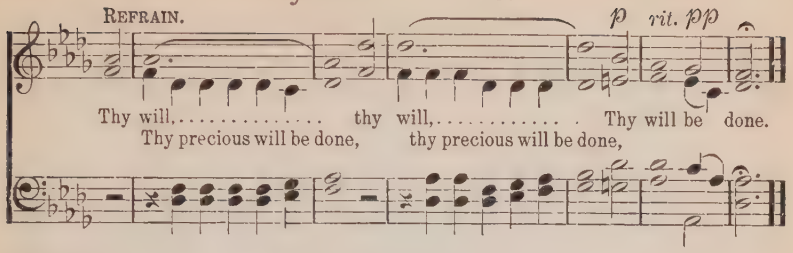
And thro' the gloom me-thinks I see A lone - ly form in pray'r for me.
With drops of sweat, of crim-son hue, His brow was wet, as with the dew.
The scorn of those he sought to save, The reeking cross, the si - lent grave.
It shines a - new with glo - ry now, And angels smooth his pal - lid brow.

The gen- tle tone, thro' state-ly trees, Is borne up - on the murm'ring breeze,
In tears he knelt, with troubled soul, While there he felt death's sorrows roll;
"This bit-ter cup, O Lord, I pray, Be-fore I sup, take thou a - way"—
Oh, let me e'er this scene be-hold! Oh, let me hear the sto - ry told

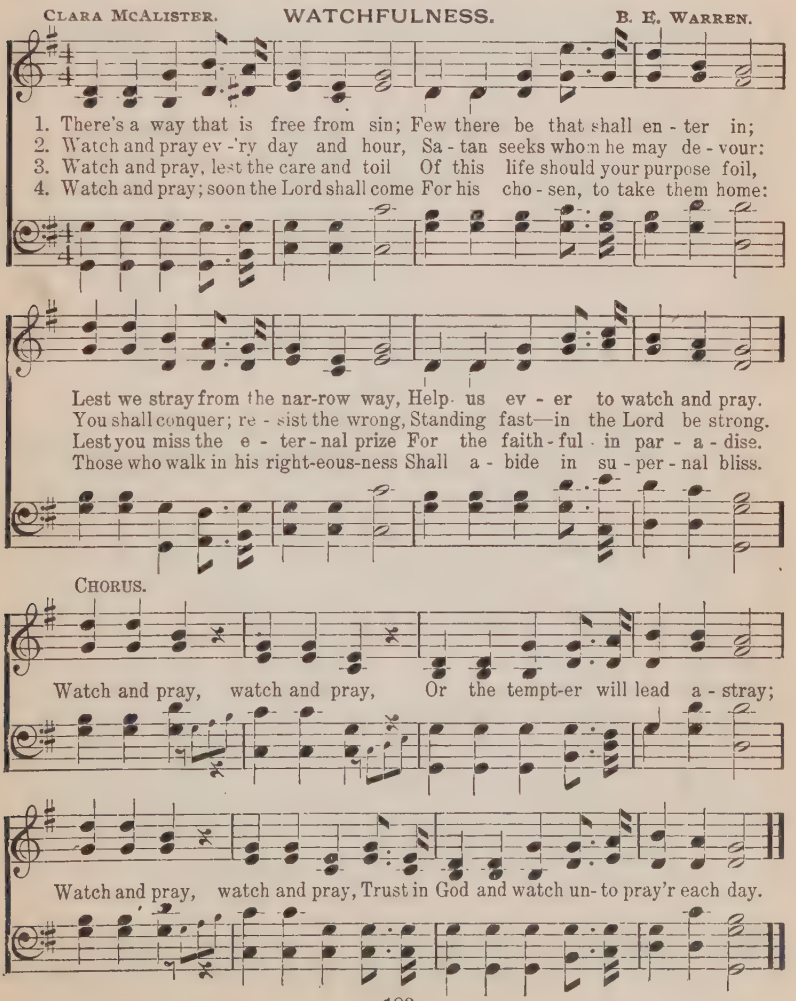
rit. pp

He bowed his head—God's only Son—And meek-ly said, "Thy will be done."
Our sins he bore—the Ho-ly One—And said once more, "Thy will be done."
Yet answered still, as there he knelt, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."
Of him who there the vic- t'ry won, Who said in pray'r, "Thy will be done!"

Thy Will be Done.



No. 181. Watch Unto Prayer.



No. 182. Tell It Again.

W. J. HENRY. GOSPEL. AMANDA L. SPECK.

1. Go tell the world that Je-sus has suf-fered, Died to re-deem the
2. Go tell the world that Je-sus is ris-en, That he has con-quered
3. Go tell the world that Je-sus is com-ing, Soon to re-ceive the

vil-est of men; How he can save and keep us for-ev-er,
death and the grave; Safe he will guide us o-ver the bil-lows,
saints of his love; We shall be-hold his pow-er and glo-ry,

CHORUS.

Free from the pow'r of Sa-tan and sin. Tell it a-gain,.....
Calm-ing the tem-pest, still-ing the wave.
As he de-scends from heav-en a-bove. Tell it a-gain,

the won-der-ful sto-ry, Sound it a-loud..... o'er val-ley and
the won-der-ful sto-ry, Sound it a-loud o'er val-ley and

plain, Till all the world..... is filled with his glo-ry,
plain, Till all the world is filled with his glo-ry,

Tell It Again.

Heav - en and earth..... join in the re - frain.
Heav - en and earth join in the re - frain.

No. 183. Babel's Fallen.

D. O. T. RETURN. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Ba - bel's walls, so long ob-scur-ing All the ways of truth and right,
2. Now are Zi - on's walls e-rect-ed, And her watch - men fear the Lord;
3. Oft they told us that no mor-tal Could en-joy this per-fect peace;
4. Hail the day of heav'n-ly freedom! Tho' so long has been the night,

Crum-ble now be-fore the shin-ing Of the glo-rious eve-ning light.
From the heights of full sal - va-tion Loud pro-claim his ho - ly word.
But we've found a full fru - i - tion, And the year of sweet re-lease.
Bright-er seems the ra-diant splendor As we reach the eve-ning light.

CHORUS.

Ba-bel's fall - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Hear the saints in cho-rus sing;

From the sum - mit of Mount Zi - on, Hear their glad ho-san-nas ring.

No. 184. Hiding in His Mercy.

REDEMPTION—KEEPING.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. God is my keep - er, whom shall I fear? Tho' burdens press me,
2. God is my por - tion; in life's dark hour He will up - hold me,
3. God is my com - fort, cour-age and rest, He'll not for-sake me,
4. God will be with me, faith- ful is he; Friends are be- tray- ing,

His hands ca - ress me; With grace to bless me, Je - sus is near.
Thus he hath told me; His arms en- fold me With keep-ing pow'r.
Strong he will make me, Till he shall take me Home with the blest.
Fond hopes de - cay - ing, Still he is say - ing, "Trust thou in me."

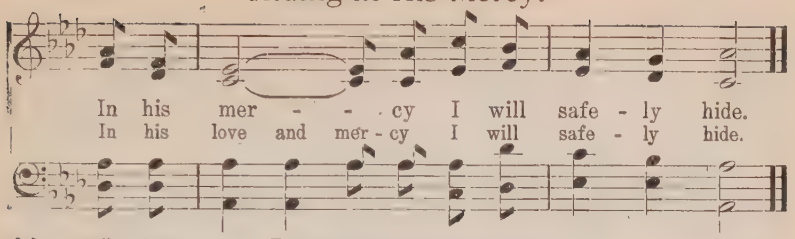
CHORUS.

In his mer - - - cy I will hide,.....
In his love and mer - cy I will ev - er safe - ly hide.

In his mer - - - cy I will hide;.....
In his love and mer - cy I will ev - er safe - ly hide;

In his pit - - - y he re - deemed..... me,
In his pit - y he re-deemed me, in his pit - y he redeemed me,

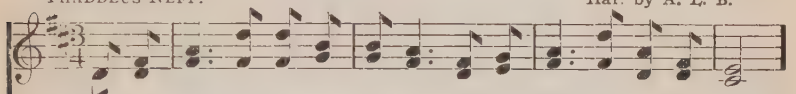
Hiding in His Mercy.



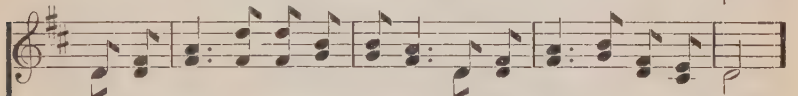
No. 185. Draw Me Nearer.

SUPPLICATION.

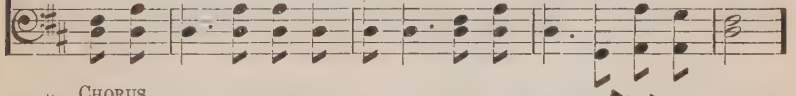
THADDEUS NEFF. ZELLA M. ROBINSON. Har. by A. L. B.



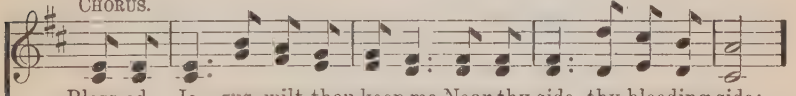
1. Bless-ed Sav - ior, draw me nearer, As I walk the nar-row way;
2. By thy help I'll trust thee ev - er, Tho' the shad - ows gather round;
3. I will walk by faith in Je - sus, On this high and ho - ly way;
4. When I'm pass - ing thro' the fur-nace, I draw near, my Lord, to thee,



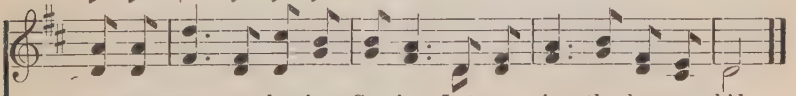
When my soul is sore - ly tempt-ed, Thou wilt all my fears al - lay.
Thou, my light and my sal - va-tion, Let thy grace in me a - bound.
On - ward will I press and up-ward, Drawing near-er ev - 'ry day.
As I hear thee gen-tly whis-per, "Closer come, my child, to me."



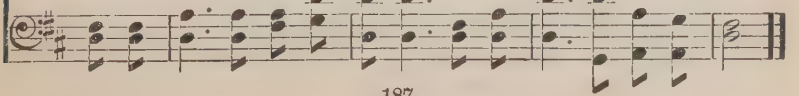
CHORUS.



Bless-ed Je - sus, wilt thou keep me Near thy side, thy bleeding side;



Draw me near - er, lov-ing Sav-ior, Let me in thy love a - bide.



No. 186. God is Love.

LOVE.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Hark! my soul, se - raph- ic mu- sic From an- gel - ic choirs a-bove,
2. See the depths of his com-passion, Giv-ing heav-en's best to prove,
3. Lo, I feel the Ho - ly Spir-it, Like a peaceful heav'nly dove,
4. Sing, my soul, and all with-in me, Sing till all the clouds remove;

Breaks to earth the joy-ful ti-dings, That the Lord our God is love.
By a life of pain and sor-row, That the Lord our God is love.
Wit - ness-ing with- in my bos - om That the Lord our God is love.
Sing and praise and shout for-ev-er, For the Lord our God is love.

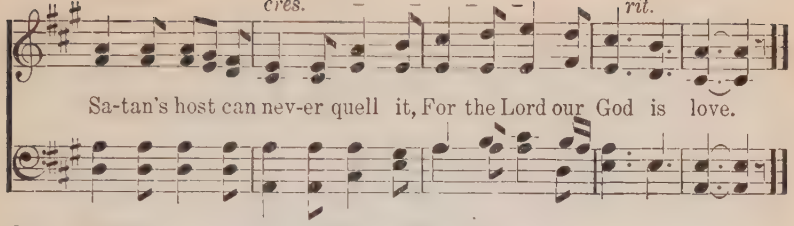
CHORUS.

God..... is love,..... God..... is love,.....
God is love, yes, God is love, Hal - le - lu - jah! God is love,

Song of an - gel choirs a-bove; Hal - le - lu - jah! God is love.

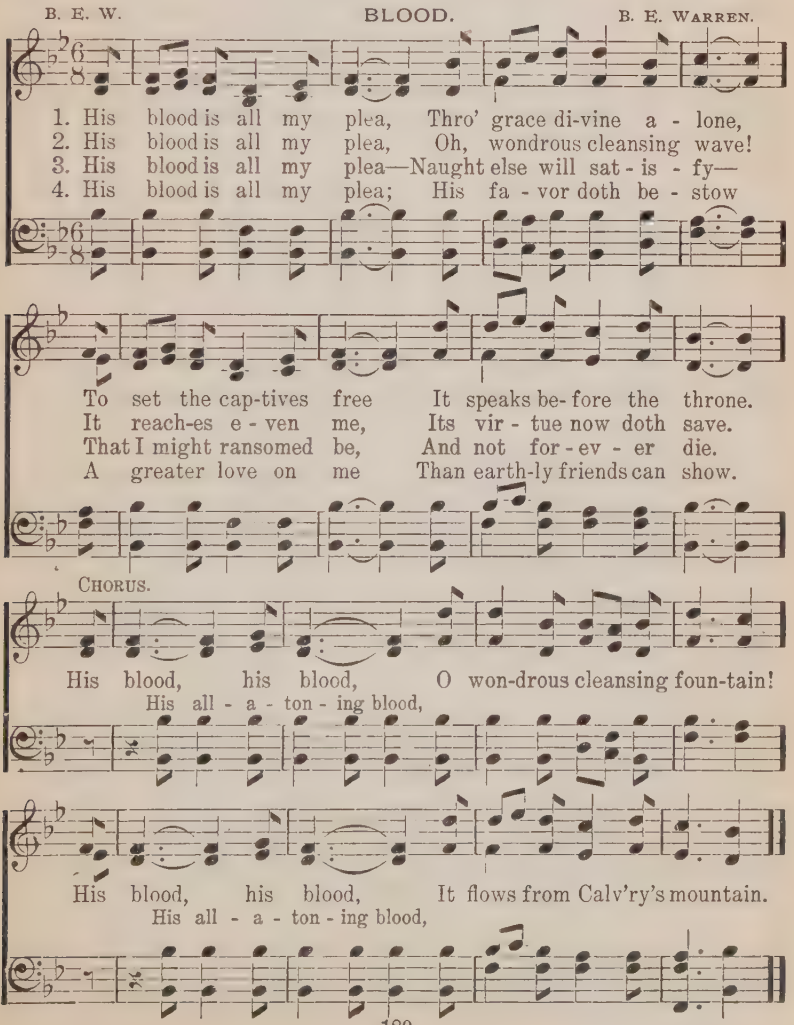
Par - a - dise now helps to swell it, Saints on earth, a-far go tell it,

God is Love.



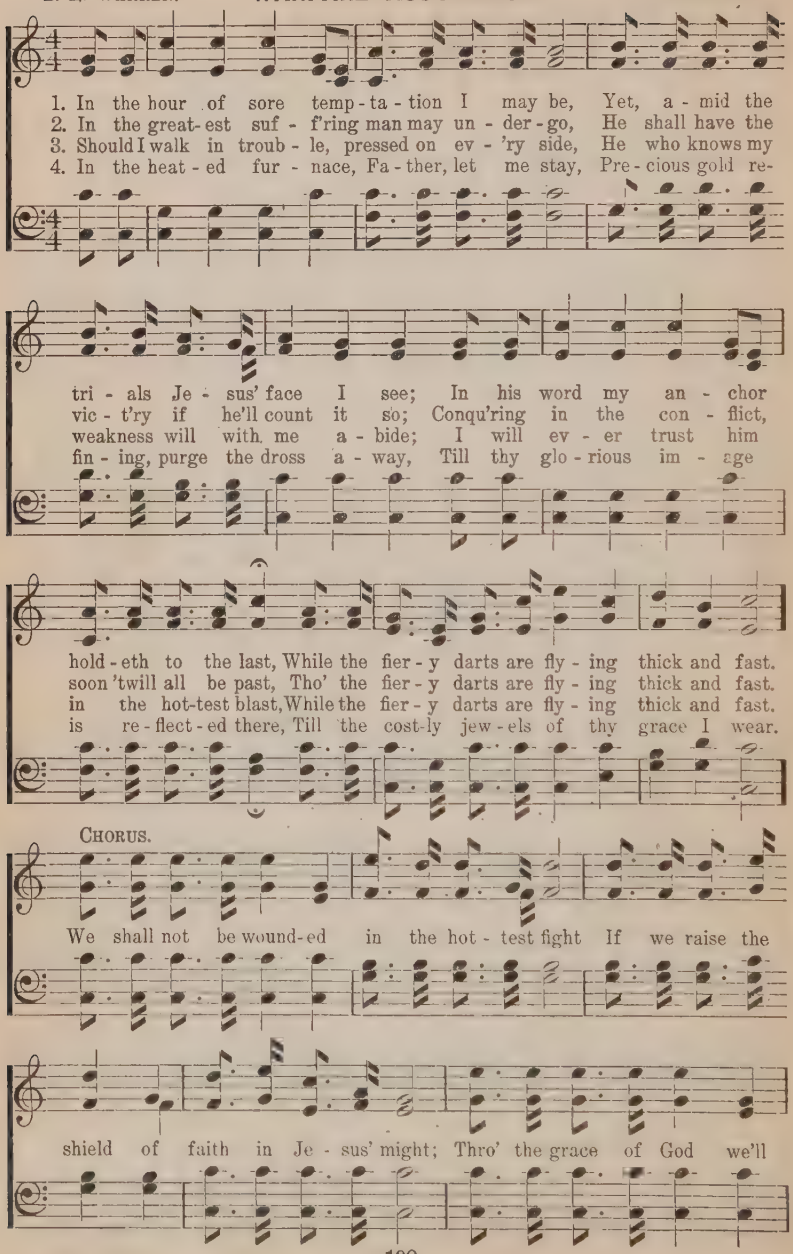
No. 187. His Blood My Plea.

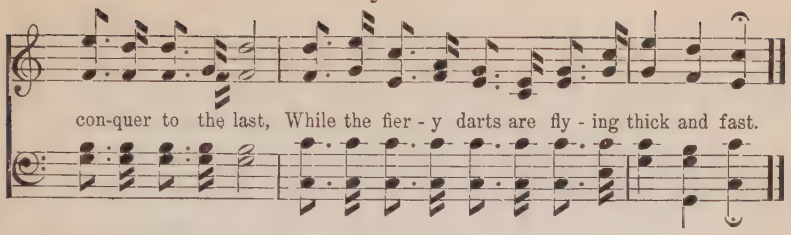
B. E. W. BLOOD. B. E. WARREN.



No. 188. Fiery Darts.

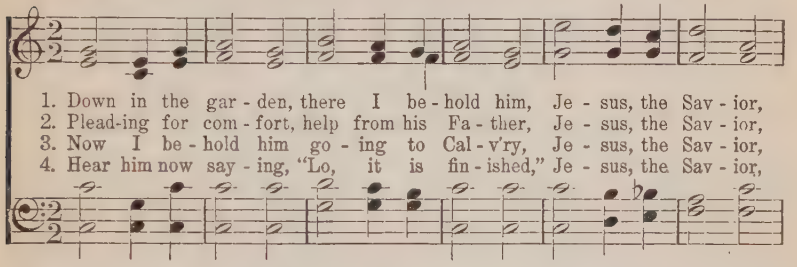
B. E. WARREN. **WARFARE—ASSURANCE.** S. S. PLANK.

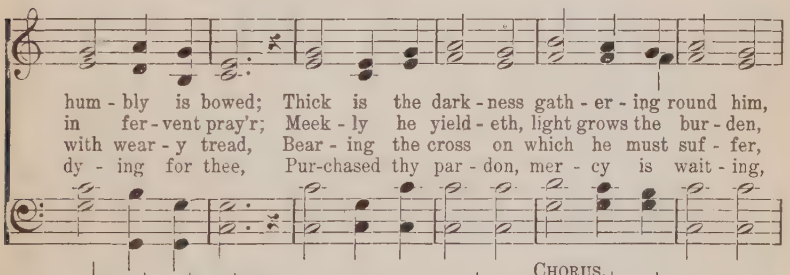


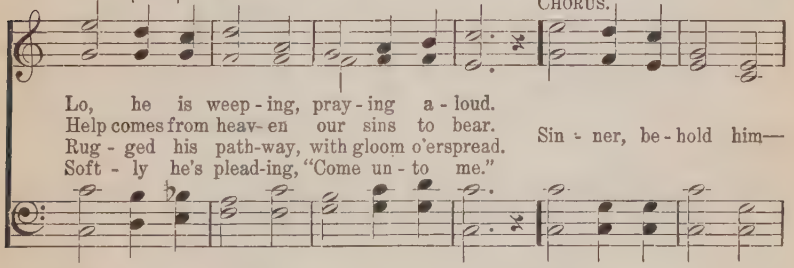


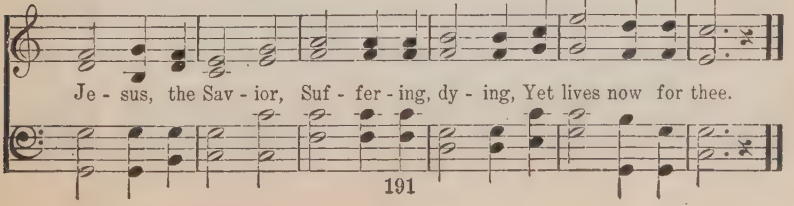
No. 189. Jesus, the Savior.

CLARA MCALISTER. ATONEMENT—CRUCIFIXION. B. E. WARREN.









No. 190. Morning Worship.

B. E. W. MORNING. B. E. WARREN.

1. In the dawning of the morning, How our hearts with prais-es swell,
2. As the si-lent shades of dark-ness Lift their veil from o'er the skies,
3. Start the wave of mu - sic roll - ing On the soft-ly float - ing breeze;

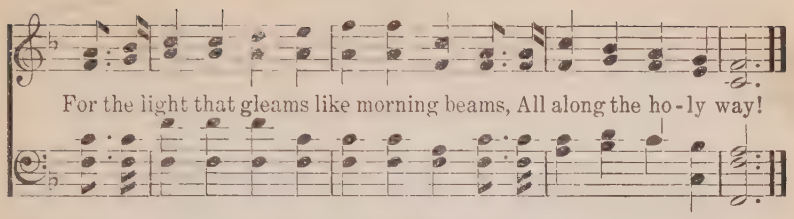
When we think of God's great goodness, Which we here with rapture tell.
See the orb of day, re - ful - gent In his glow-ing splendor, rise.
Join the feathered songsters' war - ble, As they sing a-mong the trees.

Oh, we love him and a - dore him—Worship him in song and pray'r,–
So our night of sin is o - ver, Past are all our mourning days:
Wake the song of in - spi - ra - tion, Ere we cross the vale of death;

As we hum-bly wait be - fore him, We his righteousness de - clare.
For the light of full sal - va - tion, Lord, ac-cept our grateful praise.
Laud his name in all cre - a - tion, Ev-'ry crea-ture hav-ing breath.

CHORUS.

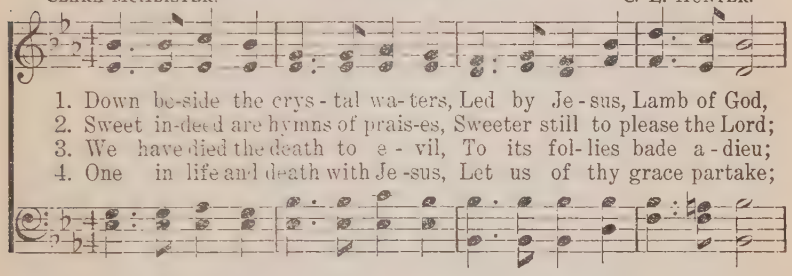
Oh, praise the Lord for his grace and truth, For the peace we have to-day,

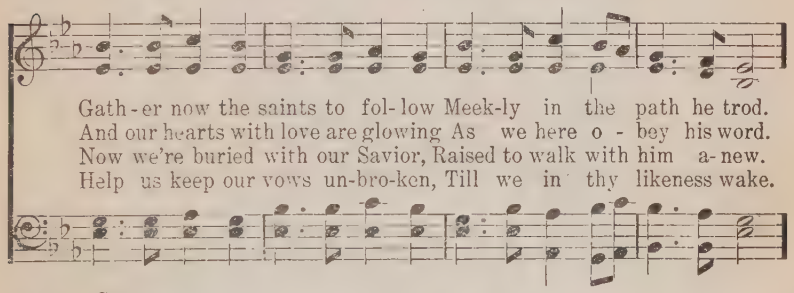


No. 191. Beneath the Wave.

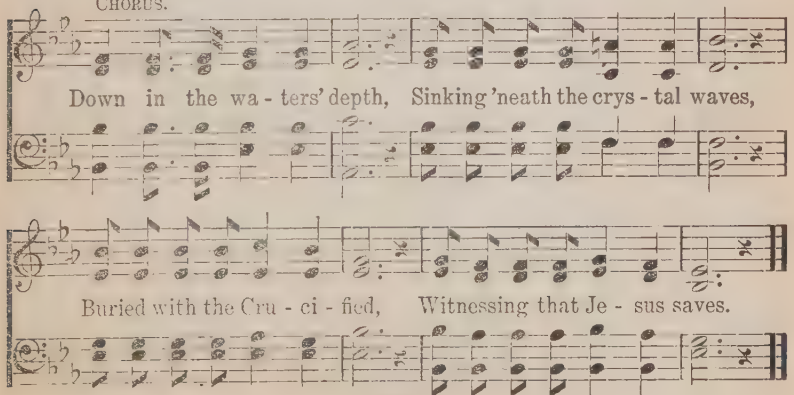
BAPTISM.

CLARA MCALISTER. C. E. HUNTER.





CHORUS.



No. 192. Forever Praise Him.

D. O. T. PRAISE. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. All who love our pre - cious Sav - ior, Tune your harps of praise;
2. Hap - py pil - grims, heirs of glo - ry, Let us praise the Lord;
3. Come, and let us praise Je - ho - vah, All ye ran - somed throng;

He with grace and lov - ing - kind - ness Crown- eth all our days.
By his Spir - it, he hath made us All of one ac - cord.
He re - joi - ces o'er his peo - ple With a joy - ful song.

Praise him for his truth e - ter - nal—Bless - ed gos - pel light;
Let us speak of all his good - ness Un - to us each hour;
Sound his praise in ev - 'ry na - tion, All his works pro - claim;

Lift the voice of glad re - joic - ing Morn - ing, noon and night.
Ho - ly an - gels, with us praise him For his might - y pow'r.
Then thro' heav - en's cease - less a - ges Praise his wondrous name.

CHORUS.

All ye free,..... his name a - dore,
Praise him, all ye free, and his name a - dore,

Copyright, 1906, by Nelson & Teasley.

Forever Praise Him.

Sound his prais - - - es o'er and o'er;
Praise him o'er and o'er, praise him o'er and o'er;

Here on earth..... and then a - bove,
Praise him on the earth, praise him then a - bove,

Sing of God's..... re-deem-ing love.
Sing re-deem-ing love, God's re-deem-ing love.

No. 193. Table Hymn.

(SESSIONS or any other long-meter tune may be used to these words.)

D. S. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY, Arr.

1. To God we hymn our grateful praise For blessings new that crown our days;
2. We thank thee, Lord, for food this hour, And praise thee for thy sav-ing pow'r;

'Tis from thy hand of love di-vine We feed once more these bod-ies, thine.
We eat and live to God a-lone, Who makes our hearts his blissful throne.

No. 194. Pray Till the Answer Comes.

PRAYER.

CLARA MCALISTER. B. E. WARREN.

1. If ye ask it shall be giv - en, Not one will Fa - ther turn a - way;
2. Come be - liev - ing, he will lis - ten, Although thy pray'r may seem de-nied;
3. Ja - cob wres-tled with the an - gel, Tho' long and wear - i - some the night,
4. Know, O soul, thy ear-nest plead-ing Is fall - ing on his list'ning ear.

Then, come and tell him all thy sor-rows, For he will hear you when you pray.
Then ask a-gain, as did the wom-an Who for her daughter to him cried.
Un - til his ur - gent plea was grant-ed; The answer came with morning light.
"Be-fore they call me I will an-swer, While yet they're speaking I will hear."

Tho' half un-spo - ken thy pe - ti - tion, Thy faith in him will bear it home;
Un-daunt-ed, when at first the Sav-ior Re - gard-ed not her art-less plea,
Fear not, tho' oft you wait in darkness, For you shall not be turned a-way;
Of all his good and gracious promise There hath not failed a sin - gle word;

With all thy heart be-lieve his prom-ise, And pray un - til the an-swer come.
She sought him long till he re - quit - ed Her faith and im - por - tu - ni - ty.
Keep praying, God will send the an-swer; 'Twill sure-ly come at break of day.
Thy God will sure - ly send the an-swer, For thy pe - ti - tion he hath heard.

Pray Till the Answer Comes.

CHORUS.

Pray in faith be - liev - ing, The prom - ise is your own (your own);

Faith will move the God of heav - en, He will send the an - swer down.

No. 195. Only Jesus Satisfies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLARA MCALISTER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. If on the top - most point Of hon - or's heights I stand, Or
2. If I could e - ven gain The world, with all it gives, And
3. If hu - man hands should wreathe Bright lau - rels for my brow, Their
4. Vain pleasure, pride, and gold, Naught in your stores I find But

to the sum - mit mount Of fame and glo - ry grand, My
still should not ob - tain The life the Chris - tian lives, What
prais - es, too, should breathe, Or at my feet should bow, My
fast de - cays to mold— All this I leave be - hind. In

soul were still un - sat - is - fied Till Je - sus' love in me a - bide.
prof - it should I then con - trol? I'd gain the world, but lose my soul.
va - cant heart would sigh un - til The Sav - ior came with grace to fill.
Je - sus there is all I need—Wealth, pleasure, and a Friend in - deed.

No. 196. We Reap as We Sow.

C. W. NAYLOR. SOWING. A. L. BYERS.

1. If we shall scat - ter tares in the fal - low, How shall we hope that they shall not grow? We can-not gath - er wheat for the gar - ner, flow - ers find room? If we are sow - ing ha - tred and mal - ice, care-less - ly cast Bringeth a har - vest, bit - ter with an - guish, nev - er to cease; Sow-ing in meek - ness un - to the Spir - it

2. Should we be sow - ing bri - ers and this - tles, Where would the grain and

3. As is the sow - ing, so is the reap - ing, Sin - ner, the seed you

4. Gen- tle- ness, kind- ness, pu - ri - ty, true- ness, Yield a rich fruit - age,

CHORUS.

If on - ly use-less weeds we shall sow.
We can-not pluck af-fec-tion's sweet bloom.
Sure will thy reap-ing be at the last.
Bringeth e - ter - nal bless-ings and peace.

Soon you shall gather

Soon you shall gath - er

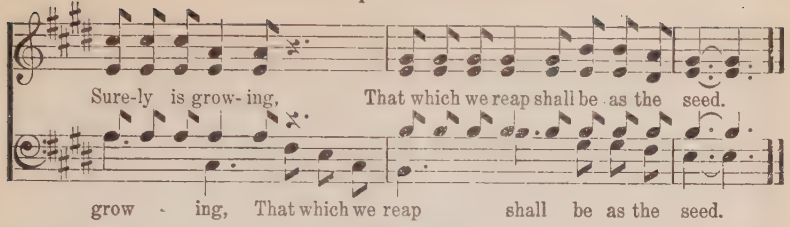
What you now scat - ter; Un - to your life give

What you now scat - ter; Un - to your life give

dil - i - gent heed: What we are sow - ing

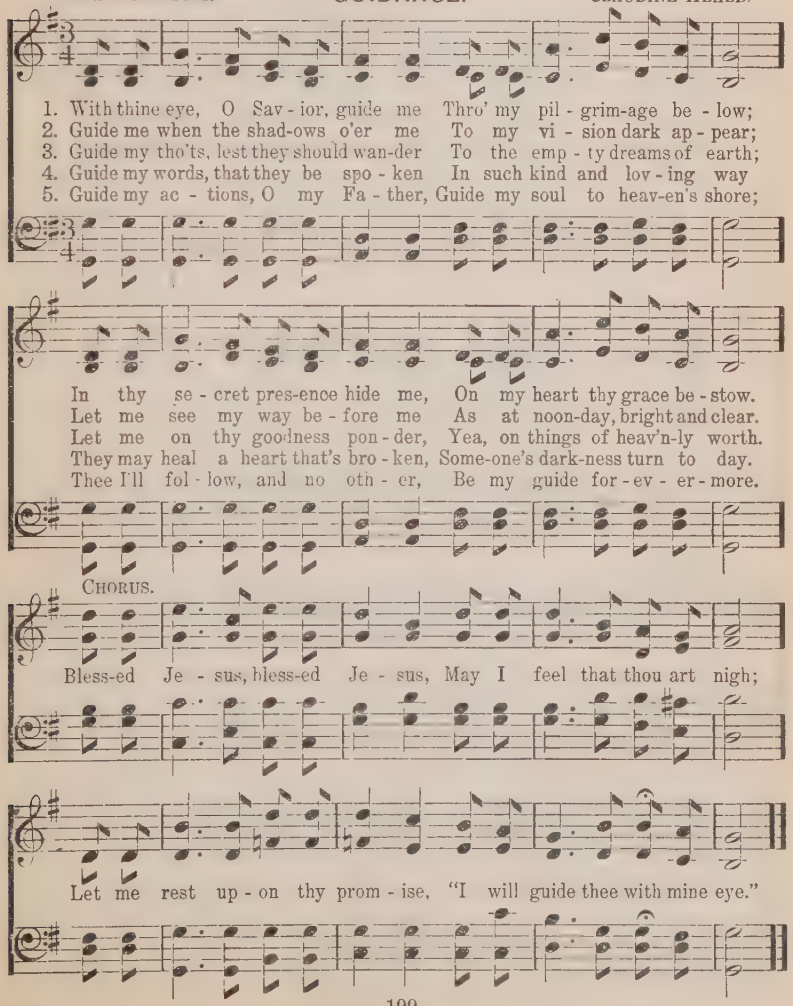
dil - i - gent heed: What we are sow - ing Sure - ly is

We Reap as We Sow.



No. 197. Guide Me.

CLARA MCALISTER. GUIDANCE. CLAUDINE HEALD.



No. 198. Hasten To-Day.

WORK.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. There's a heav - en to gain, There is tor-ment to shun, There are
2. Go and la - bor to - day, And no lon - ger re - fuse; Hear the
3. Broth-er, has - ten to - day, There is room for us all, There is

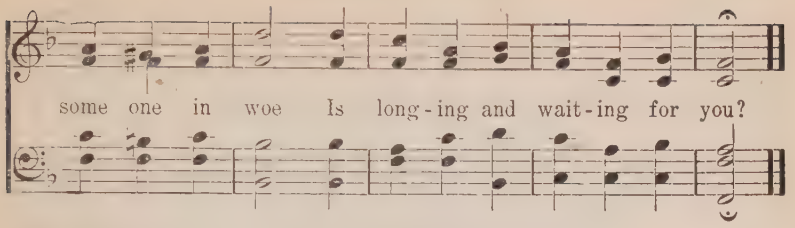
dan-gers in life to be braved; There's a foe to be fought, And a
call from the lips of your Lord. Brother, sis-ter, a - wake! There is
somewhere a soul you can win: Will you lon-ger de - lay? Hear the

prize to be won, There are souls to be lost or be saved.
no time to lose, For the mil-lions now wait for his Word.
pit - i - ful call Of the souls that are fet - tered in sin.

CHORUS.

Has - ten to - day, Will you lon - ger de - lay, While the

Mas - ter, so lov - ing and true, Is bid-ding you go, And



No. 199. Savior, I'm Coming.

REPENTANCE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Sav - ior, com - ing to thee, I would be thine own;
2. Sav - ior, hear thou my plea, Pained with sin and grief;
3. Sav - ior, let me not die Far from thy fold of love;

Thou on Cal - va - ry's tree Didst for me a - tone.
Oh, have mer - cy on me, Bring my heart re - lief.
Hear me while thou art nigh, Bring me home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Tho' I am guilt-y, I come to thee;
Sav-ior, I come, Sav-ior, I come,

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Cleanse me this moment and keep me free.
Sav-ior, I come, Sav-ior, I come,

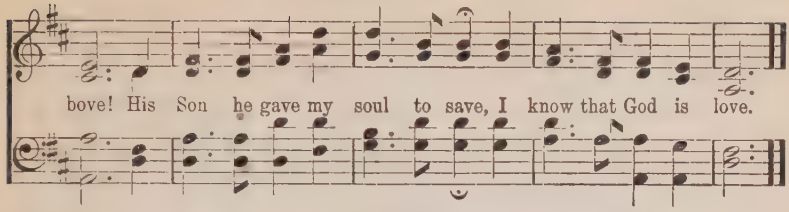
No. 200. Infinite Love.

LOVE.

CLARA MCALISTER. B. E. WARREN.

1. Our Fa - ther hath so loved us, He gave his on - ly Son To die for guilt - y sin-ners, To ran - som ev - 'ry one; Such love is more than hu - man, Com - pas - sion-ate, di - vine; Be - cause he died, I'm liv - ing, And heav-en's joy is mine. Oh, love, oh, love, That came from heav'n a-
2. He loved the lost one straying Up - on the mountains cold; Love sought me from the darkness, And bro't me to his fold. While feast - ing in his pres-ence His gra - ces rich I prove; He keeps his ban - ner o'er me—'Tis love, un-fail - ing love.
3. A moth-er's love is ten-der, It flow - eth warm and free: She may for- get her off-spring, But I'll re - mem-ber thee. His love, a bril - liant bea - con The a - ges can - not dim: Be - hold, with lov - ing kind-ness He draw-eth us to him!
4. Oh, pre-cious love of Je - sus! It melts the heart of stone, And molds it in his im - age, And binds it to his own. His love in us per- fect - ed, Will doubt and fear re-move; Put on, O ho - ly breth-ren, This bond of per-fect love. Oh, love, oh, love,

CHORUS.

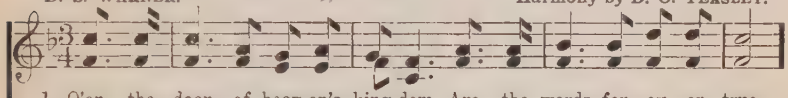


No. 201. Knock and It Shall be Opened.

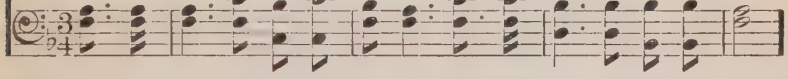
INVITATION.

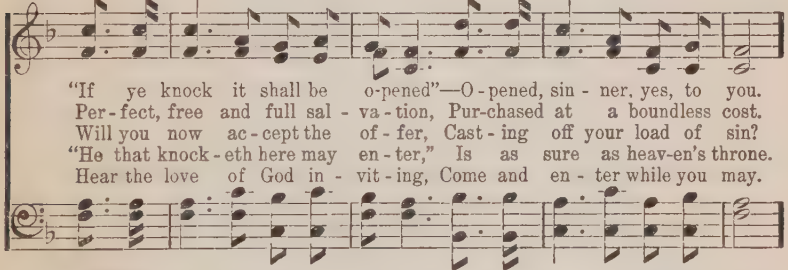
D. S. WARNER.

Air by IRENE HOWARD.
Harmony by D. O. TEASLEY.



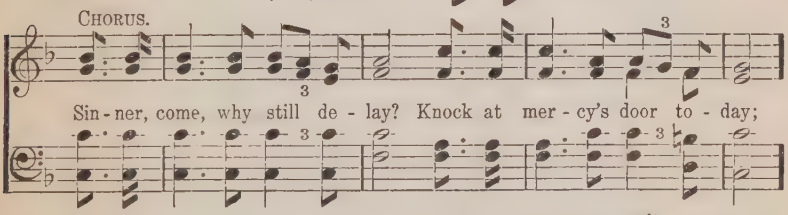
1. O'er the door of heav-en's king-dom Are the words for - ev - er true,
2. Oh, how kind this proc - la - ma - tion To the vil - est sin - ner lost—
3. See the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion: "He that knocks may en - ter in."
4. Have you long with-stood his mer - cy? Has your heart un - feel - ing grown?
5. Come, poor sin - ner, read the writ - ing, Knock at mer - cy's door to - day;



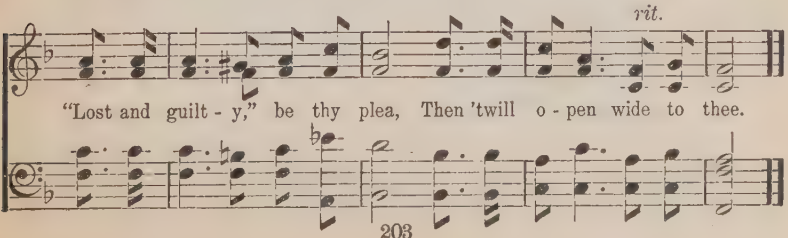


"If ye knock it shall be o - pened"—O - pened, sin - ner, yes, to you.
Per - fect, free and full sal - va - tion, Pur - chased at a boundless cost.
Will you now ac - cept the of - fer, Cast - ing off your load of sin?
"He that knock - eth here may en - ter," Is as sure as heav - en's throne.
Hear the love of God in - vit - ing, Come and en - ter while you may.

CHORUS.



Sin - ner, come, why still de - lay? Knock at mer - cy's door to - day;



"Lost and guilt - y," be thy plea, Then 'twill o - pen wide to thee.

No. 202. The Promise is for Me.

ASSURANCE.

C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.

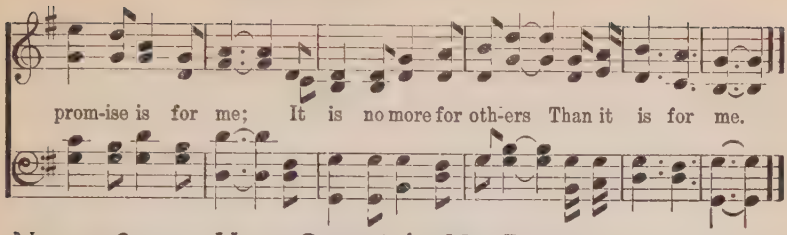
1. I used to hear the prom-ise, That Christ would save from sin, And bring his
2. I knew that Christ had purchased Sal-va-tion full and free, And willed that
3. I mar-veled when an-oth-er Would shrink before the foe— Why should he
4. How long have I been cheated! But now I claim my right To have what

love un-bound-ed Where e-vil long had been. I did not doubt that
all his peo-ple Should be as pure as he. And tho' I asked for
not to bat-tle With cour-age bold-ly go? But if my spir-it
has been promised, And Sa-tan put to flight. In Je-sus' name I'll

oth-ers This bless-ed-ness could see, But long my heart had questioned
clean-sing When-ev-er I would pray, I dared not claim his prom-ise
fal-tered When e-vil hosts were nigh, What more could be ex-pect-ed
con-quer, My heart shall be as snow; For what he does for oth-ers,

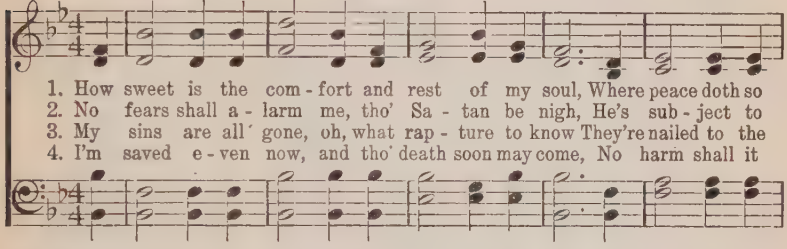
CHORUS.

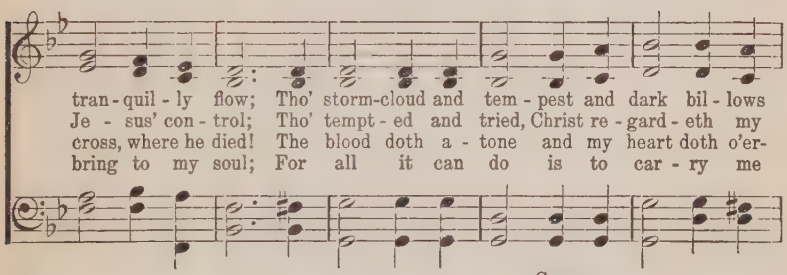
That the promise was for me. But now.... I see..... The
To purge my dross a-way.
Of one so weak as I?
He will do for me, I know. But now I clear-ly see

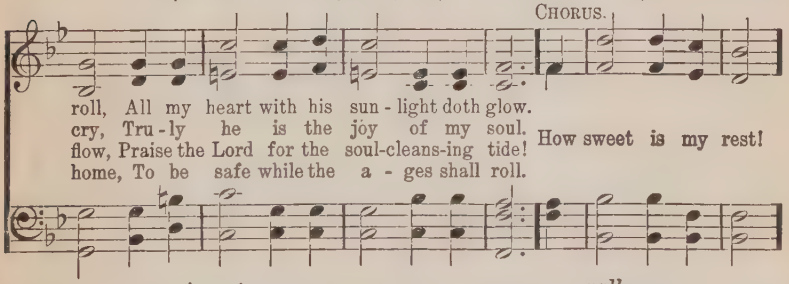


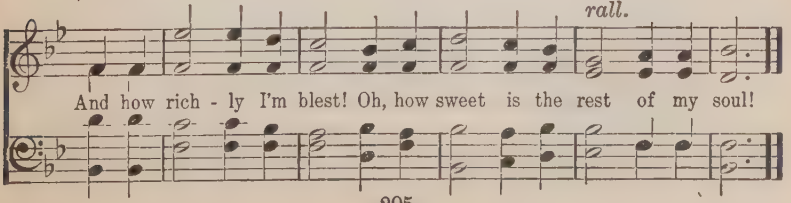
No. 203. How Sweet is My Rest!

B. E. WARREN. REST. A. L. BYERS.









No. 204. If You Would Be a Pillar.

EXHORTATION.

W. J. HENRY. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. If you would be a pil - lar in the church of God You must
2. If you would be a pil - lar in the church of God You must
3. If you would be a pil - lar in the church of God You must

o - ver-come the world, You must o - ver-come the world; Die to
tri - umph o - ver sin, You must tri - umph o - ver sin, And be
con - quer in his name, You must con - quer in his name; Take the

fame and rep - u - ta - tion, take the path that Je - sus trod,
cleansed from ev - 'ry e - vil thro' the Sav - ior's pre-cious blood,
ho - ly Bi - ble way and live be - neath the cleans-ing flood,

If you would be a pil - lar in the church of God.

CHORUS.

He that o - ver- com-eth shall be clothed in white, And shall eat the hid-den

If You Would Be a Pillar.

man-na in the realms of light, Reign on earth as king with Je - sus, in the

word we're told, And in heav-en shall for - ev - er walk the streets of gold.

No. 205. A Child of God.

B. E. W. EXPERIENCE—PRAISE. B. E. WARREN.

1. Praise the Lord! my heart with his love is beam-ing, I am a child of God;
2. Let the saints re-joice with my raptured spir - it, I am a child of God;
3. Let a ho - ly life tell the gos-pel sto - ry, I am a child of God;
4. Saved from sin to - day, ev - 'ry band is riv - en, I am a child of God;

S *Fine.*

Heav-en's gold-en light o - ver me is streaming, I am a child of God.
I will tes - ti - fy, that the world may hear it, I am a child of God.
How he fills the soul with his grace and glo - ry, I am a child of God.
Thro' the tests of life I have peace from heaven, I am a child of God.

D. S.—*I have washed my robes in the cleansing fountain, I am a child of God.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I am a child of God,..... I am a child of God;....
I am a child, a child of God, I am a child, a child of God;

No. 206. More Than a Conqueror.

D. O. T. VICTORY. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. More than a con - quer - or, Thro' the might - y God, More than a
2. More than a con - quer - or By the liv - ing Lord, More than a
3. More than a con - quer - or In the bat - tle's din, More than a
4. More than a con - quer - or, While I live be - low, More than a

con - quer - or, By the cleansing blood; More than a con - quer - or,
con - quer - or, Stand - ing on his Word; More than a con - quer - or,
con - quer - or O - ver ev - 'ry sin; More than a con - quer - or,
con - quer - or O - ver ev - 'ry foe; More than a con - quer - or,

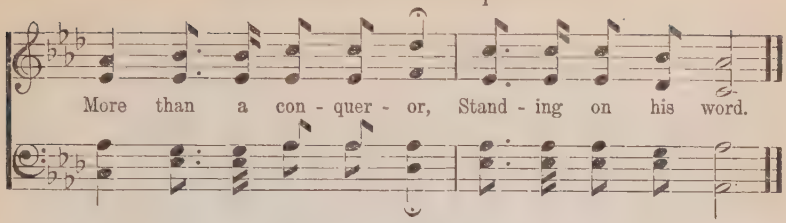
Walk - ing in the light, More than a con-quer-or, Reign - ing day and night.
Hap - py on the way, More than a con-quer-or, Till my dy - ing day.
At the trumpet call, More than a con-quer-or, Vic - tor o - ver all.
Ev - er shall I be, More than a con-quer-or, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

More, more, more, More than con - quer-or,
More than a con-quer-or, more, yes, more, More, yes, more than conqueror,

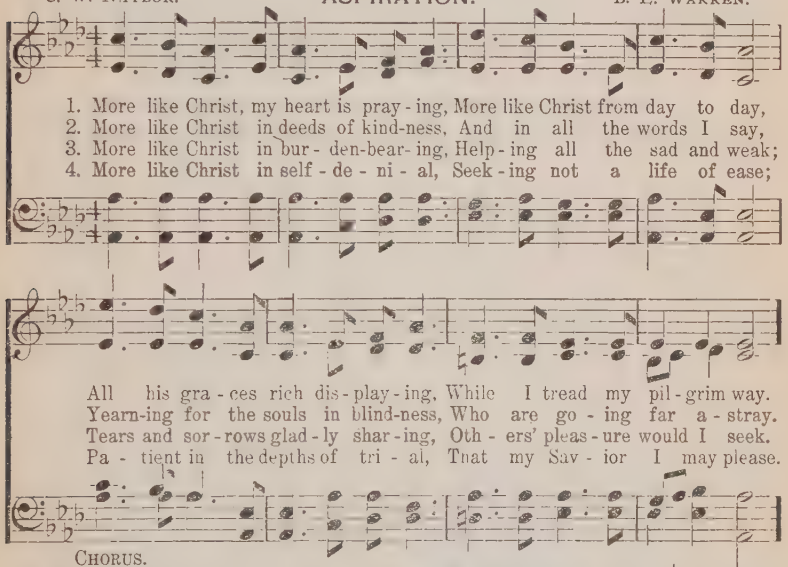
Thro' my Lord; More, more, more,
More than vic- tor thro' my Lord; More than a con - quer-or, more, yes, more,

More Than a Conqueror.

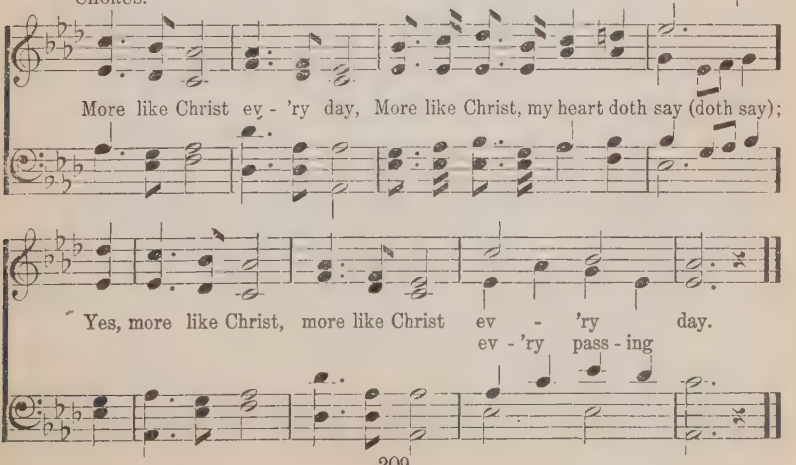


No. 207. More Like Christ.

C. W. NAYLOR. ASPIRATION. B. E. WARREN.



CHORUS.



No. 208. What I've Found in Jesus.

EXPERIENCE.

OTTO BOLDS. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. In the arms of my dear Sav - ior I am rest - ing ev - 'ry day,
2. Once I roamed in sin - ful dark-ness, O - ver moun-tain, hill and plain,
3. Long in sin I sought for pleas-ure, Something that would sat - is - fy,
4. I am dwell- ing in that king-dom, Where the day is al- ways bright,

And his smiles like sun- beams fall up - on my face; I am
Seek - ing ev - 'ry- where for rest and find - ing none; Yes, my
Some-thing that would quench the thirst-ing of my soul; But I
And the spark - ling wa - ters of life's riv - er gleam, Where the

stand-ing on his prom- ise, Where I shall for - ev - er stay, And my
search for sat - is - fac - tion While in sin was all in vain, But I've
found that sin's do - min - ion, Naught I need - ed could sup - ply, Then I
gloom- y shades of dark- ness Are dis- pelled by heav- en's light; And I'm

CHORUS.

heart is o - ver-flow-ing with his grace. I am filled ..... with grace and
found it in God's well-be- lov - ed Son.
turned to Je - sus and he made me whole.
ev - er drink-ing of that liv-ing stream. I am filled with grace and glory, I am

What I've Found in Jesus.

glo - - ry, And in Je - sus I a - bide;
filled with grace and glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Since my soul is sat - is - fied.

No. 209. In Holy Awe.

WORSHIP.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Oh, let thy fear be on my heart, Be - fore mine eyes thy law;
2. I would not have one sin - gle tho't That would dis- hon - or thee;
3. In ev - 'ry act of life on earth I would thy name re - vere,
4. So close-ly to thy bos- om pressed, With arms of mer - cy great,

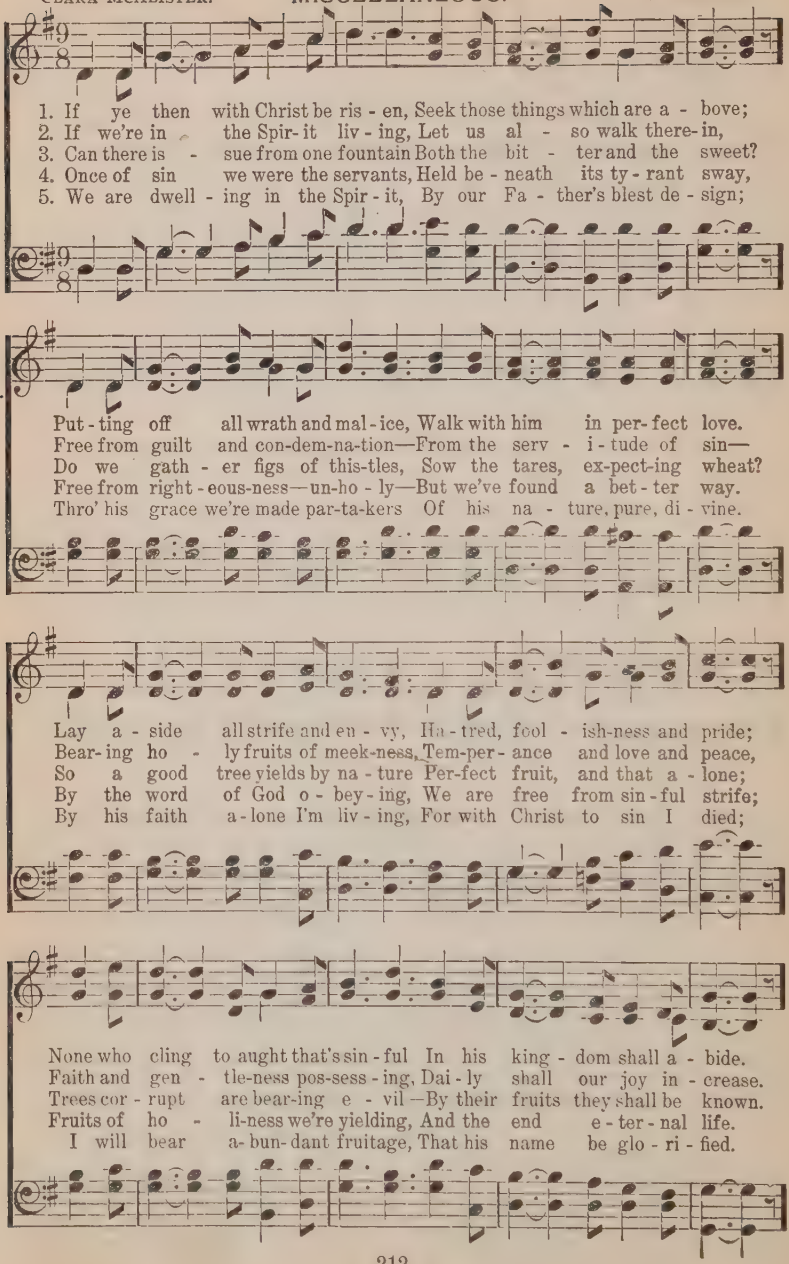
That I may dwell, and nev - er part, With thee in ho - ly awe.
Or hide thy rich - est boun-ties, bro't So free - ly un - to me.
And prove thy love of great-er worth Than dear-est treas-ures here.
Se - rene and peace-ful is my rest— Oh, bless-ed, bless - ed state!

REFRAIN.

We fear thee, Lord, re - vere thy Word, And sit in ho - ly awe.

No. 210. Fruit-Bearing.

CLARA MCALISTER. MISCELLANEOUS. B. E. WARREN.



CHORUS.

I am the Vine, ... I am the
Yes, I am the Vine,

rit.

Vine,..... Ye are the fruit-ful branch - es.
Yes, I am the Vine,

No. 211. Washed Whiter Than the Snow.

Words and Air by W. J. HENRY. **CLEANSING.** Harmony by B. E. W.

1. Out on sin's dark mountain, Lost in bit - ter woe, Jesus found and washed me
2. Once my robes were scarlet, Red with crimson glow; Now, like Christ's, they're spotless,
3. Now His presence guides me Ev-'ry-where I go, And his grace still keeps me
4. Sin - ner, why re-ject him? Hard-er still you grow; Come, and let him wash you

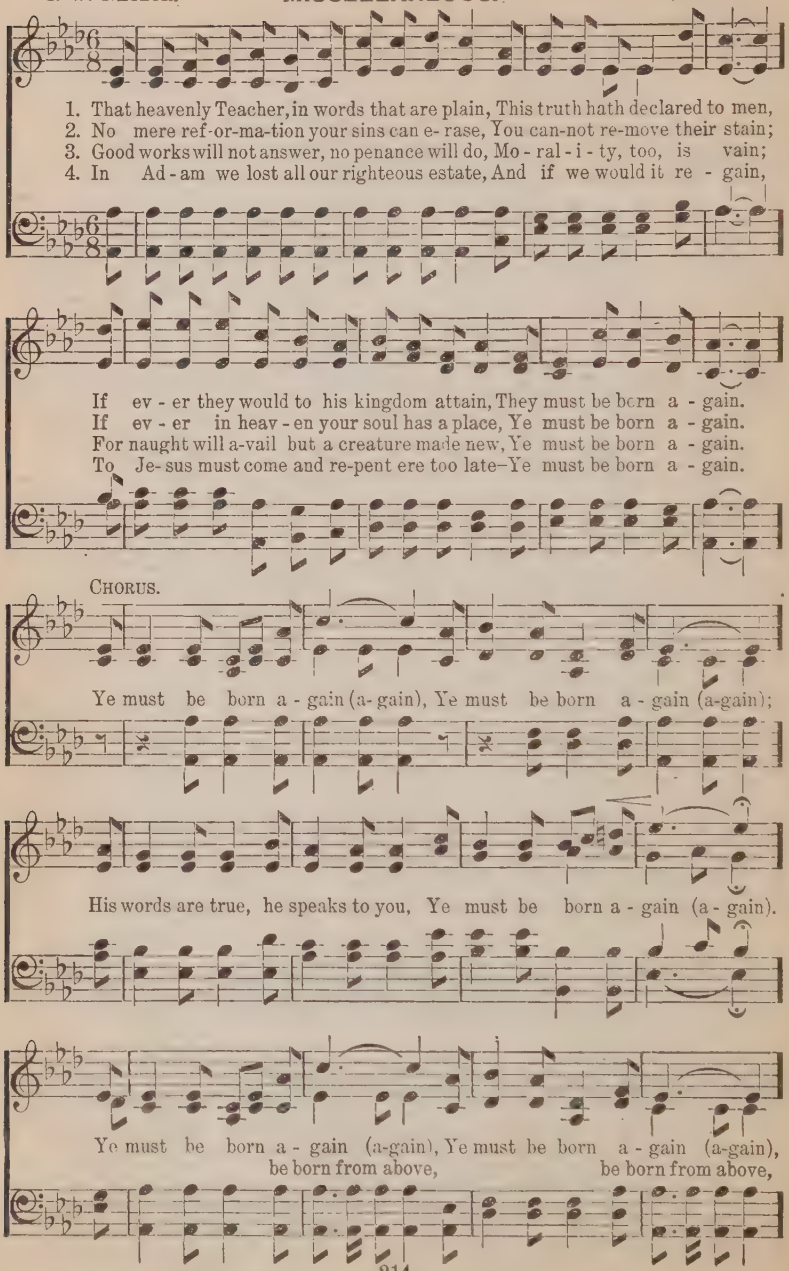
CHORUS.

Whit- er than the snow. Whit - er than snow,..... Whit-
Whit-er, I'm whiter, yes, whiter than snow, Whiter, I'm

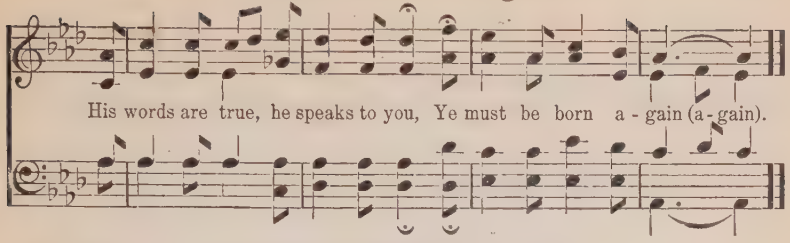
er than snow;..... Je- sus found and washed me Whiter than the snow.
whiter, yes, whiter than snow;

No. 212. Ye Must be Born Again.

C. W. NAYLOR. MISCELLANEOUS. A. L. BYERS.

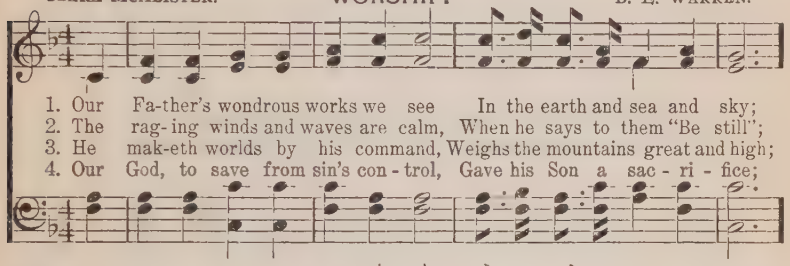


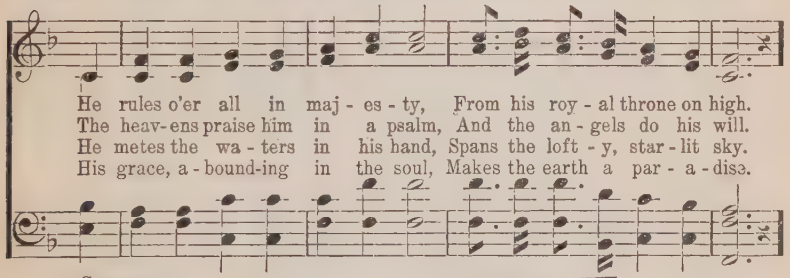
Ye Must be Born Again.



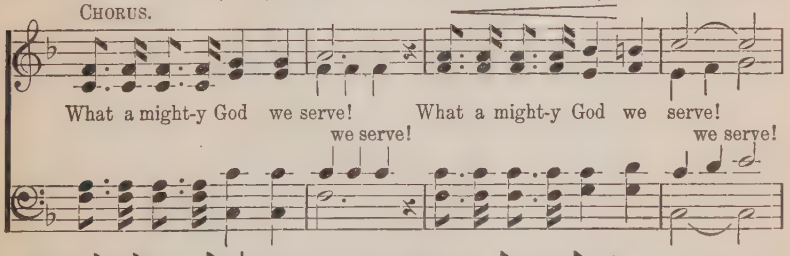
No. 213. What a Mighty God!

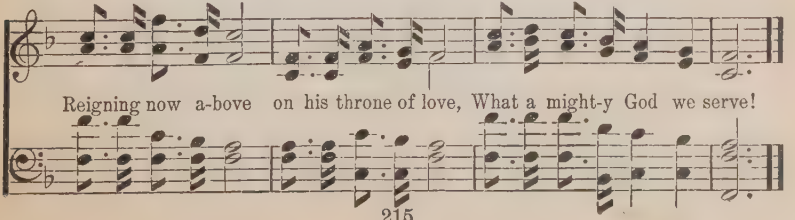
CLARA MCALISTER. WORSHIP. B. E. WARREN.





CHORUS.





No. 214. The Inward Foe Destroyed.

SANCTIFICATION.

C. W. NAYLOR. D. O. TEASLEY.

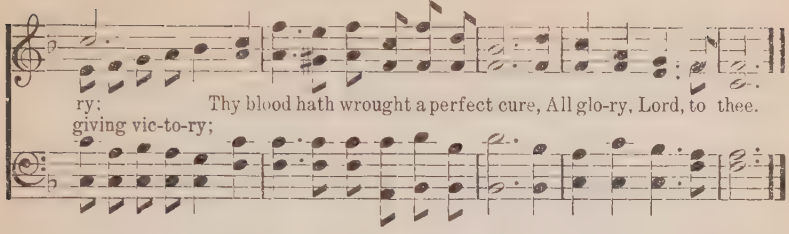
1. Tho' Christ had borne my load of sin, I found a stubborn foe with-
2. It tried to turn me to the wrong, Op-posed all good, re-sist-ed
3. That in-ward foe had much an-noyed, But now, praise God, it is de-
4. So now his pres-ence all the time Doth fill my heart with peace sub-
5. Tho' Sa-tan rag-es all a-round, There's noth-ing in my bos-om of sin,

in That sought to o-ver-throw: A-gainst its blighting pow'r I fought,
strong, When I would do a-right: And yet thro' grace and pow'r di-vine,
stroyed, My soul in Christ is free: No more could I the strife en-dure;
lime— A peace un-known be-fore: O Lord, by thy di-vine be-quest
found To hin-der or an-noy; But grace and glo-ry from a-bove, I fought,

And free-dom from its pres-ence sought, I want-ed peace to know.
The vic-to-ry of faith was mine, Tho' ter-ri-ble the fight.
The blood then wrought a per-fect cure, All glo-ry, Lord, to thee.
I now have per-fect in-ward rest, Sweet rest for-ev-er-more.
Re-veal-ing Fa-ther's wondrous love, A source of con-stant joy.

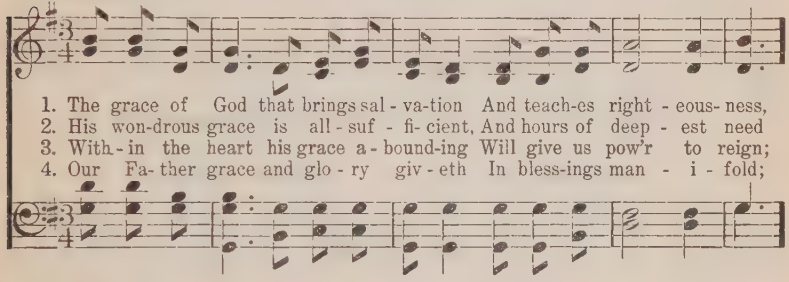
CHORUS.

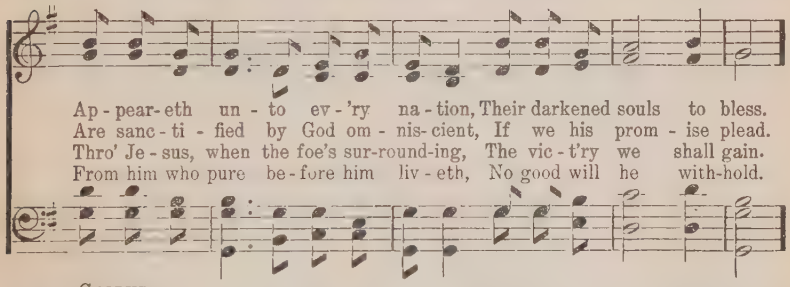
All glo-ry, Lord, to thee, For giv-ing vic-to-
All glory, Lord, to thee, all glory, Lord, to thee, For giv-ing vic-to-ry, for



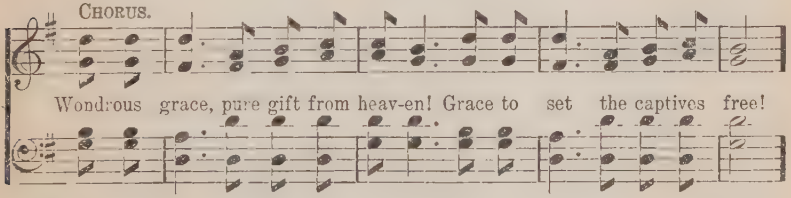
No. 215. The Grace of God.

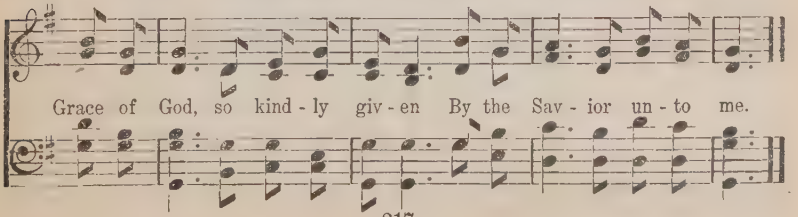
CLARA MCALISTER. GRACE. B. E. WARREN.





CHORUS.





No. 216. The Lord is My Shepherd.

D. S. WARNER. MISCELLANEOUS. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. We'll fol - low the Lord all the way (all the way), And close to our
2. The sheep of his pas - ture are one (all are one), Yea, one as the
3. There's joy in the fold of the Lord (of the Lord), We walk in the
4. By riv - ers of peace we are led (we are led), In pas - tures of

Shepherd we'll stay: How bless - ed to know as we jour - ney be - low,
Fa - ther and Son; They're all of one mind, as their Shepherd de-signed,
light of his word; We love to o - bey all the Sav - ior doth say,
love we are fed; We ev - er re - joice at the sound of his voice,

CHORUS.

He's with us by night and by day! We will fol - low, ev - er
They fol - low and serve him a - lone.
Thus liv - ing in ho - ly ac - cord.
Re-deemed by the blood he has shed. Fol-low on,

fol - low In the foot - steps of the Sav - ior; We will
fol - low on, In Je - sus' steps, the Sav - ior's steps;

fol - low, ev - er fol- low In his path-way bright and clear.
Fol - low on, we'll fol - low on,

No. 217. Faith Will Conquer.

CLARA MCALISTER. FAITH. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. Do you sigh for vic - to - ry? And from bondage to be free?
2. Comes the tempt-er like a flood? If you're washed in Je - sus' blood,
3. Changeless is God's word to - day, Then be - lieve it when you pray;
4. Just the pow'r of faith a - lone Mov - eth God up - on his throne.
5. Fier - y darts at thee are hurled, Let thy ban - ner ne'er be furled;

Sa - tan tries thee sore-ly, Casts op-pres - sion o'er thee; Bold - ly lift the
Lift the standard high-er, Vic - t'ry draw- eth nigh- er, O - ver-come the
Since it has been spo-ken, Ere it should be bro- ken, Earth and heav - en,
Take its shield for - ev - er, Doubt-ing nev - er, nev - er; With thy heart be-
Keep it bold - ly fly - ing, Sa - tan's hosts de - fy - ing; Faith in God a-

CHORUS.

shield of faith and he will flee. Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
dev - il by your faith in God.
Je - sus said, would pass a - way.
liev - ing cry, "It shall be done."
lone will o - ver-come the world. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!

Shines up-on our banner which in tri-umph is unfurled: Trust in God se-cure-ly,

Let his word as-sure thee; Faith is the vic - to - ry that conquers the world.

No. 218. Nearer the Lord.

CLARA MCALISTER. KEEPING—COMFORT. C. E. HUNTER.

1. The Lord is my light and the strength of my life, Then of whom shall I be a - fraid? He hid - eth my soul from the troub-les that roll, In the cleft in the rock he has made.
2. There's One who will help in the mo-ment of need, When my heart filled with grief o'er-flows; My Je - sus is near and he sees ev - 'ry tear, Yea, he shares all my sor - rows and woes.
3. He giv - eth his an - gels the charge of my soul, So that none of my steps shall slide; His prom-ise is sure, he will keep me se-cure, Tho' a thou - sand should fall by my side.
4. I ev - er would dwell in the tem - ple of God, Where his gra - ces so rich un - fold; Con - tent - ed to fill just the low - li - est place, That his beau - ty my eyes may be - hold.

CHORUS.

Then near - er, my Sav - ior, to thee would I come, Thou know-est the way that I take; Oh, lead me to glo - ry—there is my home—With an - gels thy praise to a - wake.

No. 219. The Shadow of His Wings.

B. E. W. REFUGE—SAFETY. B. E. WARREN.

1. In the shad-ow of his wings Doth my heart re-joice, There in
2. In the shad-ow of his wings How se-cure I feel; He doth
3. In the shad-ow of his wings I shall fear no ill, While my
4. In the shad-ow of his wings I am pure and free; Oh, what

hap-pi-ness it sings, Je-sus is my choice. I am sheltered from the storm,
man-y hid-den things To my soul re-veal: Since he cares for me, I know
spir-it to him clings, And I do his will. Peace a-bid-eth, joy un-told,
hap-pi-ness it brings, When he smiles on me! I have found the source of bliss,

I am safe from ev-'ry harm, While I'm in the shad-ow of his wings.
All my life to him I owe, I am in the shad-ow of his wings.
Since my care on him is rolled—Now I'm in the shad-ow of his wings.
Ev-er-last-ing righteousness, While I'm in the shad-ow of his wings.

CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of his wings, In the shad-ow of his wings, There I sweetly rest;

In the shad-ow of his wings, In the shad-ow of his wings, How my soul is blest!

No. 220. I Am the Lord's.

ASSURANCE—COMFORT.

C. W. NAYLOR. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Wheth-er I live or die, Wheth-er I wake or sleep,
2. When with a - bun-dant store, Or in deep pov - er - ty,
3. When I am safe at home, Or in a for - eign land,
4. Noth-ing shall sep - a - rate From his un - bound-ed love

Whether up - on the land, Or on the storm-y deep,
When all the world may smile, Or it may frown on me;
When on an ice - bound shore, Or on a sun - lit strand;
Nei - ther in depths be - low, Nor in the heights a - bove:

When 'tis se - rene and calm, Or when the wild winds blow,
When it shall help me on, Or shall ob - struct my way,
When on the mountain height, Or in the val - ley low,
And in the years to come, He will a - bide with me;

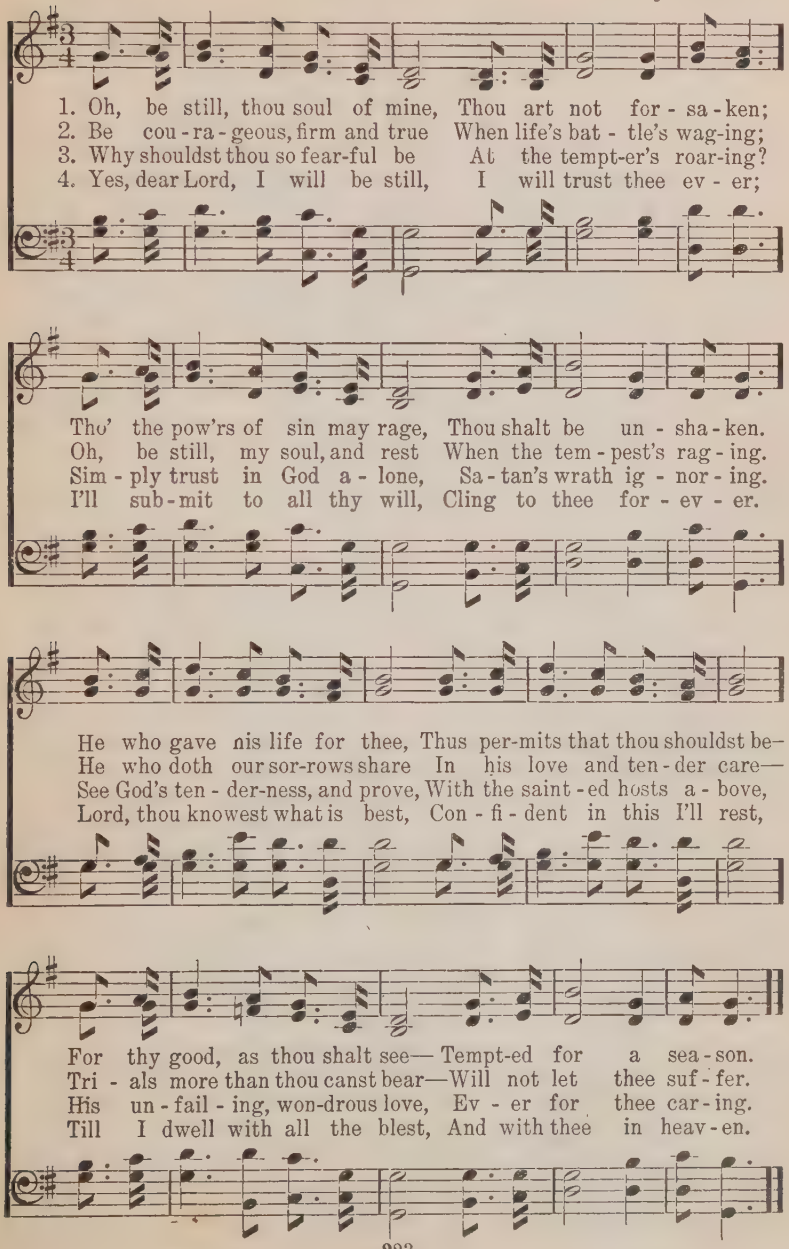
rit.

I shall not be a - fraid— I am the Lord's, I know.
Still shall my heart re - joice— I am the Lord's to - day.
Still doth he care for me— I am the Lord's, I know.
I am the Lord's in - deed, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 221. Be Still.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Wm. Ebel. P. J. Goerz. Har. H. J. K. Goerz.



No. 222. Holy is the Lord.

C. W. NAYLOR. WORSHIP. B. E. WARREN.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord Al-might-y, Mon-arch of heav - en,
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly is his hab - i - ta - tion, That which de-fil - eth,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly are the hosts that serve him, His laws o - bey - ing,
4. In his won-drous maj-es - ty he reign-eth, An - gels a - dore him,

to him be giv - en Glo - ry in the high-est, praise for-ev - er-more.
he that re - vil - eth, Nev-er shall be a - ble there to en - ter in.
their trophies lay-ing At his blessed feet a sac - ri - fice of love.
fear ye be-fore him, Bring a worthy trib - ute to his matchless name.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y,

We must be like him, We must be like him, Saith the Lord:
Saith the ho - ly Lord:

We must be like him, We must be like him,–Ho- ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.

No. 223. Our Example.

CLARA MCALISTER. LOYALTY. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Je - sus left a home of dazzling splendor For this sinful world, with
2. Je - sus lived a life of self-de - ni - al, With his vis-age marred by
3. If like Paul we're cast in - to the pris - on, Or thro' burning fier-y
4. Would we be dis - ci - ples of the Mas-ter, And the splendor of his

sor - row dim, Hum - bly fill - ing the place of a serv - ant,
grief and woe, But now sits in the throne with the Fa - ther,
flames should go, Can we glo - ry in such per - se - cu - tion—
man - sion share, We must glad - ly en-dure trib - u - la - tion,

CHORUS.

And he calls us all to fol - low him.
An ex - am-ple leaves us here be - low.
Bear the im-age of our Lord be - low?
Then a crown in heav-en we shall wear.

Je-sus, we will fol - low

in thy footprints, Share thy suf-fer-ing and shame and loss: For the

glo-ry that is set be- fore us, We will triumph in the Savior's cross.

No. 224. Every Hour of the Passing Day.

D. O. T. WORK—SUPPLICATION. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Ev-'ry hour of the pass-ing day, Let me la - bor, Lord, for thee;
2. Ev-'ry hour of the pass-ing day, Let me sow some pre-cious seed;
3. Ev-'ry hour of the pass-ing day, Let me breathe thy name in pray'r;
4. Ev-'ry hour of the pass-ing day, Let me drink at the fountain deep,

While one soul in the darkness roams, Let me nev - er i - dle be.
Lift some load from a fainting soul, Help some suf-f'ring one in need.
Trust - ing in thy grace di-vine, Let me in thy glo - ry share.
Drink from that ex - haust-less stream, Grace and pow'r my soul to keep.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry hour,..... ev - 'ry day,.....
Yes, ev - 'ry hour, yes, ev - 'ry day,

Let me do some deed of love; Ev - 'ry hour,.....
Yes, ev - 'ry hour,

ev - 'ry day,..... Point some soul to the world a- bove.
yes, ev - 'ry day,

No. 225. Beyond the Shadows.

C. W. NAYLOR. ANTICIPATION. B. E. WARREN.

Not too fast.

1. Just beyond where the shadows are fall - ing Is a bright summer land ev - er fair; With the brilliance of day it is glow - ing,
2. I'll not fear when I pass thro' the val - ley, Tho' en-compassed by shad-ows of night; For I know that beyond it is shin - ing
3. With his rod and his staff he will com- fort, When ob-scured is the light of the day; If I trust in the word of his prom - ise,
4. Shall we weep when we know the de-part - ed, With their toils and their cares now are done, And the bliss of e - ter - ni- ty's a - ges,

CHORUS.

And the night nev-er falls o - ver there.
An e - ter - nal and glo - ri- ous light. The beau-ti - ful light is
With his hand he will guide all the way.
In the pres-ence of God is be - gun?

shining so clear, Where darkness can nev-er come; Soon we shall have passed the shad-ow - y vale, And an-chored in peace at home.

No. 226. I Need Thee, Lord.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISABEL C BYRUM. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. In all the way thro' earth I take, I need thee, Lord, I need thee:
2. When tempted by Sa - tan - ic pow'r I need thee, Lord, I need thee:
3. When thou art nigh, how calm my heart! I need thee, Lord, I need thee:

To teach me how to think and speak I need thee, Lord, I need thee.
To help me thro' the try - ing hour I need thee, Lord, I need thee.
For thou dost sor - row bid de - part, I need thee, Lord, I need thee.

To lead me in the path of right, To help me put the foe to flight,
I need thy strength and grace divine; No love can comfort, Lord, like thine,
Oh, stay with me, my Lord, I pray, And let me share thy love each day;

To lead me

And al - ways keep my ar - mor bright, I need thee, Lord, I need thee.
No oth - er doth my heart en- twine, I need thee, Lord, I need thee.
From thy dear side I'll nev - er stray, I need thee, Lord, I need thee.

No. 227. All the Way.

LOYALTY.

C. M. CLARA MCALISTER.

1. Within my heart were fond am - bi-tion, Vain pride and hopes of worldly fame;
2. He led me thro' the verdant val-leys, Where flowers bloomed by waters fair;
3. And then the furnace door was o-pened: With - in its fier-y walls enclosed,
4. I stood all read-y for his serv-ice, With gold re-fined and dross re-moved;

But still remained a place so va - cant, Un - filled by highest earthly aim.
The sunbeams' glory showered o'er me, And fra - grant odors filled the air.
The Son of God was still be-side me, Up - on his bos- om I re-posed.
The flames had left my soul un-in-jured, But they my faithfulness had proved.

Then Jesus reached his hand to help me—"Come, seek my love," I heard him say;
Then thro' the shadowed vale I followed, Where entered not a bril-liant ray:
When in my heart he saw re - flect- ed His im-age pure—as bright as day—
In dis-mal night or brightest noonday, If thou wilt near me ev - er stay,

I quick - ly left the world be-hind me, To fol - low Je - sus all the way.
I felt his touch, tho' could not see him, Then whispered soft-ly, "All the way."
He led me forth with joy a-bound-ing; A - gain I whispered, "All the way."
Where'er thou leadest me, O Sav - ior, I'll meek - ly fol - low all the way.

No. 228. The Lord is King.

C. W. NAYLOR. WORSHIP. B. E. WARREN.

slower.

The Lord is King, the Lord is King, The Lord is

1. Let na-tions bow be-fore him, Let
King for - ev - er - more. 2. All pow'r in earth and heav-en To
3. From pole to pole un-ceas-ing, Shall

all the world a-dore him, Their homage bring. Let ev-'ry tongue pro-
him is full-y giv-en. He reigns o'er all; His might shall nev-er
rise the strains, increasing Till earth shall ring; And thro' his vast do-

Let

claim The won-ders of his name, His prais-es sing.
fail, His kingdom shall pre-vail, Nor ev-er fall.
main Shall all things sound the strain, The Lord is King.

ev'ry tongue proclaim

CHORUS.

Let all the earth be filled with his glo-ry, Our ris-en Lord is King.

No. 229. Only an Earthen Vessel.

C. W. Naylor. MISCELLANEOUS. A. L. Byers.

Not too fast.

1. I am on - ly an earth - en ves - sel, That Je - sus may
2. I am on - ly an earth - en ves - sel, But cleansed by the
3. I am on - ly an earth - en ves - sel, All ex-cel-lence
4. I am on - ly an earth - en ves - sel, The gra- ces with-

use as he will, Whether much I may do in his vine - yard,
Master's dear hand; He hath placed me just where he would have me,
is of the Lord; For a - lone I am worthless and emp - ty,
in are not mine; For the love and the pow-er and glo - ry

Chorus.

Or small be the place that I fill.
And read - y for serv-ice I stand.
And noth-ing of prof - it af - ford.
Be - long to the Sav- ior di - vine.

I am on - ly an earth-en

ves - sel, But Je - sus has pleasure in me; While I glad - ly sub-

rall.

mit to his pur - pose, A ves - sel to hon-or I'll be.

No. 230. Thy Children are Gathering Home.

C. W. N. GATHERING. C. W. NAYLOR.

1. Long scat-tered thy chil-dren, O Zi - on, have been, But now they are
2. False shep-herds di - vid - ed and scat-tered the flock, And hire-lings ruled
3. To u - ni - ty, glo - ri - ous, rich and com-plete, One faith and one
4. Sec - ta - ri - an walls shall no lon - ger di - vide, False teach-ers shall

gath - er - ing home: The Spir - it is call - ing, they glad - ly o - bey,
o'er them for gain, But back to their fold on mount Zi - on's fair height
bod - y, one Lord, One way and one Spir - it, one hope and one God,
lead them no more; True pas - tors shall feed them on heav - en - ly food,

CHORUS.

With songs of re - joic - ing they come.
They come to for - ev - er re - main.
They come at the call of his word.
Their sor - rows and sigh - ings are o'er.

Thy chil - dren are gath - er - ing home, ... With joy they are gath - er - ing home; . . . . . From all the di-
gathering home, gathering home;

vi - sions in which they were scattered, Thy children are gath - er - ing home.

No. 231. Sweet Paradise.

B. E. W. **HEAVEN.** B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. Sweet par - a - dise, my fu - ture home, The place of all the free;
2. Sweet par - a - dise! where we shall meet, And with our Sav - ior reign,
3. Sweet par - a - dise! no night can fall On thy re-splen- dent shore;
4. Sweet par - a - dise! oh, joys un - told! 'Tis there I long to fly,

Where nev - er - fad - ing flow - ers bloom—I long to dwell in thee.
Be - yond the fi - nal judg-ment seat, Where comes no sin - ful stain.
Ce - les - tial day shines o - ver all, And shall for - ev - er - more.
Where worlds of pleas - ure will un-fold, Where man shall nev - er die.

CHORUS.

Sweet par - a - dise (sweet par-a-dise), Sweet par-a - dise (sweet par- a - dise),

I long to rest my soul in thee; Sweet par - a - dise (sweet paradise),

Sweet par - a - dise (sweet paradise), Wait-ing, wait ing for all the free.

No. 232. Enter by the Door.

B. E. W. REPENTANCE. B. E. WARREN.

DUET.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, I am bring-ing All to thee for - ev - er- more;
2. Sin - ful things I come for - sak - ing, Thy for-give- ness I im-plore;
3. Ho - ly One, I've sinned a-gainst thee, Yet I count thy mer - cies o'er;
4. As I come so weak and wear - y, Lord, my help - less soul re - store;

To thy cross my hope is cling- ing, Let me en - ter by the door.
Oh, my heart with sin is break-ing, Let me en - ter by the door.
Free - ly par - don now and bless me, Let me en - ter by the door.
All my life is sad and drear - y; Let me en - ter by the door.

CHORUS.

Let me en - ter by the door, Let me en - ter
Let me en - ter by the door,

by the door,.... Let me en - ter in;
Let me en - ter by the door, Let me en - ter in;

En - ter, en - ter, En - ter in thro' Christ the door.

No. 233. My Soul Followeth Hard After Thee.

D. O. T. LOYALTY—SUPPLICATION. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee, My Sav-ior, my King and my God. No thorns shall for-bid me to tread Wher-e'er thy re-
2. My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee, By faith to thy Word do I cling; When bil-lows a-gainst me would beat, Oh, shel-ter me
3. My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee, From morn till the close of the day; Then close in thy steps let me keep, Till I get to the
4. My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee, Then lead me, O Lord, by thy hand; When earth and its cares I shall leave, Re-deemed at thy

CHORUS.

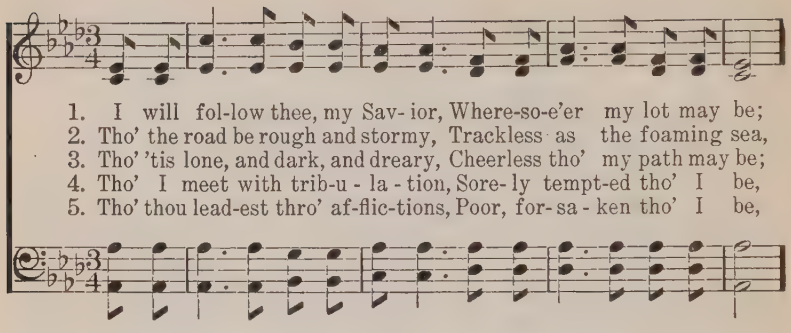
vered feet have trod.
un-der thy wing.
end of the way.
side let me stand.

My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee, My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee; In the sun-shine or the shade, or wher-e'er my path-way lead, My soul fol-low-eth hard aft-er thee.

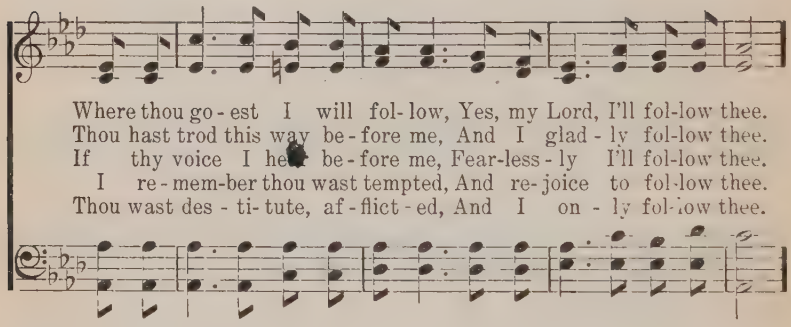
No. 234. I Will Follow Thee.

LOYALTY—OBEDIENCE.

Anon. Arr. by A. L. Byers.

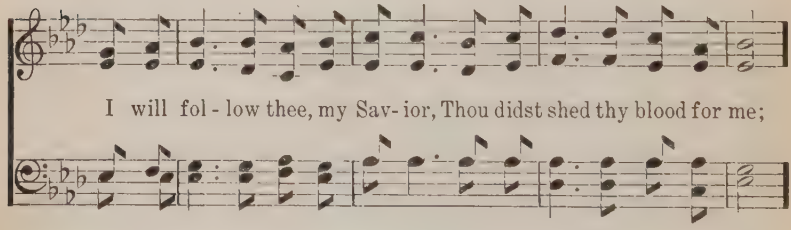


1. I will fol-low thee, my Sav- ior, Where-so-e'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and stormy, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary, Cheerless tho' my path may be;
4. Tho' I meet with trib-u - la - tion, Sore- ly tempt-ed tho' I be,
5. Tho' thou lead-est thro' af-flic-tions, Poor, for- sa - ken tho' I be,

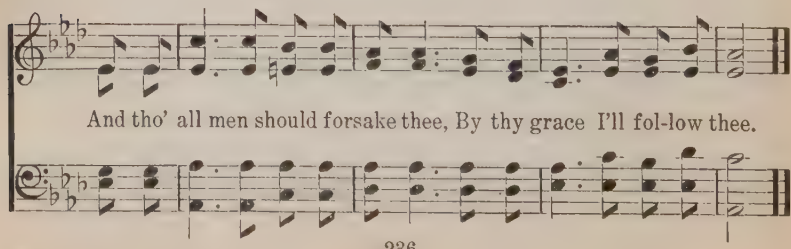


Where thou go - est I will fol- low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I glad - ly fol-low thee.
If thy voice I hear be - fore me, Fear-less - ly I'll fol-low thee.
I re - mem-ber thou wast tempted, And re- joice to fol-low thee.
Thou wast des - ti- tute, af - flict - ed, And I on - ly fol-low thee.

CHORUS.



I will fol - low thee, my Sav- ior, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;



And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll fol-low thee.

No. 235. To the Overcomer.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

C. H. DEWEY. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. Un-to him that o-ver-com-eth It is granted he may eat
2. He in Christ that o-ver-com-eth, So the Ho-ly Spir-it saith,
3. Yea, for him that o-ver-com-eth Is the hid-den man-na saved,
4. He that o-ver-com-eth tru-ly, In whose heart God's precepts are,
5. Un-to him that o-ver-com-eth Christ will give a robe of white,
6. He thro' Christ that o-ver-com-eth Shall a sta-ble pil-lar stand,

Of the tree of life, whose fruitage Is of par-a-dise so sweet.
Shall be sure-ly left un-in-jured By the dreadful sec-ond death.
And a stone of snow-y whiteness, With the se-cret name engraved.
Shall have pow-er o'er the na-tions, And shall have the morning star.
And his name be-fore the an-gels Shall be spo-ken with de-light.
With the name of God the Fa-ther Carved thereon by his own hand.

CHORUS.

Un-to him that o-ver-com-eth By the faith of Christ alone,

He will grant to sit be-side him With the Fa-ther in his throne.

No. 236. Jesus is Good to Me.

D. O. T. GRACE—COMFORT. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Je - sus has been so good to me, No oth - er friend so kind could be;
2. Je - sus has been so good to me, From this world he set me free,
3. Je - sus has been so good to me, And his face I soon shall see;
4. Je - sus has been so good to me, None so fair, so dear as he:

Safe - ly keeps me ev - 'ry day Free from sin and in the way. Ne'er can
Grace and glo - ry did im - part, Sat - is - fied my long - ing heart: From his
Tho' I once a - far did rove, Lost, un-wor - thy of his love, He pre-
Hal - le - lu - jah! he is mine, Keep-ing me by grace di - vine, And his

CHORUS.

I such love re-pay, He's so good to me. Je-sus is good to me,....
love I'll nev-er part, He's so good to me.
pared a home a-bove, He's so good to me.
glo - ries in me shine, He's so good to me. Je-sus is good, so good to me,

Je - sus is good to me;.... Safe - ly keeps me from the wrong, In the
Je - sus is good, so good to me;

conflict makes me strong, Blesses all my jour-ney long, He's so good to me.

No. 237. The Word of God.

CLARA MCALISTER. TRUTH. B. E. WARREN.

1. By the word of God the worlds were made, And are held in place by
2. More to be de-sired than hon-ey sweet, Rich-er are its treas-ures,
3. Thy e-ter-nal law is my de-light, Strength and dai-ly man-na
4. Stream of life from heav-en, crys-tal pure, Shed thy cool-ing fresh-ness
5. Those who keep its pre-cepts day by day, Per-fect-ed in God shall

his com-mands; All the grass-es with-er and the flow-ers fade,
far, than gold; Like a bril-liant light, it shines to guide my feet,
to my soul; 'Tis my med-i-ta-tion all the day and night,
o-ver me; Let my thirst-ing spir-it, till I thirst no more,
dwell se-cure; When the earth shall melt and heav-en pass a-way,

CHORUS.

But his truth for-ev-er stands.
Nev-er grows its sto-ry old.
Balm to make the wound-ed whole. Oh, the pre-cious Bi-ble, Coun-sel
Drink thy sparkling wa-ters free.
Shall his chang-less word en-dure.

for the soul, Path the faith-ful saints and martyrs trod; Set-tled in the

heav-ens, True while a-ges roll, Changeless as the throne of God.

May be used as a solo.

1. Sweet vale of E - den, soul-rest for - ev - er, Glad - ly we come un - to thee; Here crys - tal wa - ters roll in their splen-dor, Thirst - y no lon - ger are we. Here stands the tree of life ev - er bloom - ing, Here walks the Lord in the cool of the day; Gen - tly he speaks, we wait for his com - ing; Mus - ing in si - lence, his love we sur - vey.

2. Fresh was the morn and bloom-ing the flow-ers, Naught could their fragrance ex- cel; Paint - ing the dew-drops o - ver the bow - ers, Bright were the sunbeams that fell. Soft was the breeze, and mi - nor its mu - sic, Mur - mur - ing low in the boughs of the trees, Touch- ing the heart with glad in - spi - ra - tion, Lin-g'ring, its mel - o - dy dies on the leas.

3. Thus is the soul re-deemed by the Sav - ior, Bloom-ing as E - den so fair; Clad in the robes of heav - en - ly beau - ty, Rich is the fruit- age we bear. Here shines the sun re - splen - dent in glo - ry, Night nev - er cov - ers thy bright glow-ing skies; Theme most de- light - ful in an-cient sto - ry, Fair vale of E - den, thou blest par - a - dise.

cres. *rall.* *p* *f*

No. 239. Vast Eternity.

B. E. WARREN. MISCELLANEOUS. C. E. HUNTER.

1. E - ter - ni - ty! no mor - tal knows The depth to which its mean- ing goes;
2. If we on pin-ions could a - rise And view God's work in yon - der skies,
3. If one could tell how things be - low, To feed the liv - ing creatures, grow,

If on - ly one each thousandth year Of all the at - oms of this sphere
The myr-iad worlds that shine on high, Tell how they're made, and when, and why—
And how the un - seen Hand can give The breath of life to all that live—

Should go to noth - ing- ness for aye, When thus this world should pass a - way,
If we could name the stars a-bove, And sound the depths of his great love,
Can paint all col - ors rich and rare, And bridge the gulf of dark de-spair—

Un - meas-ured e - ven then would be The a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
Could count the drops in ev - 'ry sea, Unknown were yet e - ter - ni - ty.
Then might we know, if we could see, The length of vast e - ter - ni - ty

CHORUS. *p* *rit.* *pp*

E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Vast e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 240. I'll Not be Afraid.

Words and Air by W. J. Henry. **TRUST—ASSURANCE.** Harmony by A. L. B.

1. I'll not be a - fraid for the ter - ror by night, Nor the ar - row that fli - eth by day; For the Lord whom I serve is my shield and my light,
2. I'll not be a - fraid, tho' the storm-y winds blow, And the bil-lows sweep o - ver my soul; He who calm-eth the sea will pro-tect me, I know,
3. I'll not be a - fraid of the scorns of the world, Nor to tell of God's won-der - ful love; When from Sa-tan's vile host fier - y darts shall be hurled,
4. I'll not be a - fraid when the grave I shall see, Just be-yond its dark shadow is rest; And the wel-come of an - gels is wait - ing for me

Chorus.

He will guide and pro - tect all the way.
And will lead me to heav-en's bright goal.
I'll be strengthened with grace from a-bove.
When I en - ter those realms of the blest.

I'll not be a - fraid, I'll not be a-fraid; Where he lead-eth I safe - ly can go: I will trust him al- way both by night and by day, He'll be with me for - ev - er, I know.

No. 241. Only a Step to the Grave.

D. O. T. MISCELLANEOUS. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Soon time will be end - ed; e - ter - ni - ty's near, It is on - ly a
2. How near is your dy - ing, O fal - ter - ing man? For there's on - ly a
3. Back-slid - er in dark-ness, in sor - row and sin, It is on - ly a
4. The end is soon com-ing, O sin - ner, be-ware, For it's on - ly a

step to the grave; God's warnings are sounding, oh, will you not hear?
step to the grave; Your life at the long-est is on - ly a span,
step to the grave; The door may soon close that's in - vit - ing you in,
step to the grave; Re - pent, or you'll miss that bright ha- ven so fair,

CHORUS.

It is on - ly a step to the grave.
And there's on- ly a step to the grave.
For there's on- ly a step to the grave.
For it's on - ly a step to the grave.

It is on - ly a step to the grave, It is on - ly a step to the grave; O sin - ner, a-

wake, your soul is at stake, And it's on - ly a step to the grave.

No. 242. Weighed in the Balance.

B. E. W. WARNING. B. E. WARREN.

Slow.

1. Weighed in the bal - ance of jus - tice true, Sin - ful the path thou hast trod; Weighed and found wanting—will it be you?
2. There it will hurt like a wound - ing dart When this dread an - swer shall fall; "Weighed and found wanting"–'twill pierce thy heart
3. Weighed by the word which is giv - en now, Search it and know thou art pure; Un - to its man - dates in meek - ness bow,
4. At the tri - bu - nal where Christ is judge, Where ev - 'ry deed is made known, "Weighed and found wanting" each guilt - y soul

rit. *pp* – –

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Weighed by the word of God. Weighed . . . . . and found
At the last judg - ment call.
Then thou shalt be se - cure.
Stands there be - fore his throne. Weighed by the word,

want - ing, ... Weighed . . . . . and found
weighed and found want - ing, Weighed by the word,

rit. *pp* – – –

want - ing, ... Re - ject - ed at heav - en's door.
weighed and found want - ing,

No. 243. Hymn of Devotion.

SUPPLICATION.

A. F. B. A. F. BARNARD.

1. Je - sus, thou my Sav - ior art, Thou hast ev - er
2. Thou to me art all I need, For my sins thou
3. Thro' thy love so great to me, I no lon - ger

loved me so; Let me nev - er from thee part, While a-
didst a - tone, That I might be whole in - deed; Thou hast
am my own; All I have, dear Lord, shall be Thine for-

bid - ing here be - low: Thou didst look on men in
sealed me for thine own. In thy pow - er, Lord, I
ev - er and a - lone. Let me in thy pres - ence

sin, And in thy com - pas - sion great, Mad'st a
find Heal - ing balm for ev - 'ry pain; With thy
hide, Nev - er from thy side to roam; Keep me

plan their souls to win, And ex - alt to heav'n-ly state.
love my spir - it bind, Like a strong and might- y chain.
whol - ly sanc - ti - fied, In the church of God, my home.

No. 244. The Slighted Stranger.

JENNIE MAST. INVITATION. U. E. HALLMAN.

1. With - out, a - wait-ing at the thresh-old, Is a stran-ger pleading
2. With - out, a - wait-ing at the thresh-old, Is a faithful Friend you've
3. With - out, a - wait-ing at the thresh-old, With his man- tle dampened

in an un - der- tone, At noon - day and the si - lent mid-night
slight-ed o'er and o'er; With pierc - ed hands and thorn-marks on his
by the fall - ing dew—An - oth - er friend long since would have de-

slumb'ring, At break of day and in the twi-light gloom. When
fore - head, The hu - man heart could ask for noth-ing more. His
part - ed— In pa - tient love he lin - gers still for you. He

hope is bright, or dark'ning clouds are low - 'ring, Wait-ing since thy childhood's
vis-age, marred by Cal-v'ry's cru - el an - guish, Tells of love thy bos- om
bore our grief and car-ried all our sor - row; Let him wait no lon - ger

ear - ly dawn, The Prince of peace, the Fa-ther's on - ly Son, Wills to
hath not known; The well- be-loved, the Fa-ther's cho-sen One—Wait-ing
there a - lone; In pen - i - tence re-quite the Guest un-known; Bid him

The Slighted Stranger.

CHORUS.

make thy heart his roy - al throne. Sin - - ner, will you
still to claim thee for his own.
come, thy heart to make his throne. Sin-ner, will you let him in? O

let him in? Turn oh, turn him not a - way.
sin-ner, will you let him in? Turn him not, oh, turn him not a - way.

No. 245. The Lord's Day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. W. NAYLOR. A. L. BYERS.

1. O day of all the days the best, When, laid a- side each earth-ly care,
2. Not by a rig - id code we're bound, With death to all who dis - o - bey;
3. This day our Lord in tri-umph rose To give us hope be - yond the grave;
4. So in remembrance we will keep This bless-ed res - ur - rec - tion day,

We meet with God's dear saints so blest, And in their praise and wor-ship share.
But thro' God's love with-in us found, We keep this pre - cious wor-ship day.
He conquered all our man- y foes, And proved his might-y pow'r to save.
The pledge of all who wake or sleep, That they shall live thro' him for aye.

No. 246. Come and be Sanctified.

C. W. Naylor. **INVITATION—SANCTIFICATION.** B. E. Warren.

1. Come, jus - ti - fied soul, to the cross, The ful - ness is
2. Why har - bor a foe in thy breast? Why have such a
3. The veil of the ho - li - est place Is rent and wide
4. The blood of the Sav - ior will cleanse From all the in-

wait-ing for thee; The will of the Lord is re-vealed in his Word,
bat - tle with - in? Oh, come and be blest with a per-fect soul-rest—
o - pen for thee; A new liv - ing way giv- eth en-trance to- day
her - it - ed sin; Then grace to thy heart will the Spir - it im-part,

Chorus.

That thou shouldst now sanc-ti - fied be.
A rest of full free-dom from sin.
To grace that is bound-less and free.
Thus make and keep ho - ly with - in.

Come, seek it to - day, No

rit.

lon-ger de - lay, Be - fore him in hum- ble-ness bow; And low at the

cross, Count all things but loss, Oh, come and be sanc - ti - fied now.

No. 247. Under the Precious Blood.

D. O. T. BLOOD. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. I'm un - der the blood of E - man - u - el's cross, Hap - py in
2. I'm un - der the blood of the cru - ci - fied One, Saved from the
3. I'm un - der the blood that was shed on the tree, Cleansed in the
4. I'm un - der the blood that pre-serves from all sin, Walk - ing in
5. I'm un - der the blood, and to Je - sus I bring Hon - or and

Je - sus my Lord; I count the vain treas-ures of earth as but loss,
pow - er of sin; Re - joic - ing in glo - ry, the vic - to - ry won,
riv - er di - vine; I'm sanc - ti - fied whol - ly, for - ev - er to be
won - der-ful light; Soon heav - en will o - pen to wel-come me in,
glo - ry di - vine; Soon with the redeemed of all a - ges I'll sing,

CHORUS.

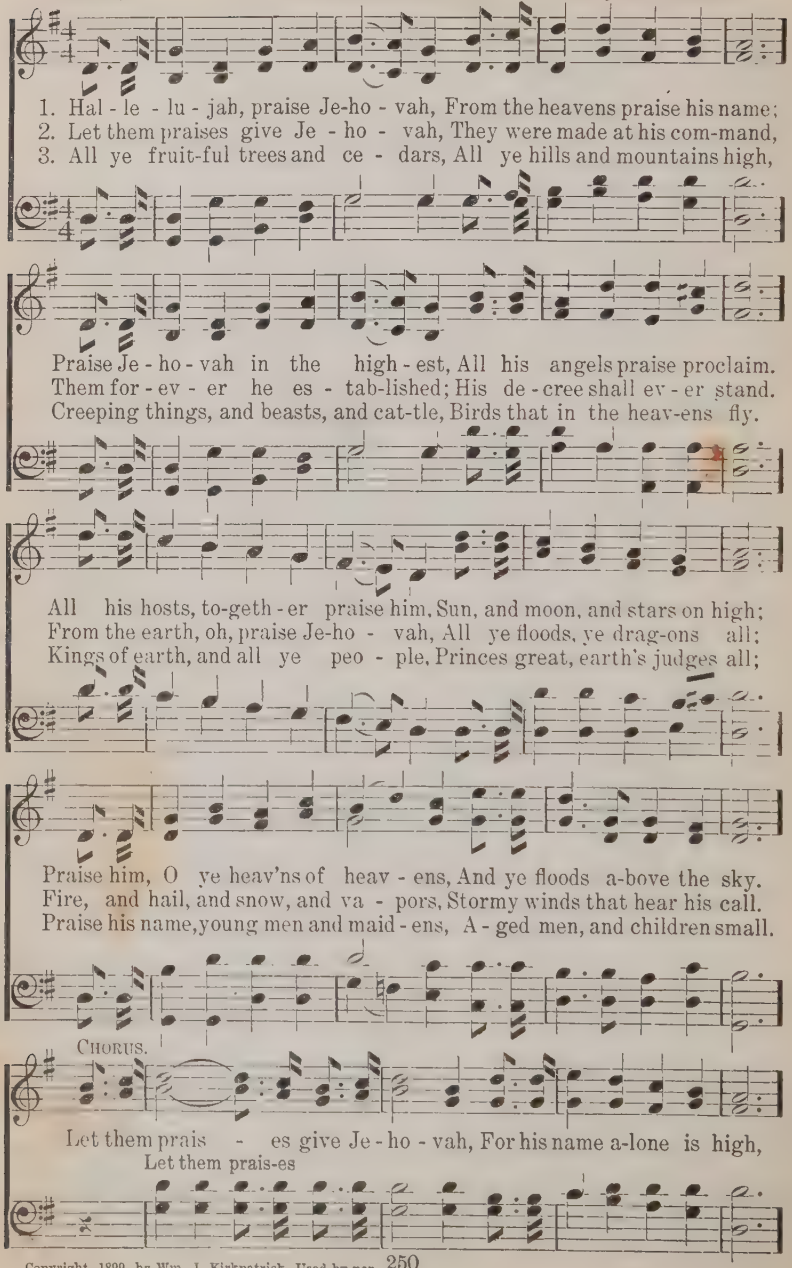
Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Un - der the pre - cious blood. Un - der the blood, un - der the blood,
Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Saved by the pre - cious blood.

Heav - en so free - ly gave; Un - der the blood,

un - der the blood, Blood of the Might - y to save.

No. 248. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

Psalm 148. **WORSHIP—PRAISE.** Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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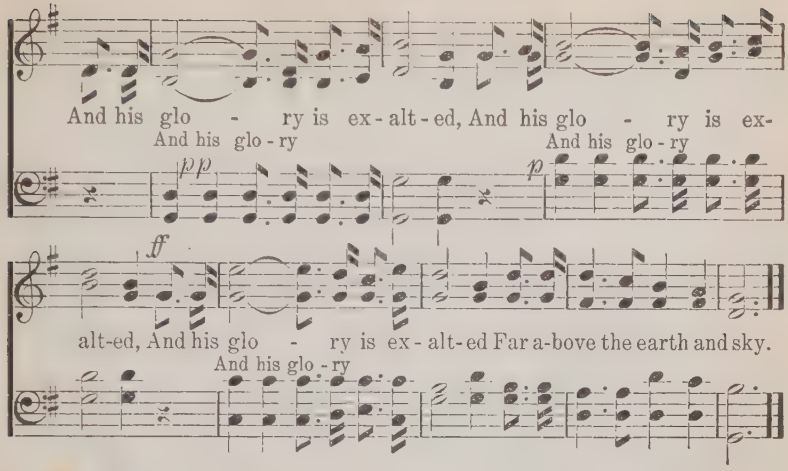
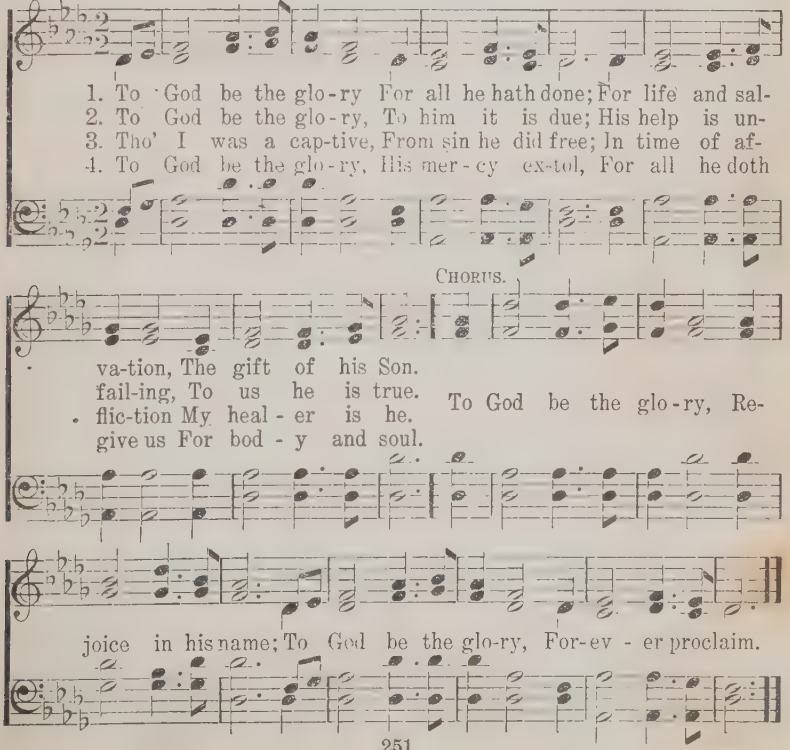
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!



No. 249. To God be the Glory.

C. W. N. WORSHIP—PRAISE. C. W. NAYLOR.



No. 250. Paradise Lost.

B. E. W. LOST. B. E. WARREN.

Not too fast.

1. Hark! from the re - gions of dark - est night, Cries of a soul in an aw - ful plight; Plead - ing for mer - cy, no hope in sight, For - ev - er from par - a - dise lost.
2. Sin - ners, now trem - ble, our Lord is King, Plen - te - ous par - don he waits to bring; Yet, if you hold to one sin - ful thing, You'll die and for - ev - er be lost.
3. Sad it will be if you miss the prize, When it is wait - ing be - yond the skies— Of - fered so free ere man hope - less dies— For - ev - er from par - a - dise lost!
4. List to the warn - ing, im - mor - tal soul, Soon will your death-knell in sad - ness toll; Oh, the great an - guish while a - ges roll!— For - ev - er from par - a - dise lost.

CHORUS.

rit.

For - ev - er from par - a - dise lost! For - ev - er from par - a - dise

pp

lost! Lost! lost! For - ev - er from par - a - dise lost!

No. 251. Will You Come?

B. E. W. INVITATION. B. E. WARREN.

1. Will you come to Je - sus? he is call - ing; Will you come to him without de - lay? He is full of love, so kind and gracious,
2. Will you come to Je - sus, full of mer - cy? Will you give him time, and tal-ents, too? Will you not pre-pare to reign in glo - ry?
3. Will you come to Je - sus? do not tar - ry— He has paid the price your ransom cost—Faithful in his act-ive serv - ice standing,
4. Will you come to Je - sus? time is fly - ing; Do not wait a moment, come just now; Man - y souls in sin each day are dy - ing;

CHORUS.

He will sure-ly bless your soul to - day.
Sin-ner, to your pre-cious soul be true.
Tho' the world around in sin is lost.
Come, and at his feet re - pent-ing bow.

Will you come to him, the Lord of all? Will you come to him, for mer - cy call?

Will you come to him and prostrate fall? Will you, will you come? come?

No. 252. My Life-Work.

ANTICIPATION—HEAVEN.

B. E. WARREN. Melody and Chorus by OTTO BOLDS, Har. by B. E. W.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, And the sum-mons has come,
2. When my life-work is end-ed, When my toil-ing is past,
3. When my life-work is end-ed, When its du-ties are done,
4. When my life-work is end-ed, I shall leave all be-hind;

When my voice there is blend-ed With the blood-washed at home,
When the Lord has de-scend-ed, I shall see him at last.
To that clime, oh, how splen-did! Where all hearts flow in one;
With the right-eous as-cend-ed, Oh, what wealth I shall find

In that hap-py re-un-ion, Where they're waiting for me,
I'll re-gret not my suf-f'ring, Nor my sor-row and care,
When the past is for-got-ten, When the earth is no more,
In those bright realms of glo-ry, Where for-ev-er I'll dwell,

With my Lord in com-mun-ion—Oh, what bliss that will be!
When I rise to the glo-ry That a-waits o-ver there.
When our tri-als are o-ver—We shall fly to that shore.
With my Je-sus and loved ones, Where we'll sing "All is well."

My Life-Work.

CHORUS.

Home, beau-ti - ful home, Free from sorrow and care;
Home, bright, beautiful heavenly home, Free from earth's trouble, its sorrow and care;

Loved ones beckon me come, Soon its glo-ries I'll share.
Loved ones beckon me come to that home, Soon all its glories I'll share (over there).

No. 253. I Have a Hope.

C. W. NAYLOR. HOPE. A. L. BYERS.

1. I have a hope se - rene and sure, That anchors past the veil;
2. I have a hope that looks a - way From present woes and tears
3. I have a hope that doth not fear The si-lent grave to view,

S. Fine.

In all the storms it holds se-cure, Nor will it ev - er fail.
To heav-en's bright e - ter - nal day, Till sor - row dis - ap - pears.
Nay, doth not shrink tho' death appear, For I shall live a - new.

D. S.—*His promise true my soul hath heard, And hope be - holds his face.*

CHORUS. D. S.

My hope is born of God's own word, And nourished by his grace;

No. 254. Sing His Praise.

CLARA MCALISTER. PRAISE. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Let us praise the Lord for his smiles that beam
2. I will praise the Lord, for his peace is mine,
3. For e - ter - nal life and sal - va - tion great,
4. For re - deem - ing grace and his ho - li - ness,

O'er..... our hap - py hearts; For the joy and
O'er our hap - py hearts, o'er our hap - py hearts;
For ..... his saints in light; For the fel - low-
For his saints in light, for his saints in light;
Thank - - ful let us be; For the strength he
Thankful let us be, thank-ful let us be;
Prais - - es let us bring; Praise the Lord for
Prais-es let us bring, prais-es let us bring;

bliss like a flow - ing stream He..... to us im-parts.
He to us im-parts, he to us im-parts.
ship and the love di - vine, Which..... our souls u - nite.
Which our souls unite, which our souls u - nite.
gives when on him we wait, And..... for vic - to - ry.
And for vic - to - ry, and for vic - to - ry.
all he be-stows on us, Yea,..... for ev - 'ry-thing.
Yea, for ev-'ry-thing, yea, for ev - 'ry-thing.

CHORUS.

Praise him, ev - 'ry na - - tion, Praise
Praise him, praise him, praise him, ev - 'ry na - tion, Praise him,

Sing His Praise.

him, saints a - bove; Praise him, ev - 'ry
praise him, praise him, saints a - bove; Praise him, praise him,

crea - ture, For ..... his wondrous love.....
praise him, ev - 'ry crea-ture, Praise him, praise him for his might-y love.

No. 255. Obey the Lord.

C. W. Naylor. **OBEDIENCE.** A. L. Byers.

1. O - bey the Lord, 'tis bet - ter far, To keep his word in - vi - o - late,
2. O - bey the Lord, till then in vain To him your words of pray'r you raise;
3. O - bey the Lord, then heaven's store Is o - pen wide and free to you,
4. O - bey the Lord, then sac - ri - fice He will re - ceive, how-ev - er small,
5. O - bey the Lord, keep all his word, And meek-ly fol - low in his way;

Than of - fer con - stant-ly to him A sac - ri - fice, how - ev - er great.
Till then in vain you seek his smile, Or of - fer wor- ship, thanks or praise.
And naught of good will he withhold While his com-mands you glad - ly do.
And fill your wait- ing soul with joy, And lis - ten to your faint- est call.
His bless- ings rich are ev - er poured On those who his com-mands o - bey.

No. 256. Why Carelessly Wait?

INVITATION.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Oh, come to the Lord to-day, Come, sin-ner, with-out de-lay;
2. Since there is no hope at last, The day of God's grace then past,
3. O soul, do not i-dly stand, Un-heed-ing the Lord's command;
4. Soon, soon in e-ter-ni-ty, Poor sin-ner, your soul shall be,

Oh, give him your heart, I pray, Why care-less-ly wait?
With mer-cy's door closed and fast, Why care-less-ly wait?
You'll per-ish in sink-ing sand, Why care-less-ly wait?
What then can a-tone for thee? Why care-less-ly wait?

Soon you will be called to die, Poor soul, to the Sav-ior fly;
When there at the judgment throne, Your sins will be all made known,
Your pulse will ere long be still, In death will your blood soon chill;
You'll stand at the judgment seat, Your rec-ord of sins you'll meet;

You know that the end is nigh, Why care-less-ly wait?
There Sa-tan will claim his own, Why care-less-ly wait?
Oh, has-ten, o-bey God's will, Why care-less-ly wait?
Come bow-ing at Je-sus' feet, Why care-less-ly wait?

Why Carelessly Wait?

CHORUS.

Why careless - ly wait?..... Why care-less - ly wait?.....
Why care - less - ly, care-less-ly wait? Why care-less - ly, care-less-ly wait?

You know that the end is nigh, Why care- less - ly wait?

No. 257. Holy Spirit, Be My Guide.

CLARA McALISTER. HOLY SPIRIT. A. L. BYERS.

1. By the promise of the Fa - ther, Comes the Spir-it from on high,
2. Reigning there without a ri - val, Par - a - dise is then restored;
3. Pow'r to o-ver-come he gives us, Pow'r to reign thro' Jesus' grace,
4. Since the Com-fort-er a - bid - eth, Naught my spir-it can mo - lest;

S. *Fine.*

In-to hearts redeemed from e-vil, By his pow'r to sanc-ti - fy.
Perfect peace, a-bid-ing pleas-ure, Bliss the world cannot af - ford,
Ho - ly boldness in each con - flict, En-trance to that heav'nly place.
I am sanc-ti-fied and hap - py—Sweet and peaceful is my rest.

D. S.—*By thy sa-cred, ho - ly pres - ence Be my Com-fort-er and guide.*

D. S.

Ho - ly Spir-it, faithful Teach-er, In my trusting heart a-bide;

No. 258. The Debt We Owe.

MISSIONARY.

CLARA MCALISTER. A. L. BYERS.

1. The Lord of the harvest is call - ing For la - bor - ers true in his field,
2. The Sav-ior hath giv-en us free - ly Sal - va - tion and grace thro' his name,
3. When taking his word to the lost ones, It is not a gift we be - stow:
4. Much grain now is falling un-gath-ered, While many stand i - dle and wait:

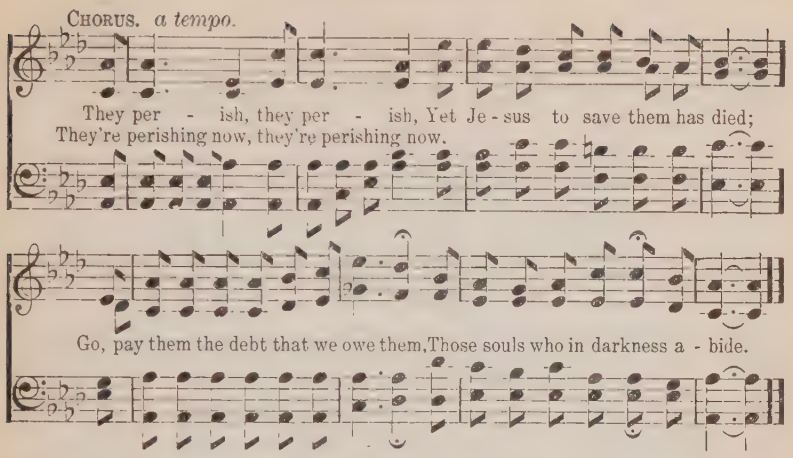
To gath-er the sheaves ere they perish, When mercy no more is re - vealed.
He bids us to pub-lish his gos - pel, Its words to all creatures pro - claim.
By working and praying and giv - ing, We pay but the debt that we owe.
The harvest time soon will be end - ed, For gar-ner-ing then 'tis too late.

We bask in the sunlight of glo - ry, On heav - en - ly man - na we're fed;
We're debtors to those who are dy - ing, And nev - er its pow - er have known:
If mil-lions are lost at the judgment, Their cries shall our conscience upbraid.
O soul, prove thy love to the Sav - ior, For what he has done un - to thee,

slower.

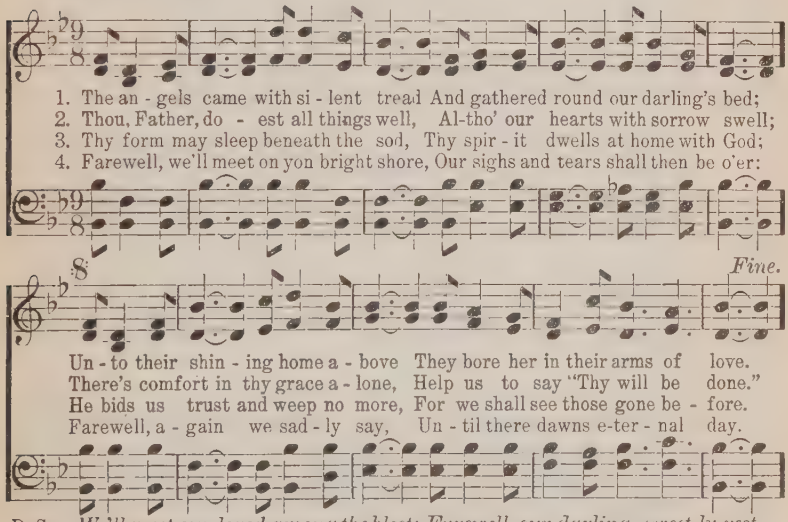
While souls o'er the ocean, in dark-ness, Are starv-ing for life - giv - ing bread.
Can we, who so rich- ly are fa- vored, Still leave them to per - ish a - lone?
Be-cause when their souls we could rescue, Our debt un- to them was not paid.
By send-ing the ti-dings of mer - cy To per - ish - ing ones o'er the sea.

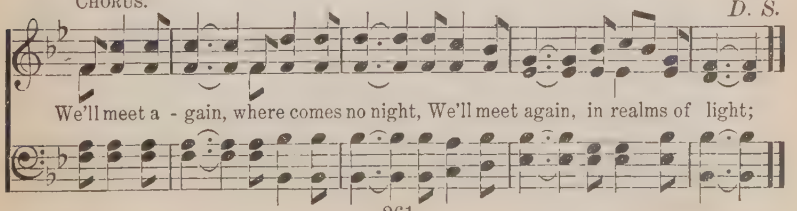
The Debt We Owe.



No. 259. We'll Meet Again.

CLARA MCALISTER. FUNERAL. A. L. BYERS.





No. 260. Silently.

B. E. W. **FUNERAL.** B. E. WARREN.

1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly Sleep the peace - ful dead;
2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly They are laid to rest,
3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly Cross - ing o'er the tide,
4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly We a - wait his call,

Mourn - ful - ly, sigh - ing - ly, Tears o'er them are shed.
Free from care, o - ver there, Dwell - ing with the blest.
Hope - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, Gone where saints a - bide.
When we'll rise to the skies, Vic - tors o - ver all.

DUET.

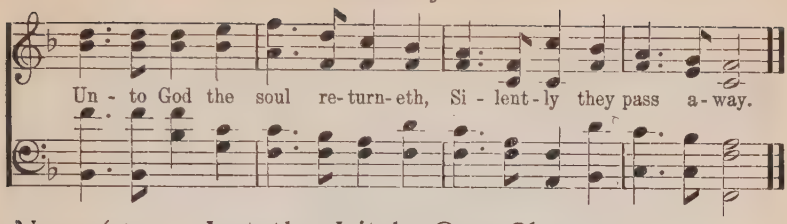
Tho' the dust to dust re - turn-eth Yet their spir - its now have gone
They shall bear no more life's bur-dens, Sick - ness, sor- row, death, or pain;
Cease thy sor - row and thy weep-ing; Brush a - way the fall - ing tears:
In sweet par - a - dise we'll meet them, On the morn when Christ shall come

To the God of love, who giv- eth; And their works do fol - low on.
In that spir - it- land they're waiting, Where with Christ their souls shall reign.
They're not in the cold grave sleeping, But they live in end - less years.
To a - wak - en ev - 'ry na- tion, And to take the ran-somed home.

REFRAIN.

Si - lent - ly to rest we lay them, Emp - ty is their house of clay;

Silently.

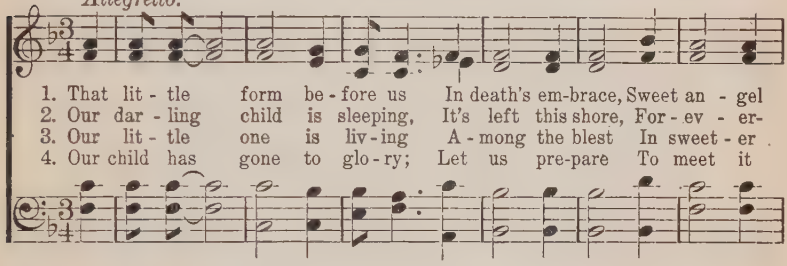


No. 261. Let the Little One Sleep.

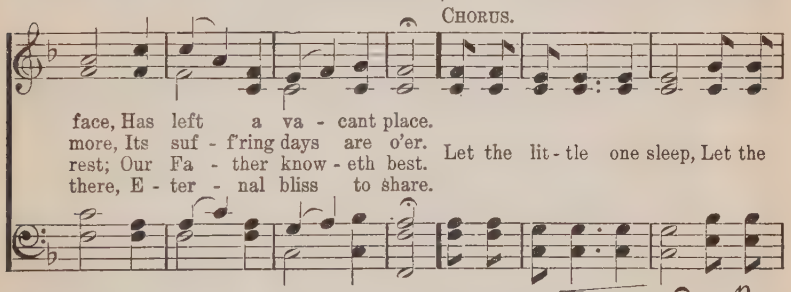
FUNERAL.

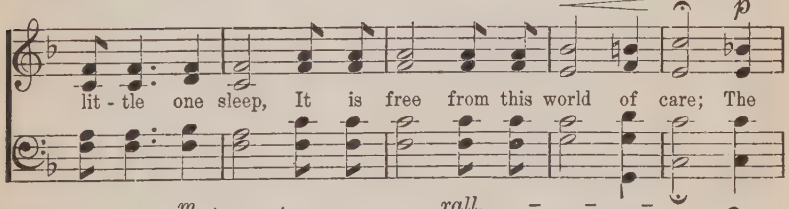
B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

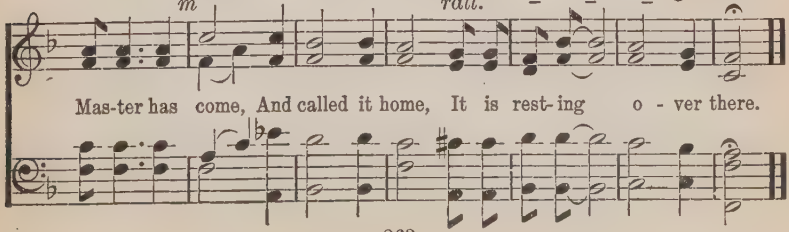
Allegretto.



CHORUS.







No. 262. Not Dead, but Sleeping.

CLARA MCALISTER. FUNERAL. B. E. WARREN.

Slowly and softly.

1. "Lo, *she is not dead, but sleep-ing,"— Thus the bless - ed
2. Just a - sleep, her soul im - mor- tal, Dwell - ing now be-
3. As a dream when one a - wak- eth, As a tale when
4. Like the pearl - y drops of morn-ing Soar - ing up - ward
5. Death no dread - ed sting con- tain - eth, For the soul, in

Mas - ter spake: Why are all these tears of weep- ing?
yond life's woes, Finds from care and pain and sor - row
it is told; Thus its flight the spir - it tak - eth,
tow'rd the sun, Thus our spir - its are re - turn - ing
Je - sus blest, O'er the grave a vic - t'ry gain - eth—

CHORUS.

We shall in his likeness wake.
Sweet and un - dis- turbed re - pose.
Dust re - turns to earth-ly mold. On - ly sleep - ing, sweetly
To their Mak - er, one by one.
He who finds this heav'nly rest.

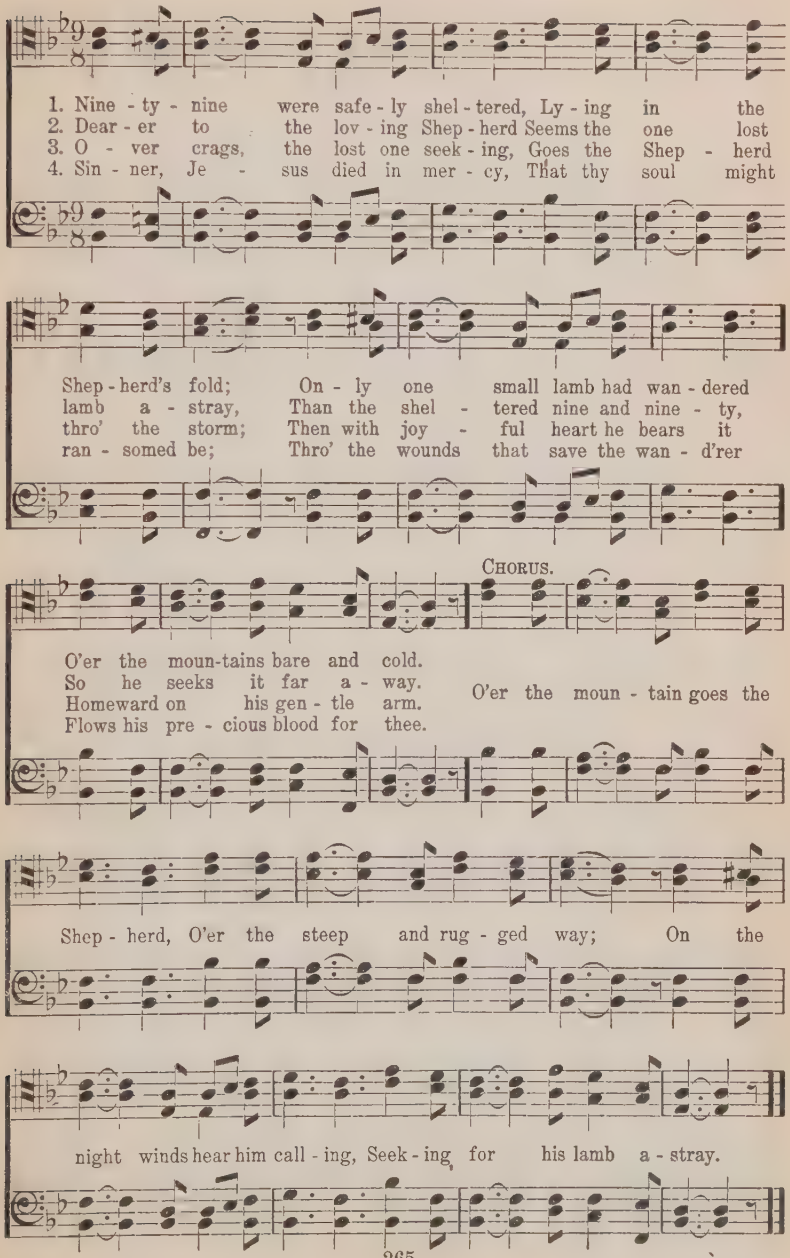
sleep - ing, While the an - gels vig - il keep; Je - sus

gives to his be - lov - ed Rest at last in peaceful sleep.

*Use masculine form of pronouns if required.

No. 263. One Lost Lamb.

D. O. T. For Male Voices. D. O. Teasley.



No. 264. Eternity.

For Male Voices.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. I stood at the time - beat - en por - tals, Where
2. I lin - gered, and si - lent - ly lis - tened To the
3. I saw then the Judge in his splen - dor, As he
4. Let us work while 'tis day, broth - er, sis - ter, For

man - y a pil - grim had passed Out in - to the
dull heav - y tread of the years, And tho't of the
stepped to his great judg - ment seat, And tho't of the
soon shall the Mas - ter re - turn To gar - ner the

in - fi - nite fu - ture, To be with the pure and the blest;
fate of the guilt - y, When Christ in his glo - ry ap - pears.
crash-ing of a - ges, When time and e - ter - ni - ty meet.
wheat that we har - vest, The chaff in his fu - ry to burn.

And, mus - ing in si - lent de - vo - tion, E-
A shud - der came o - ver my spir - it, As I
For Time, who has laid man - y mil - lions To
Then in haste let us rush to the res - cue, But

Eternity.

ter - ni - ty seemed to draw near, And strains from the
tho't what a mo - ment might cost; For e - ter - ni - ty's
slum'- ber in death's si - lent shade, Shall reel at e-
few can we save at the most: Soon mil - lions shall

choir of the faith - ful I seemed in my fan - cy to hear.
still-ness was bro - ken By the groans and the sighs of the lost.
ter - ni - ty's pres - ence, And sleep in the tomb he has made.
be at the judg- ment, For - ev - er, e - ter - nal - ly lost.

CHORUS.

Oh,..... e - ter - ni - ty! Long..... e-
Time speeds on - ward to e - ter - ni - ty, Soon we'll all

ter - ni - ty! Hear..... the sol - emn
be in e - ter - ni - ty; Hear the foot - steps,

foot - steps Of..... e - ter - ni - ty.
hear the sol - emn footsteps, Hear the foot - steps of e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 265. 'Tis So Sweet.

CLARA MCALISTER. In Minor Key. A. L. BYERS.

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know, as I with my Sav-ior go, If I heed ev-'ry
2. 'Tis so sweet just to feel as be-fore him low I kneel That he knows all my
3. I'll re-joice in the shame when I suf-fer for his name, He will on-ly per-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be when my Sav-ior I shall see, In his pres-ence to

sa-cred command, That when sorrows be-tide I may in the ref-uge hide;
bur-dens and needs, Counts each one of my tears, bids me cease from all my fears,
mit what is best: Ho-ly an-gels are near those who walk in god-ly fear,
dwell ev-er-more! I will share in the loss and re-proach-es of his cross

CHORUS.

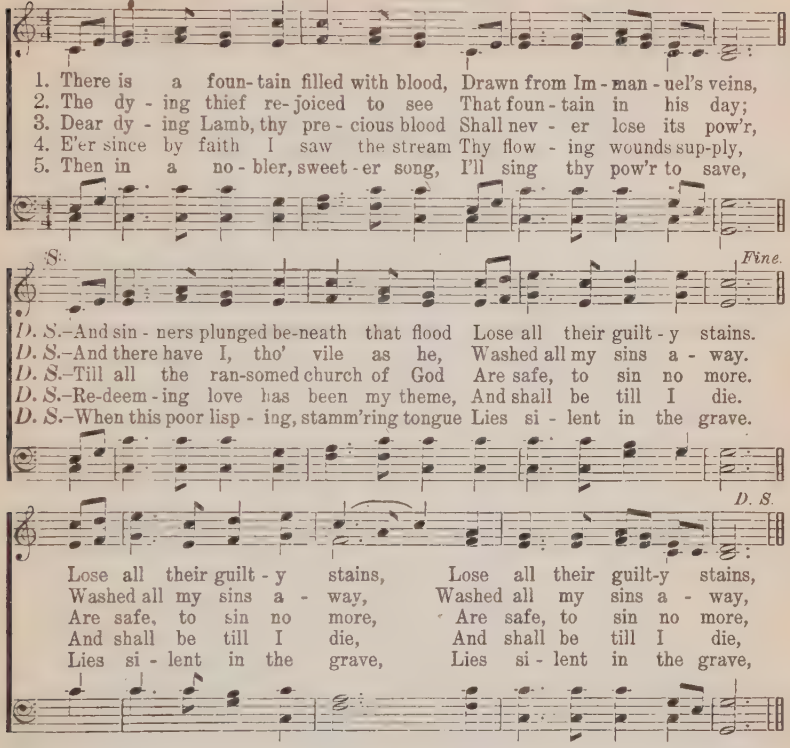
He up-holds me se-cure with his hand.
And his Spir-it for me in-ter-cedes. 'Tis so sweet just to know that my
'Tis so sweet just to trust him and rest.
For the joy that is wait-ing be-fore.

Father loves me so, He will list to my heart's faintest cry: I will trust in his

grace, for I see his smil-ing face, 'Tis so sweet just to know he is nigh.

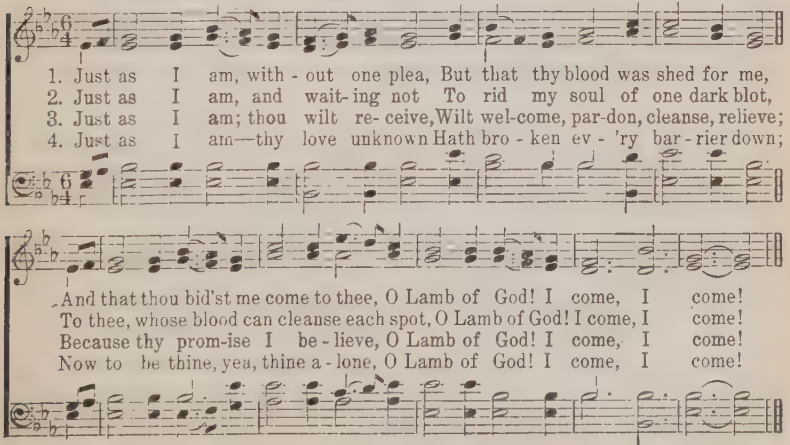
No. 266. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER, 1779. BLOOD—CLEANSING. LOWELL MASON.



No. 267. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. REPENTANCE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 268. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET, alt. WORSHIP. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall!
2. Crown him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Now hail the Strength of Is-rael's might, And crown him Lord of all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Now hail the Strength of Is-rael's might, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

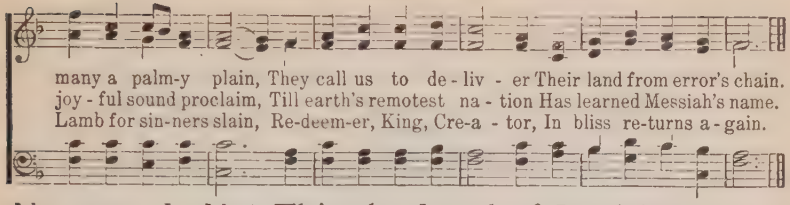
No. 269. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. MISSIONARY. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor-al strand; Where Afric's sunny
2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,—Shall we, to men be-
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto- ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

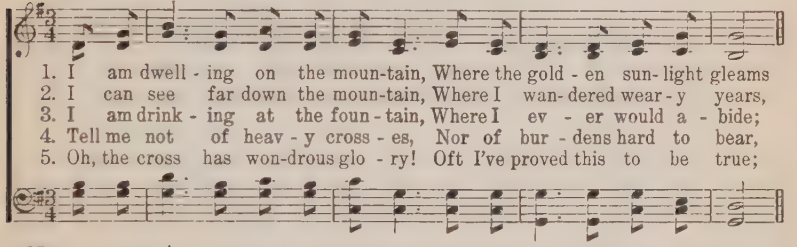
foun - tains Roll down their golden sand; From many an an-cient riv - er, From
night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va- tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till for his ransomed peo - ple, The

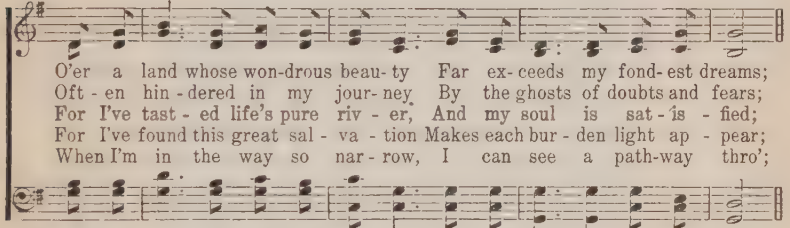
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

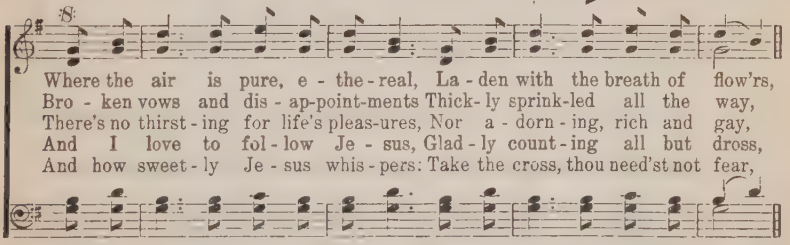


No. 270. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anon. **SANCTIFICATION.** Arranged.

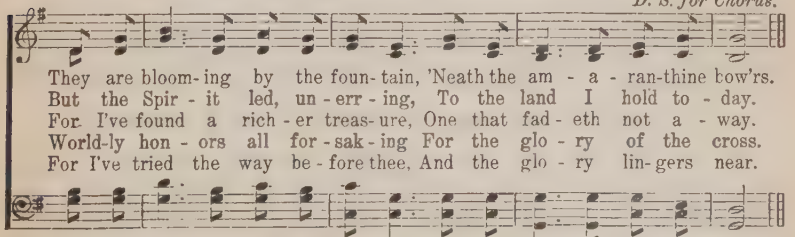






CHO.—*Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,*

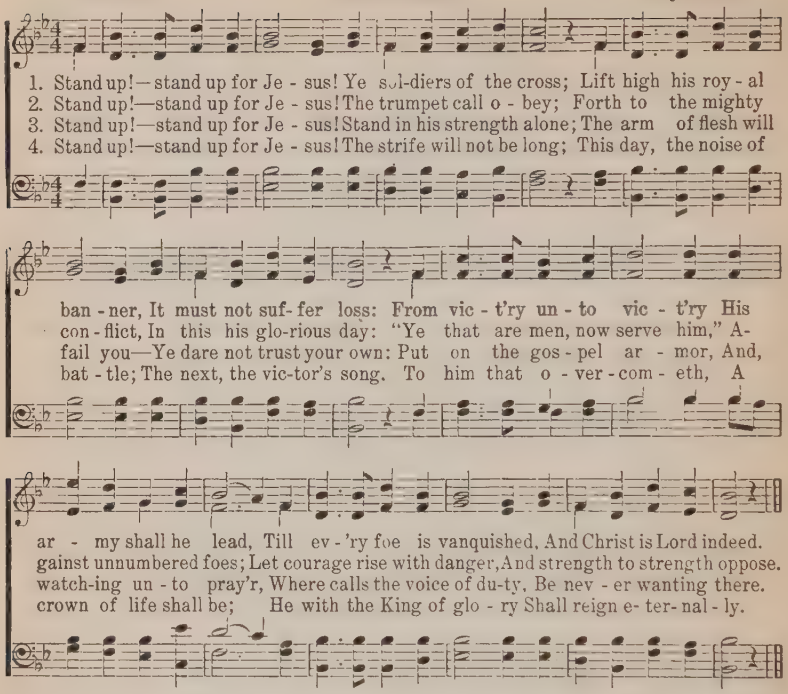
D. S. for Chorus.



Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright?

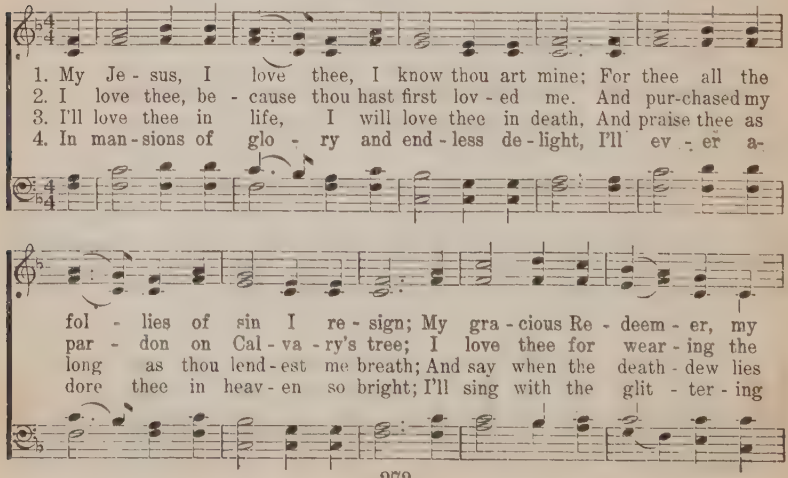
No. 271. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. **WARFARE.** G. J. Webb.

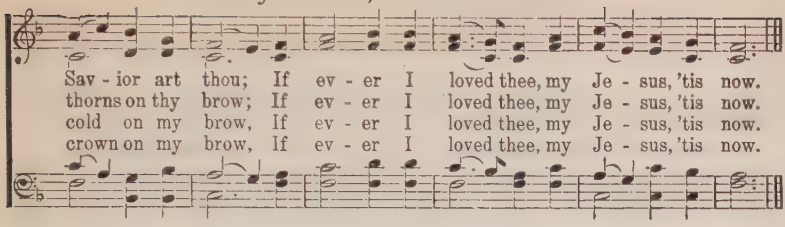


No. 272. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. **LOYALTY.** A. J. Gordon.

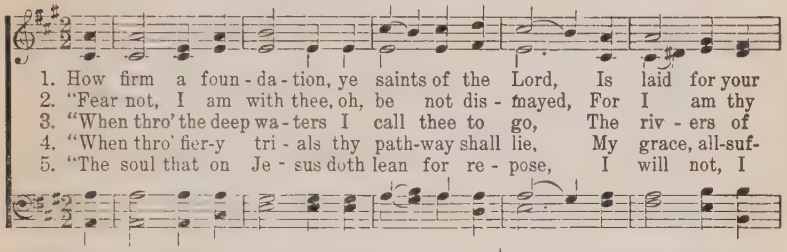


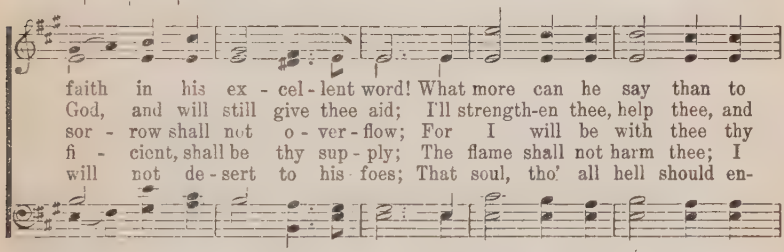
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

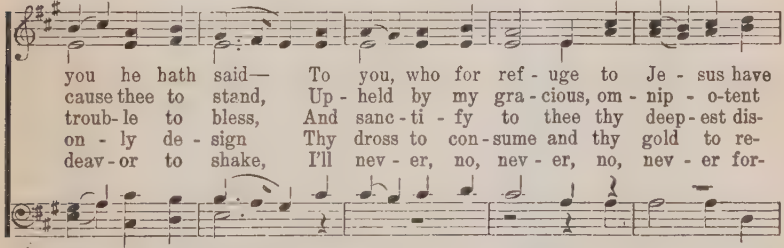


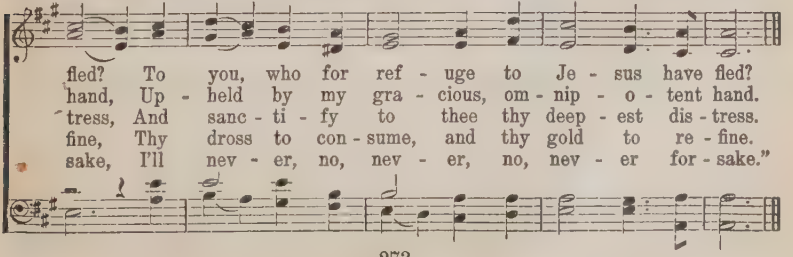
No. 273. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. **ENCOURAGEMENT—ASSURANCE.** Unknown.





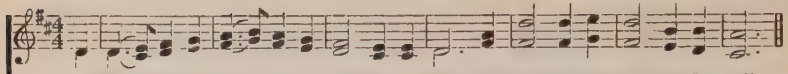




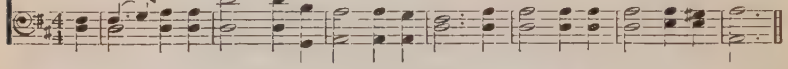
No. 274. O Thou in Whose Presence.

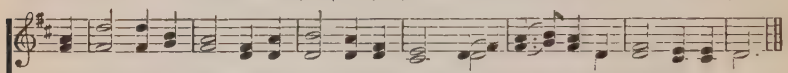
MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS. Har. by H. P. MAIN.

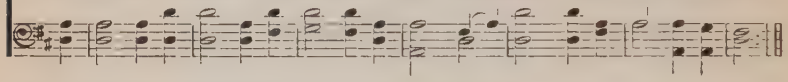


1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af-flic- tion I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks, and ten thousand of an-gels rejoice, And myriads now wait for his word;
4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol-low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;



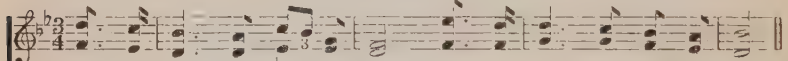


My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal- va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wilderness rove?
He speaks, and e-ter- ni-ty, filled with his voice, Re - ech-oes the praise of the Lord.
Pro-tect and de-fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev - er re-joice.

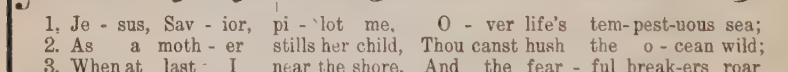


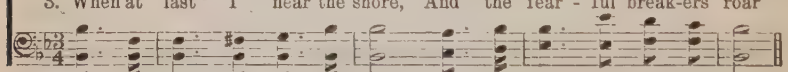
No. 275. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. GUIDANCE. J. E. GOULD.

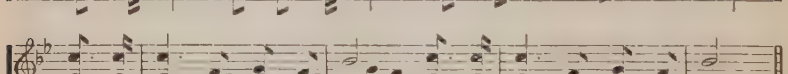


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar





Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,



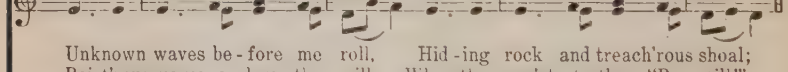
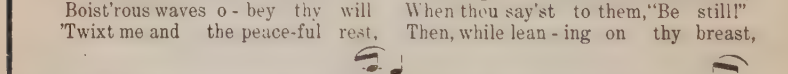


Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



No. 276. Take My Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. **CONSECRATION.** A. H. C. MALAN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love,
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King,
Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with - hold,
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose,

At the im - pulse of thy love.
Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Not a mite would I with - hold.
Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
||: It shall be thy royal throne. :||

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
||: Ever, only, all for thee. :||

No. 277. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. **FELLOWSHIP—CLOSING.** From H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 278. Old Hundred.

CLOSING—TABLE HYMN.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 279. Sessions.

CLOSING—TABLE HYMN.

THOMAS KEN. LUTHER O. EMERSON.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise him a- bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

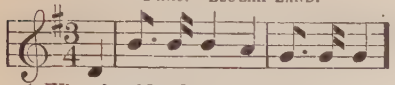
No. 280. Gloria Patri.

CLOSING.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the Son, | And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and | ev - er | shall be: | World | without | end. A-| men.

No. 281. Sanctified by Faith.

Tune:—Beulah Land.



1 Why should a doubt or fear arise,
As this poor little all of mine
I lay a living sacrifice,
All on the altar, Christ divine.

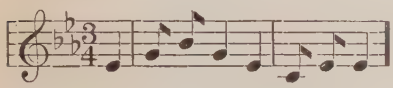
Cho.—I'm fully thine, yes, wholly thine,
All on the altar, Christ divine.
The word of Jesus I believe,
The Sanctifier I receive;
All on the altar I abide,
And Jesus says I'm sanctified.

2 Ah, not a moment more I'll doubt,
And not a moment longer wait;
He shed his blood to sanctify,
He suffered death without the gate.

3 By faith I venture on his word,
My doubts are o'er, the victory won;
He said the altar sanctifies,
I just believe him, and 'tis done.

4 Thro' all my soul I feel his pow'r,
And in the precious cleansing wave
I wash my garments white this hour,
And prove his utmost power to save.

No. 282. The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream I see, I see,
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

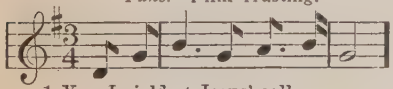
2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

—*Mrs. Phœbe Palmer.*

No. 283. Consecration.

Tune:—I Am Trusting.



1 Yes, I yield at Jesus' call,
On the altar lay my all—
Heart and hand, and time and voice,
Now a living sacrifice.

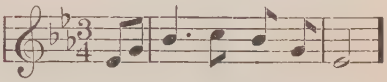
Cho.—I am saved by power divine,
I am thine, entirely thine;
Jesus now from sin sets free,
Sanctifies and cleanses me.

2 All I think of, here I give,
All unthought of, too, receive;
Counted all thine own shall be,
As it comes, I'll give to thee

3 Blessed altar Christians have,
Wondrous is thy power to save;
Doubts and fears and Satan flee;
As I claim my purity.

4 Resting on what Jesus saith,
Resting now by simple faith,
I, the gift, am sanctified
By the cleansing blood applied.

No. 284. All to Christ I Owe.



1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

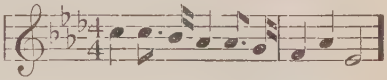
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

—*Elvina M. Hall.*

No. 285. Glory to His Name.



1 Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to his name!

Cho.—Glory to his name!
Glory to his name! [plied;
There to my heart was the blood ap-
Glory to his name!

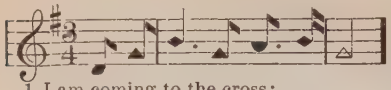
2 I am so wondrously saved from sin;
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in,
Glory to his name!

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from [sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name!

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,
Glory to his name!

—*Elisha Hoffman.*

No. 286. I Am Trusting, Lord.



1 I am coming to the cross;
I would full salvation know;
I am counting all but dross;
Wash me whiter than the snow.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
In thy blood, oh, cleanse me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed to be
Wholly purified within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

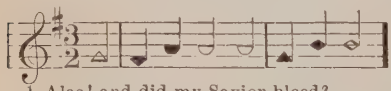
5 Jesus comes; he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

(*Chorus to fifth verse.*)

Still I'm trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow—
Jesus fully saves me now.

—*Wm. McDonald, alt.*

No. 287. I Do Believe.



1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—I do believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me; [blood,
And through his blood, his precious
I am from sin set free.

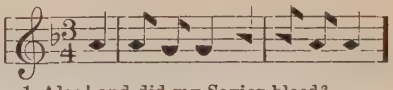
2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee—
'Tis all that I can do. —*Isaac Watts.*

No. 288. Remember Me.



1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

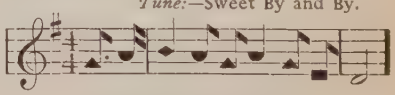
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 289. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune:—Sweet By and By.



1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow;
I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For his fullness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know;
And his blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

—*Wm. McDonald.*

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